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HARTFORD. WELANDRUS.

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EDITORIAL

SAMUEL BUTTERFIELD



*Part 1<sup>st</sup> — Canto 3<sup>rd</sup>*

HARTFORD, WM. ANDRUS.



# **HUDIBRAS;**

IN

**THREE PARTS:**

**WRITTEN IN THE TIME OF THE LATE WARS**

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**BY SAMUEL BUTLER, ESQ.**

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WITH

**A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, ANNOTATIONS,  
AND AN INDEX.**

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**HARTFORD:**

**S. ANDRUS AND SON.**

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## TO THE READER.

POETA nascitur non fit, is a sentence of as great truth as antiquity; it being most certain, that all the acquired learning imaginable is insufficient to complete a poet, without a natural genius and propensity to so noble and sublime an art. And we may, without offence, observe, that many very learned men, who have been ambitious to be thought poets, have only rendered themselves obnoxious to that satirical inspiration our author wittily invokes :

Which made them, though it were in spite  
Of nature and their stars, to write.

On the one side, some who have had very little human learning, but were endued with a large share of natural wit and parts, have become the most celebrated\* poets of the age they lived in. But as these last are 'Raræ aves in terris,' so, when the Muses have not disdained the assistances of other arts and sciences, we are then blessed with those lasting monuments of wit and learning, which may justly claim a kind of eternity upon earth : and our author, had his modesty permitted him, might with Horace have said,

Exegi monumentum ære perennius :

Or, with Ovid,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec Poterit ferrum, nec adax abolere vetustas.

The author of this celebrated poem was of this last composition : for although he had not the happiness of an academical education, as some affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole poem, that he had read much, and was very well accomplished in the most useful parts of human learning.

Rapin, in his reflections, speaking of the necessary qualities belonging to a poet, tells us,  
Shakspeare, Davenant, &c

'he must have a genius extraordinary ; great natural gifts ; a wit just, fruitful, piercing, solid, and universal ; an understanding clear and distinct ; an imagination neat and pleasant ; an elevation of soul that depends not only on art or study, but is purely the gift of heaven, which must be sustained by a lively sense and vivacity ; judgment to consider wisely of things, and vivacity for the beautiful expression of them,' &c.

Now, how justly this character is due to our author we leave to the impartial reader, and those of nicer judgment, who had the happiness to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The reputation of this incomparable poem is so thoroughly established in the world, that it would be superfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any panegyric upon it. King Charles II. whom the judicious part of mankind will readily acknowledge to be a sovereign judge of wit, was so great an admirer of it, that he would often pleasantly quote it in his conversation. However, since most men have a curiosity to have some account of such anonymous authors whose compositions have been eminent for wit or learning, we have, for their information, subjoined a short Life of the Author.



## SAMUEL BUTLER

WAS born in the parish of Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612, probably in February, as we find that he was christened on the 14th day of that month. Of his parents our information is very scanty. They gave him education, however, at the grammar school of Worcester, whence he was removed<sup>e</sup> either to Cambridge or Oxford.

For some time he was clerk to Mr. Jefferys, of Earls-Croomb, in Worcestershire, an eminent justice of the peace; and, while in this gentleman's service, had leisure for study, and amused himself by practising music and painting. He was afterward admitted into the family of the Countess of Kent, where he enjoyed the use of a library, and the conversation of the celebrated Selden. From this house he removed into the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, and from what he saw here, is supposed to have conceived the design of ridiculing the practices of the republican party, and of forming his hero on some peculiarities in the character of Sir Samuel.

On the restoration, he was made secretary to the Earl of Carbury, president of the principality of Wales, who conferred on him the stewardship of Ludlow Castle, which Mr. Warton thinks was a very honourable and lucrative office. About this time he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of some fortune, which, one of his biographers informs us, was lost by bad securities.

In 1663, the first three cantos of his *Hudibras* were published, and introduced to the attention of the court by the Earl of Dorset. In the following year, the second part made its appearance; and such was the general popularity of this poem, and the particular favour with which it was received by the king and courtiers, that every one expected some special reward would be bestowed on the ingenious author: but, except three hundred guineas which the king is

said, upon no very good authority, to have sent to him, we find no trace of any reward or promotion whatever. Discouraging as this treatment was, Butler published the third part in 1678, which still leaves the story imperfect.

He died in 1680, and was buried in the church-yard of Covent Garden. About sixty years afterward, Alderman Barber, the printer, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

After his death three small volumes of his posthumous pieces were published, but among them are many spurious. In 1759, Mr. Thayer, of Manchester, published two volumes, which are indubitably genuine, and consist of prose and verse; but from neither of these publications can we collect any information as to his private life and character. He is said to have made no figure in conversation proportionate to the wit displayed in his immortal poem; and King Charles, who had a curiosity to see him, could never be brought to believe that he wrote *Hudibras*.

Butler has usually been ranked among the unfortunate poets who have been neglected by their age; yet although we can find no proof of royal munificence having been extended to him, there appears no reason to think that he was poor in the most unfavourable sense.

Although the persons and events introduced in *Hudibras* are now forgotten, or known only to historic students, the exquisite humour of this piece is still as keenly relished as when first presented to the public; and much of it has long been introduced into conversation as axioms of wit and sense. It has, indeed, been justly observed by Dr. Nash, that, concerning *Hudibras*, there is but one sentiment: it is universally allowed to be the first and last poem of its kind; the learning, wit, and humour certainly stand unrivalled.

# HUDIBRAS.

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## PART I.—CANTO I.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,  
The manner how he sally'd forth,  
His arms and equipage are shown;  
His horse's virtues and his own.  
Th' adventure of the Bear and Fiddle  
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,  
And men fell out they knew not why;  
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,  
Set folks together by the ears,  
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,      5  
For dame Religion as for punk;  
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,  
Tho' not a man of them knew wherefore;  
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded  
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,      10  
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,  
Was beat with fist instead of a stick;  
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,  
And out he rode a colonelling.  
A wight he was whose very sight would      15  
Entitle him Mirrour of Knighthood;  
That never bow'd his stubborn knee  
To any thing but chivalry;  
Nor put up blow, but that which laid  
Right worshipful on shoulder-blade:      20  
Chief of domestic knights and errant,  
Either for chartel or for warrant;

1. Dudgeon. Who made the alterations in the last edition of this poem I know not, but they are certainly sometimes for the worse; and I cannot believe the author would have changed a word so proper in that place as 'dudgeon' is, for that of 'fury,' as it is in the last edition. To take in dudgeon, is inwardly to resent some injury or affront; a sort of grumbling in the gizzard, and what is previous to actual fury.

Great on the bench, great in the saddle,  
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :  
 Mighty he was at both of these, 25  
 And styl'd of war as well as peace.  
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,  
 Are either for the land or water.)  
 But here our author makes a doubt,  
 Whether he were more wise or stout. 30  
 Some hold the one; and some the other ;  
 But howsoc'er they make a pother,  
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain  
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ;  
 Which made some take him for a tool, 35  
 That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.  
 For 't has been held by many, that  
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,  
 Complains she thought him but an ass,  
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras 40  
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight  
 To all his challenges did write.)  
 But they're mistaken very much ;  
 'Tis plain enough he was no such.  
 We grant, altho' he had much wit, 45  
 H' was very shy of using it ;  
 As being loth to wear it out,  
 And therefore bore it not about ;  
 Unless on holy-days, or so,  
 As men their best apparel do. 50  
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek  
 As naturally as pigs squeak :  
 That Latin was no more difficile,  
 Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle.  
 Being rich in both, he never scanted 55  
 His bounty unto such as wanted :  
 But much of either would afford  
 To many that had not one word.  
 For Hebrew roots, altho' they're found  
 To flourish most in barren ground, 60

24. Bind over to the sessions, as being a justice of the peace in his county, as well as a colonel of a regiment of foot in the Parliament's army, and a committee-man.

38. Montaigne, in his Essays, supposes his cat thought him a fool for losing his time in playing with her.

He had such plenty as suffic'd  
To make some think him circumcis'd ;  
And truly, so he was perhaps,  
Not as a proselyte, but for claps.

He was in logic a great critick, 65  
Profoundly skill'd in analytick ;  
He could distinguish and divide  
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;  
On either which he would dispute,  
Confute, change hands, and still confute. 70  
He'd undertake to prove, by force  
Of argument, a man's no horse.  
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,  
And that a lord may be an owl,  
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice, 75  
And rooks committee-men and trustees.  
He'd run in debt by disputation,  
And pay with ratiocination.  
All this by syllogism, true  
In mood and figure he would do. 80  
For Rhetoric, he could not ope  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope :

62. Here again is an alteration without any amendment, for the following lines,

And truly, so he was, perhaps,  
Not as a proselyte, but for claps,

Are thus changed :

And truly so, perhaps, he was ;  
'Tis many a pious Christian's case.

The Heathens had an odd opinion, and have a strange reason why Moses imposed the law of circumcision on the Jews ; which, how untrue soever, I will give the learned reader an account of without translation ; as I find it in the annotations upon Horace, wrote by my worthy and learned friend Mr. William Baxter, the great restorer of the ancient, and promoter of modern learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. lib. i.—'Curtis ; quia pellicula immi-nuti sunt ; quia Moses Rex Judæorem, cujus Legibus regun-tur, negligētia ——— medicinaliter exsectus est, et ne solus esset notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem ——— quæ inscitia Librarii exciderat reposui-mus ex conjectura, uti et medicinaliter exsectus pro medici-nalis effectus quæ nihil erant, Quis miretur ejusmodi con-vicia hominū Epicureo atque Pagano excidisse ? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli Organum videtur. Etiam Satyra Quinta hæc habet : Constat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentissime disputant.'

66. Analytic is a part of logic that teaches to decline and construe reason, as grammar does words

And when he happen'd to break off  
 I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,  
 H' had hard words ready to shew why, 85  
 And tell what rules he did it by :  
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,  
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk :  
 For all a rhetorician's rules  
 Teach nothing but to name his tools. 90  
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech,  
 In loftiness of sound, was rich ;  
 A Babylonish dialect,  
 Which learned pedants much affect.  
 It was a party-colour'd dress 95  
 Of patch'd and pye-ball'd languages :  
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
 Like fustian heretofore on satin.  
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,  
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ; 100  
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel ;  
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
 A leash of languages at once.  
 This he as volubly would vent 105  
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;  
 And truly to support that charge,  
 He had supplies as vast and large :  
 For he could coin or counterfeit  
 New words with little or no wit : 110  
 Words, so debas'd and hard, no stone  
 Was hard enough to touch them on :  
 And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,  
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;

93. A confusion of languages, such as some of our modern virtuosi used to express themselves in.

103. Cerberus ; a name which our poets give a dog with three heads, which they feigned door-keeper of hell, that caressed the unfortunate souls sent thither, and devoured them that would get out again : yet Hercules tied him up, and made him follow. This dog with three heads, denotes the past, the present, and the time to come, which receive, and, as it were, devour all things. Hercules got the better of him, which shews that heroic actions are always victorious over time, because they are present in the memory of posterity

That had the orator, who once 115  
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones  
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,  
 He would have us'd no other ways.  
 In Mathematicks he was greater  
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater : 120  
 For he, by geometrick scale,  
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;  
 Resolve, by signs and tangents, straight,  
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;  
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 125  
 The clock does strike, by algebra.  
 Beside, he was a shrewd philosopher,  
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over  
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,  
 He understood b' implicit faith : 130  
 Whatever sceptic could inquire for,  
 For ev'ry why he had a wherefore ;  
 Knew more than forty of them do,  
 As far as words and terms could go :  
 All which he understood by rote, 135  
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote :

115. Demosthenes, who is said to have had a defect in his pronunciation, which he cured by using to speak with little stones in his mouth.

120. Tycho Brahe was an eminent Danish mathematician. Quer. in Collier's Dictionary, or elsewhere.

131. Sceptic. Pyrrho was the chief of the sceptic philosophers, and was at first, as Apollodorus saith, a painter, then became the hearer of Driso, and at last the disciple of Anaxagoras, whom he followed into India, to see the Gymnosophists. He pretended that men did nothing but by custom ; that there was neither honesty nor dishonesty, justice nor injustice, good nor evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety years old, was highly esteemed in his country, and created chief priest. He lived in the time of Epicurus and Theophrastus, about the 120th Olympiad. His followers were called Pyrrhonians ; besides which, they were named the Ephetics and Aphoretics, but more generally Sceptics. This sect made their chiefest good to consist in a sedateness of mind, exempt from all passions ; in regulating their opinions, and moderating their passions, which they call Ataxia and Metriopathia ; and in suspending their judgment in regard of good and evil, truth or falsehood, which they call Epechi. Sextus Empiricus, who lived in the second century, under the Emperor Antoninus Pius, writ ten books against the mathematicians or astrologers, and three of the Pyrrhonian opinion. The word is derived from the Greek ——— quod est, 'considerare, speculari.'



No matter whether right or wrong,  
 They might be either said or sung.  
 His notions fitted things so well,  
 That which was which he could not tell; 140  
 But oftentimes mistook the one  
 For th' other, as great clerks have done.  
 He could reduce all things to acts,  
 And knew their natures by abstracts;  
 Where entity and quiddity, 145  
 The ghosts of defunct bodies, fly;  
 Where truth in person does appear,  
 Like words congeal'd in northern air.  
 He knew what's what, and that's as high  
 As metaphysic wit can fly. 150  
 In school-divinity as able  
 As he that hight Irrefragable;  
 A second Thomas, or, at once  
 To name them all, another Dunce:

143. The old philosophers thought to extract notions out of natural things, as chymists do spirits and essences; and, when they had refined them into the nicest subtilties, gave them as insignificant names as those operators do their extractions: But, (as Seneca says) the subtler things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their definition of things by acts the nearer to nonsense.

147. Some authors have mistaken truth for a real thing, when it is nothing but a right method of putting those notions or images of things (in the understanding of man) into the same state and order that their originals hold in nature; and therefore Aristotle says, 'Unumquodque sicut se habet secundum esse, ita se habet secundum veritatem.' Met l. ii.

148. Some report, that in Nova Zembla and Greenland, men's words are wont to be frozen in the air, and at the thaw may be heard.

151. Here again is another alteration of three or four lines, as I think, for the worse.

Some specific epithets were added to the title of some famous doctors, as Angelicus, Irrefragabilis, Subtilis, &c. Vide Vossi Etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de Sçavans, and Possevin's Apparatus.

153. Thomas Aquinas, a Dominican friar, was born in 1224, and studied at Cologne and Paris. He new-modelled the school divinity, and was therefore called the Angelic Doctor, and Eagle of Divines. The most illustrious persons of his time were ambitious of his friendship, and put a high value on his merits, so that they offered him bishoprics, which he refused with as much ardour as others seek after them. He died in the fiftieth year of his age, and was canonized by Pope John XII. We have his works in eighteen volumes, several times printed.

Johannas Dunscolas was a very learned man, who lived



Profound in all the nominal 155  
 And real ways beyond them all;  
 For he a rope of sand could twist.  
 As tough as learned Sorbonist;  
 And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull  
 That's empty when the moon is full; 160  
 Such as take lodgings in a head  
 That's to be let unfurnished.  
 He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
 And after solve 'em in a trice;  
 As if Divinity had catch'd 165  
 The itch on purpose to be scratch'd;  
 Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
 And stab herself with doubts profound,  
 Only to shew with how small pain  
 The sores of faith are cur'd again; 170

about the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth century. The English and Scotch strive which of them shall have the honour of his birth. The English say he was born in Northumberland; the Scots allege he was born at Duns, in the Mers, the neighbouring county to Northumberland, and hence was called Duncotus. Moreri, Buchanan, and other Scotch historians, are of this opinion, and for proof cite his epitaph:

*Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit,  
 Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.*

He died at Cologne, November 8, 1303. In the supplement to Dr. Cave's *Historia Literaria*, he is said to be extraordinary learned in physics, metaphysics, mathematics, and astronomy; that his fame was so great when at Oxford, that 30,000 scholars came thither to hear his lectures; that when at Paris, his arguments and authority carried it for the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin; so that they appointed a festival on that account, and would admit no scholars to degrees but such as were of this mind. He was a great opposer of Thomas Aquinas's doctrine; and, for being a very acute logician, was called Doctor Subtilis; which was the reason also that an old punster always called him the Lathy Doctor.

158. Sorbon was the first and most considerable college of the university of Paris, founded in the reign of St. Lewis, by Robert Sorbon, which name is sometimes given to the whole university of Paris, which was founded about the year 741, by Charlemagne, at the persuasion of the learned Alcuinus, who was one of the first professors there; since which time it has been very famous. This college has been rebuilt with an extraordinary magnificence, at the charge of Cardinal Richelieu, and contains lodgings for thirty-six doctors, who are called the Society of Sorbon. Those which are received among them before they have received their doctor's degree, are only said to be of the hospitality of Sorbon. Claud. Hémé-  
*raus de Acad Paris. Spondan. in Annal.*

Altho' by woful proof we find  
 They always leave a scar behind.  
 He knew the seat of Paradise,  
 Could tell in what degree it lies ;  
 And, as he was dispos'd, could prove it 175  
 Below the moon, or else above it :  
 What Adam dreamt of, when his bride  
 Came from her closet in his side :  
 Whether the devil tempted her  
 By a High-Dutch interpreter : 180  
 If either of them had a navel :  
 Who first made music malleable :  
 Whether the serpent, at the fall,  
 Had cloven feet or none at all.  
 All this without a gloss or comment, 185  
 He could unriddle in a moment,  
 In proper terms, such as men smatter,  
 When they throw out, and miss the matter.  
 For his religion, it was fit  
 To match his learning and his wit : 190  
 'Twas Presbyterian true blue ;  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant saints whom all men grant  
 To be the true church militant ;  
 Such as do build their faith upon 195  
 The holy text of pike and gun ;  
 Decide all controversies by  
 Infallible artillery ;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox  
 By apostolic blows and knocks : 200  
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation,  
 A godly thorough reformation,

173. There is nothing more ridiculous than the various opinions of authors about the seat of Paradise. Sir Walter Raleigh has taken a great deal of pains to collect them, in the beginning of his *History of the World* ; where those who are unsatisfied may be fully informed.

180. Goropius Becanus endeavours to prove, that High Dutch was the language that Adam and Eve spoke in Paradise.

181. Adam and Eve being made, and not conceived and formed in the womb, had no navels, as some learned men have supposed, because they had no need of them.

182. Music is said to be invented by Pythagoras, who first found out the proportion of notes from the sounds of hammers upon an anvil.

Which always must be carry'd on,  
 And still be doing, never done :  
 As if religion were intended 205  
 For nothing else but to be mended.  
 A sect whose chief devotion lies  
 In odd perverse antipathies ;  
 In falling out with that or this,  
 And finding somewhat still amiss : 210  
 More peevish, cross, and splenetick,  
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick ;  
 That with more care keep holy-day  
 The wrong, than others the right way :  
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to, 215  
 By damning those they have no mind to :  
 Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshipp'd God for spite.  
 The self-same thing they will abhor  
 One way, and long another for. 220  
 Free-will they one way disavow ;  
 Another, nothing else allow.  
 All piety consists therein  
 In them, in other men all sin.  
 Rather than fail, they will decry 225  
 That which they love most tenderly ;  
 Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage  
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge .  
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose. 230  
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,  
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon ;  
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct  
 Of wit and temper, was so linkt,  
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense 235  
 Had got th' advowson of his conscience.  
 Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,  
 We mean on th' inside not the outward ;  
 That next of all we shall discuss :  
 Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus : 240

232. Mahomet had a tame dove that used to pick seeds out of his ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His ass was so intimate with him, that the Mahometans believed it carried him to heaven, and stays there with him to bring him back again.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
 Both of his wisdom and his face;  
 In cut and dye so like a tile,  
 A sudden view it would beguile:  
 The upper part thereof was whey; 245  
 The nether, orange mix'd with gray.  
 This hairy meteor did denounce  
 The fall of sceptres and of crowns;  
 With grisly type did represent  
 Declining age of government; 250  
 And tell with hieroglyphick spade,  
 Its own grave and the state's were made.  
 Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew  
 In time to make a nation rue;  
 Tho' it contributed its own fall, 255  
 To wait upon the publick downfall:  
 It was monastick, and did grow  
 In holy orders by strict vow;  
 Of rule as sullen and severe  
 As that of rigid Cordelier. 260  
 'Twas bound to suffer persecution  
 And martyrdom with resolution;  
 T' oppose itself against the hate  
 And vengeance of th' incensed state;  
 In whose defiance it was worn, 265  
 Still ready to be pull'd and torn;  
 With red-hot irons to be tortur'd;  
 Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.  
 Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,  
 As long as monarchy should last; 270  
 But when the state should hap to reel,  
 'Twas to submit to fatal steel,  
 And fall, as it was consecrate,  
 A sacrifice to fall of state;  
 Whose thread of life the fatal sisters 275  
 Did twist together with its whiskers,  
 And twine so close, that Time should never,  
 In life or death, their fortunes sever:  
 But with his rusty sickle mow  
 Both down together at a blow. 280

257. He made a vow never to cut his beard until the Parliament had subdued the king. of which order of fanatic votaries there were many in those times.

So learn'd Taliacotius from  
 The brawny part of porter's bum  
 Cut supplemental noses, which  
 Would last as long as parent breech ; 285  
 But when the date of nock was out,  
 Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

His back, or rather burthen, shew'd  
 As if it stoop'd with its own load :  
 For as Æneas bore his sire  
 Upon his shoulders thro' the fire, 290  
 Our Knight did bear no less a pack  
 Of his own buttocks on his back ;  
 Which now had almost got the upper-  
 Hand of his head, for want of crupper.

To poise this equally, he bore 295  
 A paunch of the same bulk before ;  
 Which still he had a special care  
 To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare ;  
 As white-pot, butter-milk, and curds,  
 Such as a country-house affords ; 300  
 With other vittle, which anon  
 We farther shall dilate upon,

281. Taliacotius was an Italian surgeon, that found out a way to repair lost and decayed noses.

This Taliacotius was chief surgeon to the great duke of Tuscany, and wrote a treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he dedicates to his great master ; wherein he not only declares the models of his wonderful operations in restoring of lost members, but gives you cuts of the very instruments and ligatures he made use of therein ; from hence our author (*cum poetica licentia*) has taken his simile.

289. Æneas was the son of Anchises and Venus ; a Trojan, who after long travels, came to Italy, and after the death of his father-in-law, Latinus, was made king of Latium, and reigned three years. His story is too long to insert here, and therefore I refer you to Virgil's *Æneids*. Troy being laid in ashes, he took his aged father Anchises upon his back, and rescued him from his enemies. But being too solicitous for his son and household gods, he lost his wife Creusa ; which Mr. Dryden, in his excellent translation, thus expresseth :

Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait,)  
 And load my shoulders with a willing freight.  
 Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care ;  
 One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.  
 My hand shall lead our little son ; and you,  
 My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.

When of his hose we come to treat,  
The cupboard where he kept his meat.

His doublet was of sturdy buff,  
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;  
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,  
Who fear'd no blows, but such as bruise.

His breeches were of rugged woollen,  
And had been at the siege of Bullen;  
To old king Harry so well known,  
Some writers held they were his own.  
Thro' they were lin'd with many a piece  
Of ammunition bread and cheese,  
And fat black-puddings, proper food

For warriors that delight in blood.  
For, as we said, he always chose  
To carry vittle in his hose,

That often tempted rats and mice  
The ammunition to surprise :

And when he put a hand but in  
The one or t' other magazine,  
They stoutly in defence on't stood,  
And from the wounded foe drew blood;  
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,  
Ne'er left the fortify'd redoubt.

And tho' knights-errant, as some think,  
Of old did neither eat nor drink,  
Because, when thorough deserts vast,  
And regions desolate, they past,  
Where belly-timber above ground,  
Or under, was not to be found,  
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word  
Of their provision on record ;

Which made some confidently write,  
They had no stomachs, but to fight.

'Tis false ; for Arthur wore in hall  
Round table like a farthingal,  
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,  
And eke before, his good knights din'd.

337. Who this Arthur was, and whether any ever reigned in Britain, has been doubted heretofore, and is by some to this very day. However, the history of him, which makes him one of the nine worthies of the world, is a subject sufficient for the poet to be pleasant upon.

Though 'twas no table, some suppose,  
 But a huge pair of round trunk hose ;  
 In which he carry'd as much meat  
 As he and all the knights could eat, 344  
 When, laying by their swords and truncheons,  
 They took their breakfasts, or their nuncheons.  
 But let that pass at present, lest  
 We should forget where we digrest,  
 As learned authors use, to whom  
 We leave it, and to th' purpose come. 350

His puissant sword unto his side,  
 Near his undaunted heart, was ty'd ;  
 With basket-hilt, that would hold broth,  
 And serve for fight and dinner both.  
 In it he melted lead for bullets, 355

To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,  
 To whom he bore so fell a grutch,  
 He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.  
 The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,  
 For want of fighting, was grown rusty, 360  
 And ate into itself, for lack  
 Of somebody to hew and hack.

The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt  
 The rancour of its edge had felt ;  
 For of the lower end two handful 365  
 It had devour'd, 'twas so manful ;  
 And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,  
 As if it durst not shew its face.

In many desperate attempts,  
 Of warrants, exigents, contempts, 370  
 It had appear'd with courage bolder  
 Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder.  
 Oft had it ta'en possession,  
 And pris'ners too, or made them run.

This sword a dagger had t' his page, 375  
 That was but little for his age ;  
 And therefore waited on him so,  
 As dwarfs upon knights-errant do.

359. The capital city of New Castile, in Spain, with an archbishopric and primacy. It was very famous, amongst other things, for tempering the best metal for swords, as Damascus was, and perhaps may be still.



It was a serviceable dudgeon,  
 Either for fighting or for drudging. 380  
 When it had stabb'd, or broke a head,  
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;  
 Toast cheese or bacon ; tho' it were  
 To bait a mouse-trap, 'twould not care.  
 'Twould make clean shoes ; and in the earth 385  
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth.  
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,  
 Where this and more it did endure ;  
 But left the trade, as many more,  
 Have lately done on the same score. 390  
 In th' holsters, at his saddle-bow,  
 Two aged pistols he did stow,  
 Among the surplus of such meat  
 As in his hose he could not get.  
 These would inveigle rats with th' scent, 395  
 To forage when the cocks were bent :  
 And sometimes catch 'em with a snap  
 As cleverly as th' ablest trap.  
 They were upon hard duty still,  
 And ev'ry night stood sentinel, 400  
 To guard the magazine i' the hose  
 From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd foes.  
 Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight  
 From peaceful home set forth to fight.  
 But first with nimble, active force 405  
 He got on th' outside of his horse ;  
 For having but one stirrup ty'd  
 T' his saddle, on the farther side,  
 It was so short h' had much ado  
 To reach it with his desp'rate toe : 410  
 But after many strains and heaves,  
 He got up to the saddle-eaves,  
 From whence he vaulted into th' seat,  
 With so much vigour, strength, and heat,  
 That he had almost tumbled over 415  
 With his own weight, but did recover,  
 By laying hold on tail and mane,  
 Which oft he us'd instead of rein.

389. Oliver Cromwell and Colonel Pride had been both brewers.



But now we talk of mountain steed,  
 Before we farther do proceed, 420  
 It doth behove us to say something  
 Of that which bore our valiant bumpkin.  
 The beast was sturdy, large, and tall,  
 With mouth of meal, and eyes of wall.  
 I would say eye; for h' had but one, 425  
 As most agree; tho' some say none.  
 He was well stay'd; and in his gait  
 Preserv'd a grave majestic state.  
 At spur or switch no more he skept,  
 Or mended pace than Spaniard whipt; 430  
 And yet so fiery he would bound  
 As if he griev'd to touch the ground:  
 That Cæsar's horse, who as fame goes  
 Had corns upon his feet and toes,  
 Was not by half so tender hooft, 435  
 Nor trod upon the ground so soft.  
 And as that beast would kneel and stoop  
 (Some write) to take his rider up,  
 So Hudibras his ('tis well known)  
 Would often do to set him down. 440  
 We shall not need to say what lack  
 Of leather was upon his back;  
 For that was hidden under pad,  
 And breech of Knight, gall'd full as bad.  
 His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd 445  
 Like furrroughs he himself had plow'd;  
 For underneath the skirt of pannel,  
 'Twixt ev'ry two there was a channel.  
 His draggling tail hung in the dirt,  
 Which on his rider he would flirt, 450  
 Still as his tender side he prick'd,  
 With arm'd heel, or with unarm'd, kick'd;  
 For Hudibras wore but one spur;  
 As wisely knowing, could he stir  
 To active trot one side of 's horse, 455  
 The other would not hang an arse.

A squire he had, whose name was Ralph,  
 That in th' adventure went his half:

433. Julius Cæsar had a horse with feet like a man's.  
 'Utebatur equo insigni; pedibus prope humanis, et in  
 modum digitorum ungulis fissis. Suet, in Jul. cap. 61.

Though writers, for more stately tune,  
 Do call him Ralphe; 'tis all one; 460  
 And when we can with metre safe,  
 We'll call him so; if not, plain Ralph.  
 (For rhyme the rudder is of verses,  
 With which like ships they steer their courses.)  
 An equal stock of wit and valour 465  
 He had laid in; by birth a tailor.  
 The mighty Tyrian queen that gain'd  
 With subtle shreds a tract of land,  
 Did leave it with a castle fair  
 To his great ancestor, her heir. 470  
 From him descended cross-legg'd knights,  
 Fam'd for their faith, and warlike fights  
 Against the bloody cannibal,  
 Whom they destroy'd both great and small.  
 This sturdy Squire he had, as well 475  
 As the bold Trojan knight, seen Hell;  
 Not with a counterfeited pass  
 Of golden bough, but true gold-lace.  
 His knowledge was not far behind  
 The Knights, but of another kind, 480  
 And he another way came by't:  
 Some call it Gifts, and some New-Light;  
 A liberal art that costs no pains  
 Of study, industry, or brains.  
 His wit was sent him for a token, 485  
 But in the carriage crack'd and broken.  
 Like commendation nine-pence crook'd,  
 With—To and from my love—It look'd.  
 He ne'er consider'd it, as loth  
 To look a gift-horse in the mouth; 490  
 And very wisely would lay forth  
 No more upon it than 'twas worth.  
 But as he got it freely, so  
 He spent it frank and freely too.

467. Dido, queen of Carthage, who bought as much land as she could compass with an ox's hide, which she cut into small thongs, and cheated the owner of so much ground as served her to build Carthage upon.

476. Æneas, whom Virgil reports to use a golden bough for a pass to hell; and tailors call that place hell — where they put all they steal.

For saints themselves will sometimes be, 495  
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.

By means of this, with hem and cough,  
Prolongers to enlighten'd stuff,  
He could deep mysteries unriddle  
As easily as thread a needle. 500

For as of vagabonds we say,  
That they are ne'er beside the way;  
Whate'er men speak by this New Light,  
Still they are sure to be i' th' right.  
'Tis a dark-lantern of the spirit, 505

Which none see by but those that bear it;  
A light that falls down from on high,  
For spiritual trades to cozen by :  
An ignis fatuus, that bewitches  
And leads men into pools and ditches, 510

To make them dip themselves, and sound  
For Christendom in dirty pond ;  
To dive like wild-fowl for salvation,  
And fish to catch regeneration.  
This light inspires and plays upon 515

The nose of saint like bag-pipe drone,  
And speaks through hollow empty soul,  
As through a trunk or whisp'ring hole,  
Such language as no mortal ear  
But spirit'al eaves-droppers can hear : 520

So Phœbus, or some friendly muse,  
Into small poets' song infuse,  
Which they at second-hand rehearse,  
Thro' reed or bag-pipe, verse for verse.  
Thus Ralph became infallible 525

As three or four-legg'd oracle,  
The ancient cup, or modern chair ;  
Spoke truth point-blank, tho' unaware.  
For mystic learning, wondrous able  
In magic Talisman and Cabal, 530

526. Read the great Geographical Dictionary under that word.

530. Talisman is a device to destroy any sort of vermin, by casting their images in metal, in a precise minute, when the stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the mischief they can. This has been experienced by some modern virtuosi upon rats, mice, and fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the effect with admirable success.

[. Raymond Lully interprets cabal, out of the Arabic, to

Whose primitive tradition reaches  
 As far as Adam's first green breeches :  
 Deep sighted in intelligences,  
 Ideas, atoms, influences ;  
 And much of terra incognita, 535  
 Th' intelligible world, could say :  
 A deep occult Philosopher,  
 As learn'd as the wild Irish are,  
 Or Sir Agrippa ; for profound  
 And solid lying much renown'd. 540  
 He Anthroposophus and Floud,  
 And Jacob Behmen understood :  
 Knew many an amulet and charm,  
 That would do neither good nor harm :  
 In Rosy-crucian lore as learned, 545  
 As he that Vere adeptus earned.  
 He understood the speech of birds  
 As well as they themselves do words ;  
 Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,  
 That speak and think contrary clean : 550

signify Scientia superabundans ; which his commentator, Cornelius Agrippa, by over magnifying, has rendered a very superfluous foppery.

532. The author of *Magia Ademica* endeavours to prove the learning of the ancient Magi to be derived from that knowledge which God himself taught Adam in Paradise before the fall.

535. The intelligible world is a kind of Terra del Fuego, or Psittacorum Regio, &c. discovered only by the philosophers, of which they talk like parrots, what they do not understand.

538. No nation in the world is more addicted to this occult philosophy than the wild Irish are, as appears by the whole practice of their lives ; of which see Camden in his description of Ireland.

539. They who would know more of Sir Cornelius Agrippa, here meant, may consult the Great Dictionary.

541. Anthroposophus is only a compound Greek word, which signifies a man that is wise in the knowledge of men, as is used by some anonymous author to conceal his true name.

Dr. Floud was a sort of an English Rosy-crucian, whose works are extant, and as intelligible as those of Jacob Behmen.

545. The fraternity of the Rosy-crucians is very like the sect of the ancient Gnostici, who called themselves so from the excellent learning they pretended to, although they were the most ridiculous sots of mankind.

Vere adeptus is one that has commenced in their fantastic extravagance.

What member 'tis of whom they talk,  
When they cry Rope, and Walk, knave, walk.  
He'd extract numbers out of matter,  
And keep them in a glass, like water ;  
Of sov'reign pow'r to make men wise ; 555  
For dropp'd in blear thick-sighted eyes,  
They'd make them see in darkest night,  
Like owls, tho' purblind in the light.  
By help of these (as he profess'd)  
He had First Matter seen undress'd : 560  
He took her naked all alone,  
Before one rag of form was on.  
The Chaos too he had descry'd,  
And seen quite thro', or else he ly'd :  
Not that of pasteboard which men shew 565  
For groats, at fair of Barthol'mew ;  
But its great grandsire, first o' th' name,  
Whence that and Reformation came ;  
Both cousin-germans, and right able  
T' inveigle and draw in the rabble. 570  
But Reformation was, some say,  
O' th' younger house to Puppet-play.  
He could foretel whats'ever was  
By consequence to come to pass ;  
As death of great men, alterations, 575  
Diseases, battles, inundations,  
All this, without th' eclipse o' th' sun,  
Or dreadful comet, he hath done,  
By inward light ; a way as good,  
And easy to be understood ; 580  
But with more lucky hit than those  
That use to make the stars depose,  
Like knights o' th' post, and falsely charge  
Upon themselves what others forge :  
As if they were consenting to 585  
All mischief in the world men do :  
Or like the devil did tempt and sway 'em  
To rogueries, and then betray 'em.  
They'll search a planet's house to know  
Who broke and robb'd a house below : 590  
Examine Venus, and the Moon,  
Who stole a thimble or a spoon ;

And tho' they nothing will confess,  
 Yet by their very looks can guess,  
 And tell what guilty aspect bodes, 595  
 Who stole, and who receiv'd the goods.  
 They'll question Mars, and by his look,  
 Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloke;  
 Make Mercury confess, and 'peach  
 Those thieves which he himself did teach. 600  
 They'll find i' th' physiognomies  
 O' th' planets, all men's destinies;  
 Like him that took the doctor's bill,  
 And swallow'd it instead o' th' pill:  
 Cast the nativity o' th' question, 605  
 And from positions to be guess'd on,  
 As sure as if they knew the moment  
 Of native's birth tell what will come on't.  
 They'll feel the pulses of the stars,  
 To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs; 610  
 And tell what crisis does divine  
 The rot in sheep, or mange in swine:  
 In men, what gives or cures the itch;  
 What makes them cuckolds, poor or rich;  
 What gains or loses, hangs or saves; 615  
 What makes men great, what fools or knaves,  
 But not what wise; for only of those  
 The stars (they say) cannot dispose,  
 No more than can the astrologians;  
 There they say right, and like true Trojans. 620  
 This Ralpho knew, and therefore took  
 The other course, of which we spoke.  
 Thus was th' accomplish'd Squire endu'd  
 With gifts and knowledge per'lous shrewd.  
 Never did trusty Squire with Knight, 625  
 Or Knight with Squire, e'er jump more right.  
 Their arms and equipage did fit,  
 As well as virtues, parts, and wit.  
 Their valours too were of a rate;  
 And out they sally'd at the gate. 530  
 Few miles on horseback had they jogged,  
 But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;  
 For they a sad adventure met,  
 Of which anon we mean to treat;

But ere we venture to unfold 635

Achievements so resolv'd and bold,  
We should, as learned poets use,  
Invoke the assistance of some muse:  
However, critics count it sillier  
Than jugglers talking to familiar. 640

We think 'tis no great matter which;  
They're all alike; yet we shall pitch  
On one that fits our purpose most,  
Whom therefore thus do we accost:

Thou that with ale, or viler liquors, 645

Didst inspire Withers, Pryn, and Vickars,

And force them, tho' it was in spite

Of nature and their stars, to write;

Who, as we find in sullen writs,

And cross-grain'd works of modern wits, 650

With vanity, opinion, want,

The wonder of the ignorant,

The praises of the author, penn'd

B' himself, or wit-ensuring friend;

The itch of picture in the front, 655

With bays and wicked rhyme upon't;

All that is left o' th' forked hill,

To make men scribble without skill;

Canst make a poet spite of fate,

And teach all people to translate, 660

Tho' out of languages in which

They understand no part of speech;

Assist me but this once, I 'mplore,

And I shall trouble thee no more.

In western clime there is a town, 665

To those that dwell therein well known;

Therefore there needs no more be said here;

We unto them refer our reader;

For brevity is very good,

When w' are, or are not, understood. 670

To this town people did repair,

On days of markēt, or of fair,

646. This Vickars was a man of as great interest and authority in the late Reformation as Pryn or Withers, and as able a poet. He translated Virgil's *Æneids* into as horrible travesty in earnest, as the French *Scaroon* did in burlesque, and was only outdone in his way by the politic author of *Oceana*



And to crack'd fiddle, and horse tabor,  
 In merriment did drudge and labour.  
 But now a sport more formidable 675  
 Had rak'd together village rabble;  
 'Twas an old way of recreating,  
 Which learned butchers call bear-baiting:  
 A bold advent'rous exercise,  
 With ancient heroes in high prize: 680  
 For authors do affirm it came  
 From Isthmean or Nemean game:  
 Others derive it from the bear  
 That's fix'd in northern hemisphere,  
 And round about the pole does make 685  
 A circle like a bear at stake,  
 That at the chain's end wheels about,  
 And overturns the rabble-rout.  
 For after solemn proclamation,  
 In the bear's name (as is the fashion, 690  
 According to the law of arms,  
 To keep men from inglorious harms,)  
 That none presume to come so near  
 As forty foot of stake of bear,  
 If any yet be so fool-hardy, 695  
 T' expose themselves to vain jeopardy  
 If they come wounded off, and lame,  
 No honour's got by such a maim;  
 Altho' the bear gain much, b'ing bound  
 In honour to make good his ground, 700  
 When he's engag'd, and takes no notice,  
 If any press upon him, who 'tis;  
 But lets them know, at their own cost,  
 That he intends to keep his post.  
 This to prevent, and other harms, 705  
 Which always wait on feats of arms  
 (For in the hurry of a fray  
 'Tis hard to keep out of harms way,)  
 Thither the Knight his course did steer,  
 To keep the peace 'twixt dog and bear; 710  
 As he believ'd he was bound to do  
 In conscience, and commission too;



And therefore thus bespoke the Squire :

We that are wisely mounted higher  
 Than constables in curule wit, 715  
 When on tribunal bench we sit,  
 Like speculators should foresee,  
 From Pharos of authority,  
 Portended mischiefs farther than  
 Low Proletarian tything-men : 720  
 And therefore being inform'd by bruit,  
 That dog and bear are to dispute ; —  
 For so of late men fighting name,  
 Because they-often prove the same  
 (For where the first does hap to be, 725  
 The last does coincidere ;)   
 Quantum in nobis, have thought good,  
 To save th' expense of Christian blood,  
 And try if we by mediation  
 Of treaty and accommodation, 730  
 Can end the quarrel, and compose  
 The bloody duel without blows.  
 Are not our liberties, our lives,  
 The laws, religion, and our wives,  
 Enough at once to lie at stake 735  
 For Cov'nant and the Cause's sake ?  
 But in that quarrel dogs and bears,  
 As well as we, must venture theirs ?  
 This feud, by Jesuits invented,  
 By evil counsel is fomented ; 740  
 Their is a Machiavelian plot  
 (Tho' every nare olfact it not,)  
 A deep design in't, to divide  
 The well-affected that confide,  
 By setting brother against brother, 745  
 To claw and curry one another.  
 Have we not enemies, plus satis,  
 That, cane'et angue pejus, hate us ?

740 This speech is set down as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own words ; but since it is below the gravity of heroical poetry to admit of humour, but all men are obliged to speak wisely alike, and too much of so extravagant a folly would become tedious and impertinent, the rest of his harangues have only his sense expressed in other words, unless in some few places, where his own words could not be so well avoided.

And shall we turn our fangs and claws  
 Upon our own selves, without cause? 750  
 That some occult design doth lie  
 In bloody cynarctomachy,  
 Is plain enough to him that knows  
 How saints lead brothers by the nose.  
 I wish myself a pseudo-prophet, 755  
 But sure some mischief will come of it;  
 Unless by providential wit,  
 Or force, we averruncate it.  
 For what design, what interest,  
 Can beast have to encounter beast? 760  
 They fight for no espoused cause,  
 Frail privilege, fundamental laws,  
 Nor for a thorough reformation,  
 For covenant, nor protestation,  
 Nor liberty of consciences, 765  
 Nor Lords and Commons' ordinances;  
 Nor for the church, nor for church-lands,  
 To get them in their own no-hands;  
 Nor evil counsellors to bring  
 To justice that seduce the king; 770  
 Nor for the worship of us men,  
 Though we have done as much for them.  
 Th' Egyptians worshipp'd dogs, and for  
 Their faith made internecine war.  
 Others ador'd a rat, and some 775  
 For that church suffer'd martyrdom.  
 The Indians fought for the truth  
 Of th' elephant and monkey's tooth,

752. Cynarctomachy signifies nothing in the world but a fight between dogs and bears; though both the learned and ignorant agree that in such words very great knowledge is contained: and our Knight, as one, or both of those, was of the same opinion.

758. Another of the same kind, which, though it appear ever so learned and profound, means nothing else but the weeding of corn.

778. The History of the White Elephant and the Monkey's Tooth, which the Indians adored, is written by Mons. le Blanc. This monkey's tooth was taken by the Portuguese from those that worshipped it; and though they offered a vast ransom for it, yet the Christians were persuaded by their priests rather to burn it. But as soon as the fire was kindled, all the people present were not able to endure the horrible stink that came from it as if the fire had been made of the same ingredients

And many, to defend that faith,  
 Fought it out, mordicus, to death. 780  
 But no beast ever was so slight,  
 For man, as for his God, to fight.  
 They have more wit, alas! and know  
 Themselves and us better than so.  
 But we, who only do infuse 785  
 The rage in them like Boute-feus;  
 'Tis our example that instils  
 In them th' infection of our ills.  
 For, as some late philosophers  
 Have well observ'd, beasts that converse 790  
 With man take after him, as hogs  
 Get pigs all th' year, and bitches dogs.  
 Just so, by our example cattle  
 Learn to give one another battle.  
 We read in Nero's time the heathen, 795  
 When they destroy'd the Christian brethren,  
 Did sew them in the skins of bears,  
 And then set dogs about their ears:  
 From thence, no doubt, th' invention came  
 Of this lewd antichristian game. 800  
 To this, quoth Ralpho, Verily  
 The point seems very plain to me.  
 It is an antichristian game,  
 Unlawful both in thing and name.  
 First, for the name: the word bear-baiting 805  
 Is carnal, and of man's creating:  
 For certainly there's no such word  
 In all the Scripture on record;  
 Therefore unlawful, and a sin:  
 And so is (secondly) the thing. 810  
 A vile assembly 'tis, that can  
 No more be prov'd by Scripture than  
 Provincial, classic, national;  
 Mere human creature-cobwebs all.  
 Thirdly, it is idolatrous; 815  
 For when men run a whoring thus

with which seamen use to compose that kind of grana-  
 dos which they call stinkards.

786. Boute-feus is a French word, and therefore it  
 were uncivil to suppose any English person (especially  
 of quality) ignorant of it, or so ill-bred as to need an ex-  
 position.

With their inventions, whatsoe'er  
 The thing be, whether dog or bear,  
 It is idolatrous and pagan,  
 No less than worshipping of Dagon. 820

Quoth Hudibras, I smell a rat :  
 Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate ;  
 For though the thesis which thou lay'st  
 Be true ad amussim, as thou say'st-  
 (For that bear-bating should appear 825  
 Jure divino lawfuller

Than synods are, thou dost deny,  
 Totidem verbis ; so do I ;)   
 Yet there's a fallacy in this ;  
 For if by sly homœosis, 830  
 Tussis pro crepitu, an art  
 Under a cough to slur a f—t,  
 Thou wouldst sophistically imply  
 Both are unlawful, I deny.

And I (quoth Ralpho) do not doubt 835  
 But bear-baiting may be made out,  
 In gospel-times, as lawful as is  
 Provincial or parochial classis ;  
 And that both are so near of kin,  
 And like in all, as well as sin, 840  
 That put them in a bag and shake 'em,  
 Yourself o' th' sudden would mistake 'em,  
 And not know which is which, unless  
 You measure by their wickedness :  
 For 'tis not hard t' imagine whether 845  
 O' th' two is worst ; tho' I name neither.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'st much,  
 But art not able to keep touch,  
 Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' adage,  
 Id est to make a leek a cabbage ; 850  
 Thou wilt at best but suck a bull,  
 Or shear swine, all cry and no wool ;  
 For what can synods have at all  
 With bear that's analogical ?  
 Or what relation has debating 855  
 Of church-affairs with bear-baiting ?  
 A just comparison still is  
 Of things ejusdem generis ;

And then what genius rightly doth  
Include and comprehend them both? 860  
If animal, both of us may  
As justly pass for bears as they ;  
For we are animals no less,  
Altho' of different specieses.  
But, Ralpho, this is no fit place 865  
Nor time to argue out the case :  
For now the field is not far off,  
Where we must give the world a proof  
Of deeds, not words, and such as suit  
Another manner of dispute ; 870  
A controversy that affords  
Actions for arguments, not words ;  
Which we must manage at a rate  
Of prowess and conduct adequate  
To what our place and fame doth promise, 875  
And all the godly expect from us.  
Nor shall they be deceiv'd, unless  
We're slurr'd and outed by success ;  
Success, the mark no mortal wit,  
Or surest hand, can always hit : 880  
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,  
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate,  
Which in success oft disinherits,  
For spurious causes, noblest merits.  
Great actions are not always true sons 885  
Of great and mighty resolutions ;  
Nor do the bold'st attempts bring forth  
Events still equal to their worth ;  
But sometimes fail, and in their stead  
Fortune and cowardice succeed. 890  
Yet we have no great cause to doubt ;  
Our actions still have borne us out ;  
Which, tho' they're known to be so ample,  
We need not copy from example.  
We're not the only persons durst 895  
Attempt this province, nor the first.  
In northern clime a valrous knight  
Did whilom kill his bear in fight,  
And wound a fiddler ; we have both  
Of these the objects of our wroth, 900

And equal fame and glory from  
Th' attempt or victory to come.

'Tis sung, there is a valiant Mamaluke  
In foreign land, yclep'd——

To whom we have been oft compar'd 905

For person, parts, address, and beard ;

Both equally reputed stout,

And in the same cause both have fought ;

He oft in such attempts as these

Came off with glory and success ; 910

Nor will we fail in th' execution,

For want of equal resolution.

Honour is like a widow, won

With brisk attempt and putting on ;

With ent'ring manfully, and urging ; 915

Not slow approaches, like a virgin.

'Tis said, as erst the Phrygian knight,

So ours with rusty steel did smite

903. Mamaluke is the name of the militia of the sultans of Egypt. It signified a servant or soldier. They were commonly captives taken from among the Christians, and instructed in military discipline, and did not marry. Their power was great; for besides that the sultans was chosen out of their body, they disposed of the most important offices of the kingdom. They were formidable about two hundred years; till at last Selim, sultan of the Turks, routed them, and killed their sultan near Aleppo, 1516, and so put an end to the empire of Mamalukes, which had lasted 267 years.

No question but the rhyme to Mamaluke was meant Sir Samuel Luke, of whom in the preface.

913. Our English proverbs are not impertinent to this purpose :

He that woos a maid must seldom come in her sight :

But he that woos a widow, must woo her day and night.

He that woos a maid, must feign, lie, and flatter ;

But he that woos a widow, must down with his breeches  
and at her.

This proverb being somewhat immodest, Mr. Ray says he would not have it inserted in his collection, but that he met with it in a little book, entitled the Quakers' Spiritual Court proclaimed ; written by Nathaniel Smith, student in Physic ; wherein the author mentions it as counsel given him by Hilkiah Bedford, an eminent Quaker in London, who would have had him to have married a rich widow, in whose house he lodged. In case he could get her, this Nathaniel Smith had promised Hilkiah a chamber gratis. The whole narrative is worth the reading.

His Trojan horse, and just as much  
 He mended pace upon the touch ; 920  
 But from his empty stomach groan'd  
 Just as that hollow beast did sound,  
 And angry answer'd from behind,  
 With brandish'd tail and blast of wind.  
 So have I seen with armed heel, 925  
 A wight bestride a common-weal ;  
 While still the more he kick'd and spurr'd  
 The less the sullen jade had stirr'd.

## CANTO II.

The catalogue and character  
 Of th' enemies' best men of war ;  
 Whom, in a bold harangue, the Knight  
 Defies, and challenges to fight.  
 H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,  
 And takes the Fiddler prisoner,  
 Conveys him to enchanted castle ;  
 There shuts him fast in wooden bastile.

THERE was an ancient sage philosopher,  
 That had read Alexander Ross over,  
 And swore the world, as he could prove,  
 Was made of fighting and of love :  
 Just so Romances are, for what else 5  
 Is in them all, but love and battles ?  
 O' th' first of these we've no great matter  
 To treat of, but a world o' th' latter ;  
 In which to do the injur'd right  
 We mean, in what concerns just fight. 10  
 Certes our authors are to blame,  
 For to make some well-sounding name  
 A pattern fit for modern knights  
 To copy out in frays and fights ;  
 Like those that a whole street do raze 15  
 To build a palace in the place.  
 They never care how many others  
 They kill, without regard of mothers,  
 Or wives, or children, so they can  
 Make up some fierce, dead-doing man, 20  
 Compos'd of many ingredient valours,  
 Just like the manhood of nine tailors.



So a wild Tartar, when he spies  
 A man that's handsome, valiant, wise,  
 If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit 25  
 His wit, his beauty, and his spirit ;  
 As if just so much he enjoy'd  
 As in another is destroy'd.  
 For when a giant's slain in fight,  
 And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright, 30  
 It is a heavy case no doubt,  
 A man should have his brains beat out  
 Because he's tall, and has large bones ;  
 As men kill beavers for their stones.  
 But as for our part, we shall tell 35  
 The naked truth of what befel ;  
 And as an equal friend to both  
 The Knight and Bear, but more to troth,  
 With neither faction shall take part,  
 But give to each his due desert ; 40  
 And never coin a formal lie on't,  
 To make the Knight o'ercome the giant.  
 This b'ing profest, we've hopes enough,  
 And now go on where we left off.

They rode ; but authors having not 45  
 Determin'd whether pace or trot  
 (That is to say, whether tullutation,  
 As they do term 't, or succussation,)

We leave it, and go on, as now  
 Suppose they did, no matter how ; 50  
 Yet some from subtle hints have got  
 Mysterious light, it was a trot :  
 But let that pass : they now begun  
 To spur their living engines on.  
 For as whipp'd tops, and bandy'd balls, 55  
 The learned hold, are animals ;  
 So horses they affirm to be  
 Mere engines made by geometry ;  
 And were invented first from engines,  
 As Indian Britons were from Penguins. 60

47 Tullutation and succussation are only Latin words for ambling and trotting, though I believe both were natural amongst the old Romans ; since I never read they made use of the trammel or any other art, to pace their horses.

60. The American Indians call a great bird they have



So let them be : and, as I was saying,  
 They their live engines ply'd, not staying  
 Until they reach'd the fatal champaign,  
 Which th' enemy did then encamp on ;  
 The dire Pharsalian plain, where battle 65  
 Was to be wag'd 'twixt puissant cattle  
 And fierce auxiliary men,  
 That came to aid their brethren,  
 Who now began to take the field,  
 As Knight from ridge of steed beheld. 70  
 For as our modern wits behold,  
 Mounted a pick-back on the old,  
 Much farther off, much farther he,  
 Rais'd on his aged beast could see ;  
 Yet not sufficient to descry 75  
 All postures of the enemy ;  
 Wherefore he bids the Squire ride farther,  
 T' observe their numbers, and their order ;  
 That when their motions he had known,  
 He might know how to fit his own. 80  
 Meanwhile he stopp'd his willing steed,  
 To fit himself for martial deed.  
 Both kinds of metal he prepar'd,  
 Either to give blows or to ward :  
 Courage and steel, both of great force, 85  
 Prepar'd for better or for worse.  
 His death-charg'd pistols he did fit well,  
 Drawn out from life-preserving vittle.  
 These being prim'd, with force he labour'd  
 To free 's sword from retentive scabbard ; 90  
 And, after many a painful pluck,  
 From rusty durance he bail'd tuck.  
 Then shook himself, to see that prowess  
 In scabbard of his arms sat loose :  
 And, rais'd upon his desp'rate foot, 95  
 On stirrup-side, he gaz'd about,

with a white head, a penguin ; which signifies the same thing in the British tongue : from whence (with other words of the same kind) some authors have endeavour'd to prove, that the Americans are originally derived from the Britons.

65. Pharsalia is a city of Thessaly, famous for the battle won by Julius Cæsar against Pompey the Great, in the neighbouring plains, in the 607th year of Rome, of which read Lucan's Pharsalia.

Portending blood, like blazing star,  
 The beacon of approaching war.  
 Ralpho rode on with no less speed  
 Than Hugo in the forest did ; 100  
 But far more in returning made ;  
 For now the foe he had survey'd ,  
 Rang'd as to him they did appear,  
 With van, main battle, wings, and rear.  
 I' th' head of all this warlike rabble 105  
 Crowdero march'd, expert and able.  
 Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
 That makes the warrior's stomach come,  
 Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer  
 By thunder turn'd to vinegar, 110  
 (F'or if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,  
 Who has not a month's mind to combat?)  
 A squeaking engine he apply'd  
 Unto his neck, on north-east side,  
 Just where the hangman does dispose, 115  
 To special friends, the knot of noose :  
 For 'tis great grace, when statesmen straight  
 Dispatch a friend, let others wait.  
 His warped ear hung o'er the strings,  
 Which was but souse to chitterlings : 120  
 For guts, some write, ere they are sodden,  
 Are fit for music, or for pudden ;  
 From whence men borrow ev'ry kind  
 Of minstrelsy by string or wind.  
 His grisly beard was long and thick, 125  
 With which he strung his fiddle-stick ;  
 For he to horse-tail scorn'd to owe  
 For what on his own chin did grow.  
 Chiron, the four-legg'd bard, had both  
 A beard and tail of his own growth ; 130  
 And yet by authors 'tis averr'd,  
 He made use only of his beard.

129. Chiron, a Centaur, son to Saturn and Phillyris, living in the mountains, where, being much given to hunting, he became very knowing in the virtues of plants, and one of the most famous physicians of his time. He imparted his skill to Æsculapius, and was afterward Apollo's governor, until being wounded by Hercules, and desiring to die, Jupiter placed him in heaven where he forms the sign of Sagittarius or the Archer

In Staffordshire, where virtuous worth  
 Does raise the minstrelsy, not birth ;  
 Where bulls do choose the boldest king, 135  
 And ruler, o'er the men of string,  
 (As once in Persia, 'tis said,  
 Kings were proclaim'd by a horse that neigh'd ;)   
 He bravely venturing at a crown,  
 By chance of war was beaten down, 140  
 And wounded sore. His leg then broke,  
 Had got a deputy of oak :  
 For when a shin in fight is cropp'd,  
 The knee with one of timber's propp'd,  
 Esteem'd more honourable than the other, 145  
 And takes place, though the younger brother.

Next march'd brave Orsin famous for  
 Wise conduct, and success in war :  
 A skilful leader, stout, severe,  
 Now marshal to the champion bear. 150  
 With trunchion, tipp'd with iron head,  
 The warrior to the lists he led ;  
 With solemn march and stately pace,  
 But far more grave and solemn face ;  
 Grave as the Emperor of Pegu, 155  
 Or Spanish Potentate, Don Diego.  
 This leader was of knowledge great,  
 Either for charge or for retreat.  
 He knew when to fall on pell-mell ;  
 To fall back and retreat as well. 160  
 So lawyers, lest the bear defendant,  
 And plaintiff dog, should make an end on't,  
 Do stave and tail with writs of error,  
 Reverse of judgment, and demurrer,  
 To let them breathe a while, and then 165  
 Cry whoop, and set them on agen.  
 As Romulus a wolf did rear,  
 So he was dry-nurs'd by a bear,  
 That fed him with the purchas'd prey  
 Of many a fierce and bloody fray ; 170

133. The whole history of this ancient ceremony you may read at large in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire, under the town Tutbury.

155. For the history of Pegu, read Mandelsa and Olearius's Travels.

Bred up where discipline most rare is,  
 In military Garden Paris.  
 For soldiers heretofore did grow  
 In gardens just as weeds do now,  
 Until some splay-foot politicians 175  
 T' Apollo offer'd up petitions  
 For licensing a new invention  
 They'd found out of an antique engine,  
 To root out all the weeds that grow  
 In public gardens at a blow, 180  
 And leave th' herbs standing. Quoth Sir Sun,  
 My friends, that is not to be done.  
 Not done ! quoth statesmen ; yes, an't please ye,  
 When it's once known, you'll say 'tis easy.  
 Why then let 's know it, quoth Apollo : 185  
 We'll beat a drum, and they'll all follow.  
 A drum ! (quoth Phœbus ;) troth, that's true ;  
 A pretty invention, quaint and new.  
 But though of voice and instrument  
 We are the undoubted president, 190  
 We such loud music don't profess ;  
 The devil's master of that office,  
 Where it must pass ; if 't be a drum,  
 He'll sign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.  
 To him apply yourselves, and he 195  
 Will soon dispatch you for his fee.  
 They did so ; but it prov'd so ill,  
 Th' had better let 'em grow there still.  
 But to resume what we discoursing  
 Were on before, that is, stout Orsin : 200  
 That which so oft, by sundry writers,  
 Has been applied t' almost all fighters,  
 More justly may b' ascrib'd to this  
 Than any other warrior, (viz.)-  
 None ever acted both parts bolder, 205  
 Both of a chieftain and a soldier.  
 He was of great descent, and high  
 For splendour and antiquity ;  
 And from celestial origine  
 Deriv'd himself in a right line : 210

172. Paris Garden, in Southwark, took its name from the possessor.

Not as the ancient heroes did,  
 Who, that their base births might be hid  
 (Knowing they were of doubtful gender,  
 And that they came in at a windore,)  
 Made Jupiter himself, and others 215  
 O' th' gods, gallants to their own mothers,  
 To get on them a race of champions  
 (Of which old Homer first made lampoons.)  
 Arctophylax, in northern sphere,  
 Was his undoubted ancestor : 220  
 From him his great forefathers came,  
 And in all ages bore his name.  
 Learned he was in med'c'nal lore ;  
 For by his side a pouch he wore,  
 Replete with strange hermetic powder, 225  
 That wounds nine miles point-blank would sol-  
 By skilful chemist, with great cost, [der,  
 Extracted from a rotten post ;  
 But of a heav'nlier influence  
 Than that which mountebanks dispense : 230  
 Though by Promethean fire made,  
 As they do quack that drive that trade.  
 For as when slovens do amiss  
 At others' doors, by stool or piss,  
 The learned write, a red-hot spit 235  
 B'ing prudently apply'd to it,

231. Promethean fire. Prometheus was the son of Iapetus, and brother of Atlas, concerning whom the poets have feigned, that having first formed men of the earth and water, he stole fire from heaven to put life into them ; and that having thereby displeased Jupiter, he commanded Vulcan to tie him to Mount Caucasus with iron chains, and that a vulture should prey upon his liver continually : but the truth of the story is, that Prometheus was an astrologer, and constant in observing the stars upon that mountain ; and that, among other things, he found the art of making fire, either by the means of a flint, or by contracting the sun-beams in a glass. Bochart will have Magog, in the Scripture, to be the Prometheus of the Pagans.

He here and before sarcastically derides those who were great admirers of the sympathetic powder and weapon salve, which were in great repute in those days, and much promoted by the great Sir Kenelm Digby, who wrote a treatise ex professo on that subject, and, I believe, thought what he wrote to be true, which since has been almost exploded out of the world.

Will convey mischief from the dung  
 Unto the part that did the wrong,  
 So this did healing ; and as sure  
 As that did mischief, this could cure. 240

Thus virtuous Orsin was endu'd  
 With learning, conduct, fortitude,  
 Incomparable : and as the prince  
 Of poets, Homer, sung long since,  
 A skilful leech is better far 245  
 Than half an hundred men of war,  
 So he appear'd ; and by his skill,  
 No less than dint of sword, could kill.

The gallant Bruin march'd next him,  
 With visage formidably grim, 250  
 And rugged as a Saracen,

Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin ;  
 Clad in a mantle della guerre  
 Of rough impenetrable fur ;  
 And in his nose, like Indian king, 255

He wore, for ornament, a ring ;  
 About his neck a threefold gorget,  
 As rough as trebled leathern target ;  
 Armed, as heralds, cant, and langued ;  
 Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged. 260

For as the teeth in beasts of prey  
 Are swords, with which they fight in fray ;  
 So swords, in men of war, are teeth,  
 Which they do eat their vittle with.

He was by birth, some authors write, 265  
 A Russian ; some, a Muscovite ;  
 And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,  
 Of whom we in diurnals read,

That serve to fill up pages here,  
 As with their bodies ditches there. 270

Scrimansky was his cousin-german,  
 With whom he serv'd, and fed on vermin ;  
 And when these fail'd, he'd suck his claws,  
 And quarter himself upon his paws ;

267. Cossacks are a people that live near Poland. This name was given them for their extraordinary nimbleness ; for cosa, or kosa, in the Polish tongue, signifies a goat. He that would know more of them, may read *Le Laboureur* and *Thuldenus*.

And though his countrymen, the Huns, 275  
 Did stew their meat between their bums  
 And th' horses' backs o'er which they straddle,  
 And ev'ry man ate up his saddle ;  
 He was not half so nice as they,  
 But ate it raw when 't came in's way. 280  
 He had trac'd countries far and near,  
 More than Le Blanc the traveller ;  
 Who writes, he spous'd in India,  
 Of noble house, a lady gay,  
 And got on her a race of worthies, 285  
 As stout as any upon earth is.  
 Full many a fight for him between  
 Talgol and Orsin oft had been ;  
 Each striving to deserve the crown  
 Of a sav'd citizen ; the one 290  
 To guard his bear ; the other fought  
 To aid his dog ; both made more stout  
 By sev'ral spurs of neighbourhood,  
 Church-fellow-membership, and blood ;  
 But Talgol, mortal foe to cows, 295  
 Never got ought of him but blows ;  
 Blows hard and heavy, such as he  
 Had lent, repaid with usury.  
 Yet Talgol was of courage stout,  
 And vanquish'd oft'ner than he fought : 300  
 Inur'd to labour sweat, and toil,  
 And like a champion shone with oil.  
 Right many a widow his keen blade,  
 And many fatherless had made.  
 He many a boar and huge dun-cow 305  
 Did, like another Guy, o'erthrow ;  
 But Guy with him in fight compar'd,  
 Had like the boar or dun-cow far'd.

275. This custom of the Huns is described by Ammianus Marcellinus, '*Hunni semicruda cujusvis Peccoris carne vescuntur, quam inter femora sua et equorum terga subsertam, calefacient brevi.*' P. 686.

283. The story of Le Blanc, of a bear that married a king's daughter, is no more strange than many others, in most travellers, that pass with allowance ; for if they should write nothing but what is possible, or probable, they might appear to have lost their labour, and observed nothing but what they might have done as well at home.



With greater troops of sheep h' had fought  
Than Ajax or bold Don Quixote: 310

And many a serpent of fell kind,  
With wings before and stings behind,  
Subdu'd, as poets say, long ago,  
Bold Sir George, St. George, did the dragon.  
Nor engine, nor device polemic, 315

Disease, nor doctor epidemic,  
Tho' stor'd with deletery med'cines  
(Which whosoever took is dead since,)  
E'er sent so vast a colony  
To both the under worlds as he: 320

For he was of that noble trade  
That demi-gods and heroes made,  
Slaughter and knocking on the head,  
The trade to which they all were bred;  
And is, like others, glorious when 325

'Tis great and large, but base if mean:  
The former rides in triumph for it,  
The latter in a two-wheel'd chariot,  
For daring to profane a thing  
So sacred with vile bungling. 330

Next these the brave Magnano came;  
Magnano, great in martial fame.  
Yet when with Orsin he wag'd fight,  
'Tis sung, he got but little by 't.  
Yet he was fierce as forest boar, 335

Whose spoils upon his back he wore,  
As thick as Ajax' seven-fold shield,  
Which o'er his brazen arms he held:  
But brass was feeble to resist  
The fury of his armed fist; 340

Nor could the hard'st ir'n hold out  
Against his blows, but they would through't.

In magic he was deeply read  
As he that made the brazen head  
Profoundly skill'd in the black art, 345  
As English Merlin for his heart;  
But far more skilful in the spheres  
Than he was at the sieve and shears.



He could transform himself in colour  
 As like the devil as a collier; 350  
 As like as hypocrites in show  
 Are to true saints, or crow to crow.  
 Of warlike engines he was author,  
 Devis'd for quick dispatch of slaughter :  
 The cannon, blunderbuss, and saker, 355  
 He was th' inventor of, and maker :  
 The trumpet, and the kettle-drum,  
 Did both from his invention come.  
 He was the first that e'er did teach  
 To make, and how to stop, a breach. 360  
 A lance he bore with iron pike ;  
 Th' one half would thrust, the other strike ;  
 And when their forces he had join'd,  
 He scorn'd to turn his parts behind.

He Trulla lov'd; Trulla, more bright 365  
 Than burnish'd armour of her knight :  
 A bold virago, stout and tall  
 As Joan of France, or English Mall,  
 Thro' perils both of wind and limb,  
 Thro' thick and thin, she follow'd him, 370  
 In ev'ry adventure h' undertook,  
 And never him or it forsook :  
 At breach of wall, or hedge surprise,  
 She shar'd i' th' hazard and the prize :  
 At beating quarters up, or forage, 375  
 Behav'd herself with matchless courage ;  
 And laid about in fight more busily  
 Than th' Amazonian dame Penthesile.

And though some critics here cry shame,  
 And say our authors are to blame, 380  
 That (spite of all philosophers,  
 Who hold no females stout but bears,  
 And heretofore did so abhor  
 That women should pretend to war,

368. Two notorious women; the last was known here by the name of Mall Cutpurse.

378. Penthesile, queen of the Amazons, succeeded Orythia. She carried succours to the Trojans, and after having given noble proofs of her bravery, was killed by Achilles. Pliny saith, it was she that invented the battle-axe. If any one desire to know more of the Amazons, let him read Mr. Sanson.

They would not suffer the stout'st dame      385  
 To swear by Hercules's name)  
 Make feeble ladies in their works,  
 To fight like termagants and Turks;  
 To lay their native arms aside,  
 Their modesty, and ride astride;      390  
 To run a-tilt at men, and wield  
 Their naked tools in open field;  
 As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,  
 And she that would have been the mistress  
 Of Gondibert; but he had grace,      395  
 And-rather took a country lass;  
 They say, 'tis false, without all sense,  
 But of pernicious consequence  
 To government which they suppose  
 Can never be upheld in prose;      400  
 Strip Nature naked to the skin,  
 You'll find about her no such thing.  
 It may be so; yet what we tell  
 Of Trulla that's improbable,

385. The old Romans had particular oaths for men and women to swear by; and therefore Macrobius says, '*Viri per Castorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec Mulieres per Herculem; Ædepol autem juramentum erat tum mulieribus quam viris commune,*' &c.

393. Two formidable women at arms, in romances, that were cudgelled into love by their gallants.

395. Gondibert is a feigned name, made use of by Sir William d'Avenant in his famous epic poem, so called; wherein you may find also that of his mistress. This poem was designed by the author to be an imitation of the English drama: it being divided into five books, as the other is into five acts; the cantos to be parallel of the scenes, with this difference, that this is delivered narratively, the other dialoguewise. It was ushered into the world by a large preface written by Mr. Hobbes, and by the pens of two of our best poets, viz. Mr. Waller and Mr. Cowley, which one would have thought might have proved a sufficient defence and protection against snarling critics. Notwithstanding which, four eminent wits of that age (two of which were Sir John Denham and Mr. Donne) published several copies of verses to Sir William's discredit, under this title, *Certain Verses written by several of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the second edition of Gondibert in 8vo. Lond 1653*. These verses were as wittily answered by the author, under this title, *The incomparable poem of Gondibert vindicated from the Wit Combat of four Esquires, Clinias, Damœtas, Sancho, and Jack-Pudding; printed in 8vo. Lond. 1655.* Vide Langbain's *Account of Dramatic Poets*.

Shall be dispos'd by those who've seen't 405  
Or, what's as good, produc'd in print :  
And if they will not take our word,  
We'll prove it true upon record.

The upright Cerdon next advanc't,  
Of all his race the valiant'st : 410

Cerdon the Great, renown'd in song,  
Like Herc'les, for repair of wrong :  
He rais'd the low and fortify'd  
The weak against the strongest side :  
Ill has he read, that never hit 415

On him in Muses' deathless' writ.  
He had a weapon keen and fierce,  
That through a bull-hide shield would pierce,  
And cut it in a thousand pieces,  
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece, his  
With whom his black-thumb'd ancestor 421

Was comrade in the ten years' war :  
For when the restless Greeks sat down  
So many years before Troy town,  
And were renown'd, as Homer writes, 425  
For well sol'd boots no less than fights,  
They ow'd that glory only to  
His ancestor that made them so.

Fast friend he was to Reformation,  
Until 'twas worn quite out of fashion. 430

Next rectifier of wry law,  
And would make three to cure one flaw.  
Learn'd he was, and could take note,  
Transcribe, collect, translate, and quote.  
But preaching was his chiefest talent, 435

Or argument, in which b'ing valiant,  
He us'd to lay about and stickle,  
Like ram or bull, at conventicle :  
For disputants, like rams and bulls,  
Do fight with arms that spring from skulls. 440

Last Colon came, bold man of war,  
Destin'd to blows by fatal star ;  
Right expert in command of horse,  
But cruel, and without remorse.  
That which of Centaur long ago 445  
Was said, and has been wrested to

Some other knights, was true of this;  
He and his horse were of a piece.  
One spirit did inform them both;  
The self-same vigour, fury, wroth; 450  
Yet he was much the rougher part,  
And always had a harder heart:  
Although his horse had been of those  
That fed on man's flesh, as fame goes.  
Strange food for horse! and yet, alas! 455  
It may be true, for flesh is grass.  
Sturdy he was, and no less able  
Than Hercules to clean a stable;  
As great a drover, and as great  
A critic too, in hog or neat. 460  
He ripp'd the womb up of his mother,  
Dame Tellus, 'cause she wanted fother  
And provender wherewith to feed  
Himself, and his less cruel steed.  
It was a question, whether he 465  
Or 's horse were of a family  
More worshipful: 'till antiquaries  
(After th' had almost por'd out their eyes)  
Did very learnedly decide  
The business on the horse's side; 470  
And prov'd not only horse, but cows,  
Nay, pigs, were of the elder house:  
For beasts, when man was but a piece  
Of earth himself, did th' earth possess.  
These worthies were the chief that led 475  
The combatants, each in the head  
Of his command, with arms and rage,  
Ready and longing to engage.  
The numerous rabble was drawn out  
Of sev'ral counties round about, 480  
From villages remote, and shires,  
Of east and western hemispheres:  
From foreign parishes and regions,  
Of different manners, speech, religions,  
Came men and mastiffs; some to fight 485  
For fame and honour, some for sight.  
And now the field of death, the lists,  
Were enter'd by antagonists,

And blood was ready to be broach'd,  
 When Hudibras in haste approach'd, 490  
 With Squire and weapons, to attack 'em ;  
 But first thus from his horse bespake 'em :

What rage, O citizens ! what fury  
 Doth you to these dire actions hurry ?  
 What æstrum, what phrenetic mood, 495  
 Makes you thus lavish of your blood,  
 While the proud Vies your trophies boast,  
 And unreveng'd walks —— ghost ?

What towns, what garrisons might you  
 With hazard of this blood subdue, 500  
 Which now y' are bent to throw away  
 In vain, untriumphable fray !

Shall saints in civil bloodshed wallow  
 Of saints, and let the Cause lie fallow ?  
 The Cause for which we fought and swore 505  
 So boldly, shall we now give o'er ?

Then, because quarrels still are seen  
 With oaths and swearings to begin,  
 The solemn League and Covenant  
 Will seem a mere God-dam-me rant ; 510

And we, that took it, and have fought,  
 As lewd as drunkards that fall out.  
 For as we make war for the king  
 Against himself, the self-same thing,  
 Some will not stick to swear, we do 515

For God and for religion too :  
 For if bear-baiting we allow,  
 What good can Reformation do ?  
 The blood and treasure that's laid out  
 Is thrown away, and goes for nought. 520

Are these the fruits o' th' Protestation,  
 The prototype of Reformation,  
 Which all the saints, and some, since martyrs,  
 Wore in their hats like wedding garters,

495. *Æstrum* is not only a Greek word for madness but signifies also a gad-bee or horse fly, that torments cattle in the summer, and makes them run about as if they were mad.

524. Some few days after the king had accused the five members of treason in the House of Commons, great crowds of the rabble came down to Westminster-hall with printed copies of the Protestation tied in their hats like favours.

When 'twas resolv'd by either House 525  
 Six Members quarrel to espouse?  
 Did they for this draw down the rabble,  
 With zeal and noises formidable,  
 And make all cries about the town  
 Join throats to cry the bishops down? 530  
 Who having round begirt the palace  
 (As once a month they do the gallows,)  
 As members gave the sign about,  
 Set up their throats with hideous shout.  
 When tinkers bawl'd aloud to settle 535  
 Church discipline, for patching kettle:  
 No sow-gelder did blow his horn  
 To geld a cat, but cry'd Reform.  
 The oyster-women lock'd their fish up,  
 And trudg'd away, to cry, No bishop. 540  
 The mousetrap-men laid save-alls by,  
 And 'gainst ev'l counsellors did cry.  
 Bothers left old clothes in the lurch,  
 And fell to turn and patch the church.  
 Some cry'd the Covenant instead 545  
 Of pudden-pies and ginger-bread;  
 And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,  
 Bawl'd out to purge the Commons' House.  
 Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry,  
 A gospel-preaching ministry; 550  
 And some, for old suits, coats, or cloak,  
 No surplices nor Service-book.  
 A strange harmonious inclination  
 Of all degrees to Reformation.  
 And is this all? Is this the end 555  
 To which these carr'ings on did tend?  
 Hath public faith, like a young heir,  
 For this ta'en up all sorts of ware,

525. The six members were the Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Pym, Mr. Hollis, Mr. Hampden, Sir Arthur Haslerig, and Mr. Stroud, whom the king ordered to be apprehended, and their papers seized; charging them of plotting with the Scots, and favouring the late tumults; but the House voted against the arrest of their persons or papers; whereupon the king having preferred articles against those members, he went with his guard to the House to demand them: but they, having notice, with drew

And run int' every tradesman's book,  
 Till both turn'd bankrupts, and are broke? 560  
 Did saints for this bring in their plate,  
 And crowd as if they came too late?  
 For when they thought the Cause had need on't,  
 Happy was he that could be rid on't.  
 Did they coin piss-pots, bowls, and flagons, 565  
 Int' officers of horse and dragoons;  
 And into pikes and musqueteers  
 Stamp beakers, cups, and porringers?  
 A thimble, bodkin, and a spoon,  
 Did start up living men as soon 570  
 As in the furnace they were thrown,  
 Just like the dragon's teeth b'ing sown.  
 Then was the Cause of gold and plate,  
 The brethren's off rings, consecrate,  
 Like th' Hebrew calf, and down before it 575  
 The saints fell prostrate to adore it:  
 So say the wicked—and will you  
 Make that sarcasmus scandal true,  
 By running after dogs and bears,  
 Beasts more unclean than calves or steers? 580  
 Have pow'rful preachers ply'd their tongues,  
 And laid themselves out and their lungs;  
 Us'd all means, both direct and sinister,  
 I' th' power of gospel-preaching minister?  
 Have they invented tones to win 585  
 The women, and make them draw in  
 The men, as Indians with a female  
 Tame elephant inveigle the male?  
 Have they told Prov'dence what it must do,  
 Whom to avoid, and whom to trust to? 590  
 Discover'd th' enemy's design,  
 And which way best to countermine?  
 Prescrib'd what ways it hath to work,  
 Or it will ne'er advance the kirk?  
 Told it the news o' th' last express, 595  
 And after good or bad success  
 Made prayers, not so like petitions  
 As overtures and propositions

578. Abusive or insulting had been better; but our Knight believed the learned languages more convenient to understand in than his own mother-tongue.



(Such as the army did present  
 To their creator, th' Parliament,) 600  
 In which they freely will confess  
 They will not, cannot, acquiesce,  
 Unless the work be carry'd on  
 In the same way they have begun,  
 By setting church and common-weal 605  
 All on a flame, bright as their zeal,  
 On which the saints were all agog,  
 And all this for a bear and dog?  
 The Parliament drew up petitions  
 To 'tself, and sent them, like commissions, 610  
 To well-affected persons down,  
 In ev'ry city and great town,  
 With pow'r to levy horse and men,  
 Only to bring them back agen;  
 For this did many, many a mile, 615  
 Ride manfully in rank and file,  
 With papers in their hats, that shew'd  
 As if they to the pillory rode.  
 Have all these courses, these efforts,  
 Been try'd by people of all sorts, 620  
 Velis et remis, omnibus nervis,  
 And all t' advance the Cause's service?  
 And shall all now be thrown away  
 In petulant intestine fray?  
 Shall we that in the Cov'nant swore, 625  
 Each man of us to run before  
 Another, still in Reformation,  
 Give dogs and bears a dispensation?  
 How will dissenting brethren relish it?  
 What will malignants say? videlicet, 630  
 That each man swore to do his best,  
 To damn and perjure all the rest!  
 And bid the devil take the hin'most,  
 Which at this race is like to win most.  
 They 'll say our bus'ness, to reform 635  
 The church and state, is but a worm;  
 For to subscribe, unsight, unseen,  
 To an unknown church-discipline,  
 What is it else, but before-hand  
 T' engage, and after understand? 640



For when we swore to carry on  
 The present Reformation,  
 According to the purest mode  
 Of churches best reform'd abroad,  
 What did we else but make a vow 645  
 To do we know not what, nor how?  
 For no three of us will agree  
 Where or what churches these should be;  
 And is indeed the self-same case  
 With theirs that swore *et cæteras*: 650  
 Or the French league, in which men vow'd  
 To fight to the last drop of blood.  
 These slanders will be thrown upon  
 The cause and work we carry on,  
 If we permit men to run headlong 655  
 T' exorbitances fit for bedlam,  
 Rather than gospel-walking times,  
 When slightest sins are greatest crimes.  
 But we the matter so shall handle,  
 As to remove that odious scandal, 660  
 In name of King and Parliament,  
 I charge ye all no more foment  
 This feud, but keep the peace between  
 Your brethren and your countrymen;  
 And to those places straight repair 665  
 Where your respective dwellings are.  
 But to that purpose first surrender  
 The Fiddler, as the prime offender,  
 The incendiary vile, that is chief  
 Author and engineer of mischief; 670

649. The Convocation, in one of the short Parliaments, that ushered in the long one (as dwarfs are wont to do knights-errant,) made an oath to be taken by the clergy for observing canonical obedience; in which they enjoined their brethren, out of the abundance of their consciences, to swear articles with, &c.

651. The holy league in France, designed and made for the extirpation of the Protestant religion, was the original, out of which the solemn league and covenant here was (with the difference only of circumstances) most faithfully transcribed. Nor did the success of both differ more than the intent and purpose; for after the destruction of vast numbers of people of all sorts, both ended with the murder of two kings, whom they had both sworn to defend: and as our covenanters swore every man to run one before another, in the way of reformation, so did the French in the holy league, to fight to the last drop of blood.

That makes division between friends,  
 For profane and malignant ends.  
 He, and that engine of vile noise,  
 On which illegally he plays,  
 Shall (dictum factum) both be brought 675  
 To condign punishment, as they ought.  
 This must be done; and I would fain see  
 Mortal so sturdy as to gainsay:  
 For then I'll take another course,  
 And soon reduce you all by force. 680  
 This said, he clapp'd his hand on sword,  
 To shew he meant to keep his word.

But Talgol, who had long supprest  
 Inflamed wrath in glowing breast,  
 Which now began to rage and burn as 685  
 Implacably as flame in furnace,  
 Thus answer'd him:—Thou vermin wretched  
 As e'er in measled pork was hatched;  
 Thou tail of worship, that dost grow  
 On rump of justice as of cow; 690  
 How dar'st thou, with that sullen luggage  
 O' th'self, old ir'n, and other baggage,  
 With which thy steed of bones and leather  
 Has broke his wind in halting hither;  
 How durst th', I say, adventure thus 695  
 T' oppose thy lumber against us?  
 Could thine impertinence find out  
 No work t' employ itself about,  
 Where thou, secure from wooden blow,  
 Thy busy vanity might'st shew? 700  
 Was no dispute a-foot between  
 The caterwauling brethren?  
 No subtle question rais'd among  
 Those out-o'-their wits, and those i' th' wrong?  
 No prize between those combatants 705  
 O' th' times, the land and water saints;  
 Where thou might'st strickle without hazard  
 Of outrage to thy hide and mazzard;  
 And not for want of bus'ness come  
 To us to be so troublesome, 710  
 To interrupt our better sort  
 Of disputants, and spoil our sport?

Was there no felony, no bawd,  
Cut-purse, no burglary abroad?  
No stolen pig, nor plunder'd goose, 715  
To tie thee up from breaking loose?  
No ale unlicens'd, broken hedge,  
For which thou statute might'st allege,  
To keep thee busy from foul evil,  
And shame due to thee from the devil? 720  
Did no committee sit, where he  
Might cut out journey-work for thee?  
And set th' a task with subornation,  
To stitch up sale and sequestration;  
To cheat, with holiness and zeal, 725  
All parties, and the common weal?  
Much better had it been for thee,  
H' had kept thee where th' art us'd to be;  
Or sent th' on bus'ness any whither,  
So he had never brought thee hither. 730  
But if th' hast brain enough in skull  
To keep itself in lodging whole,  
And not provoke the rage of stones  
And cudgels to thy hide and bones,  
Tremble, and vanish, while thou may'st, 735  
Which I'll not promise if thou stay'st.  
At this the Knight grew high in wroth,  
And lifting hands and eyes up both,  
Three times he smote on stomach stout,  
From whence at length these words broke out:  
Was I for this entitled Sir, 740  
And girt with trusty sword and spur,  
For fame and honour to wage battle,  
Thus to be brav'd by foe to cattle?  
Not all that pride that makes thee swell 745  
As big thou dost blown-up veal;  
Nor all thy tricks and sleights to cheat,  
And sell thy carrion for good meat;  
Not all thy magic to repair  
Decay'd old age in tough lean ware; 750  
Make nat'ral death appear thy work,  
And stop the gangrene in stale pork;  
Not all that force that makes thee proud,  
Because by bullock ne'er withstood;

Though arm'd with all thy cleavers, knives, 755  
 And axes made to hew down lives,  
 Shall save or help thee to evade  
 The hand of Justice, or his blade,  
 Which I, her sword-bearer do carry,  
 For civil deed and military. 760

Nor shall those words of venom base,  
 Which thou hast from their native place,  
 Thy stomach pump'd to fling on me,  
 Go unreveng'd, though I am free :  
 Thou down the same throat shalt devour 'em,  
 Like tainted beef, and pay dear for 'em. 765

Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight  
 With gantlet blue, and bases white,  
 And round blunt truncheon by his side,  
 So great a man at arms defy'd 770

With words far bitter than wormwood,  
 That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.  
 Dogs with their tongues their wounds do heal ;  
 But men with hands as thou shalt feel.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd 775

His gun-shot, that in holsters watch'd ;  
 And bending cock, he levell'd full  
 Against th' outside of Talgol's skull :  
 Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,  
 Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murther. 780

But Pallas came in shape of rust,  
 And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust  
 Her Gorgon shield, which made the cock  
 Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.  
 Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gath'ring might, 785

With rugged truncheon charg'd the Knight ;  
 But he with petronel upheav'd,  
 Instead of shield, the blow receiv'd.

The gun recoil'd, as well it might,  
 Not us'd to such a kind of fight, 790

And shrunk from its great master's gripe,  
 Knock'd down and stunn'd by mortal stripe.

Then Hudibras, with furious haste,  
 Drew out his sword ; yet not so fast,  
 But Talgol first, with hardy thwack, 795  
 Twice bruis'd his head, and twice his back.

But when his nut-brown sword was out.  
With stomach huge he laid about,  
Imprinting many a wound upon  
His mortal foe, the truncheon. 800  
The trusty cudgel did oppose  
Itself against dead-doing blows,  
To guard its leader from fell bane,  
And then reveng'd itself again.  
And though the sword (some understood) 805  
In force had much the odds of wood,  
'Twas nothing so; both sides were balanc'd  
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st:  
For wood with honour b'ing engag'd,  
Is so implacably enrag'd, 810  
Though iron hew and mangle sore,  
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.  
And now both knights were out of breath,  
Tir'd in the hot pursuit of death;  
While all the rest amaz'd stood still, 815  
Expecting which should take or kill.  
This Hudibras observ'd; and fretting  
Conquest should be so long a getting,  
He drew up all his force into  
One body, and that into one blow. 820  
But Talgol wisely avoided it  
By cunning sleight; for had it hit,  
The upper part of him the blow  
Had slit as sure as that below.  
Meanwhile th' incomparable Colon, 825  
To aid his friend, began to fall on.  
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew  
A dismal combat 'twixt them two:  
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood;  
This fit for bruise, and that for blood. 830  
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,  
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang;  
While none that saw them could divine  
To which side conquest would incline,  
Until Magnano, who did envy 835  
That two should with so many men vie,  
By subtle stratagem of brain,  
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;

For he, by foul hap, having found  
Where thistles grew on barren ground, 840  
In haste he drew his weapon out,  
And having cropp'd them from the root,  
He clapp'd them underneath the tail  
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail.  
The angry beast did straight resent 845  
The wrong done to his fundament ;  
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
As if h' had been beside his sense,  
Striving to disengage from thistle,  
That gall'd him sorely under his tail : 850  
Instead of which, he threw the pack  
Of Squire and baggage from his back ;  
And blund'ring still with smarting rump,  
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump  
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop, 855  
And sat on further side aslope.  
This Talgol viewing, who had now  
By sleight escap'd the fatal blow,  
He rally'd, and again fell to't ;  
For catching foe by nearer foot, 860  
He lifted with such might and strength,  
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,  
And dash'd his brains (if any) out :  
But Mars, that still protects the stout,  
In pudding-time came to his aid, 865  
And under him the bear convey'd ;  
The bear, upon whose soft fur-gown  
The Knight with all his weight fell down.  
The friendly rug preserv'd the ground,  
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound :  
Like feather-bed betwixt a wall 870  
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.  
As Sancho on a blanket fell,  
And had no hurt, ours far'd as well  
In body ; though his mighty spirit, 875  
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.  
The bear was in a greater fright,  
Beat down and worsted by the Knight.  
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,  
To shake off bondage from his snout. 880

His wrath inflam'd boil'd o'er, and from  
His jaws of death he threw the foam :  
Fury in stranger postures threw him,  
And more than herald ever drew him.  
He tore the earth which he had sav'd 885  
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and rav'd,  
And vex'd the more because the harms  
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms :  
For men he always took to be  
His friends, and dogs the enemy ; 890  
Who never so much hurt had done him,  
As his own side did falling on him.  
It griev'd him to the guts that they  
For whom h' had fought so many a fray,  
And serv'd with loss of blood so long, 895  
Should offer such inhuman wrong ;  
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition :  
For which he flung down his commission ;  
And laid about him, till his nose  
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose. 900  
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,  
Through thickest of his foes he charg'd,  
And made way through th' amazed crew ;  
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,  
But took none ; for by hasty flight 905  
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight ;  
From whom he fled with as much haste  
And dread as he the rabble chas'd.  
In haste he fled, and so did they ;  
Each and his fear a several way. 910  
Crowdero only kept the field ;  
Not stirring from the place he held,  
Though beaten down and wounded sore,  
I' th' fiddle, and a leg that bore  
One side of him ; not that of bone, 915  
But much its better, th' wooden one.  
He spying Hudibras lie strow'd  
Upon the ground, like log of wood,  
With fright of fall, supposed wound,  
And loss of urine, in a swoond, 920  
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb,  
That hurt i' th' ankle lay by him,



And fitting it for sudden fight,  
 Straight drew it up t' attack the Knight;  
 For getting up on stump and huckle, 925  
 He with the foe began to buckle;  
 Vowing to be reveng'd for breach  
 Of crowd and skin upon the wretch,  
 Sole author of all detriment  
 He and his fiddle underwent. 930

But Ralpho (who had now begun  
 T' adventure resurrection  
 From heavy squelch, and had got up  
 Upon his legs, with sprained crup)  
 Looking about, beheld pernicious 935  
 Approaching Knight from fell musician.  
 He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled  
 When he was falling off his steed  
 (As rats do from a falling house,)  
 To hide itself from rage of blows; 940  
 And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew  
 To rescue Knight from black and blue;  
 Which ere he could achieve, his sconce  
 The leg encounter'd twice and once;  
 And now 'twas rais'd to smite agen, 945  
 When Ralpho thrust himself between.  
 He took the blow upon his arm,  
 To shield the Knight from further harm;  
 And, joining wrath with force, bestow'd  
 On th' wooden member such a load, 950  
 That down it fell, and with it bore  
 Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.  
 To him the Squire right nimbly run,  
 And setting conquering foot upon  
 His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy  
 Made thee (thou whelp of sin!) to fancy 956  
 Thyself, and all that coward rabble,  
 T' encounter us in battle able?  
 How durst th', I say, oppose thy curship  
 'Gainst arms, authority and worship? 960  
 And Hudibras or me provoke,  
 Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,  
 And th' other half of thee as good  
 To bear out blows, as that of wood?



Could not the whipping-post prevail, 965  
With all its rhet'ric, nor the jail,  
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin,  
And ankle free from iron gin?  
Which now thou shalt—But first our care  
Must see how Hudibras doth fare. 970  
This said, he gently rais'd the Knight,  
And set him on his bum upright.  
To rouse him from lethargic dump,  
He tweak'd his nose; with gentle thump  
Knock'd on his breast, as if t had been 975  
To raise the spirits lodg'd within.  
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly  
From inward room to window eye;  
And gently opening lid, the casement,  
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement. 980  
This gladdened Ralpho much to see,  
Who thus bespoke the Knight: quoth he,  
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,  
A self-denying conqueror;  
As high, victorious, and great, 985  
As e'er fought for the churches yet.  
If you will give yourself but leave  
To make out what y' already have;  
That's victory. The foe, for dread  
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled; 990  
All, save Crowdero, for whose sake  
You did th' espous'd cause undertake;  
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,  
To be dispos'd as you think meet;  
Either for life, or death, or sale, 995  
The gallows, or perpetual jail;  
For one wink of your pow'rful eye  
Must sentence him to live or die.  
His fiddle is your proper purchase,  
Won in the service of the churches: 1000  
And by your doom must be allow'd  
To be, or be no more, a crowd.  
For though success did not confer  
Just title on the conqueror;  
Though dispensations were not strong 1005  
Conclusions whether right or wrong;

Although out-going did confirm,  
 And owning were but a mere term;  
 Yet as the wicked have no right  
 To th' creature, though usurp'd by might, 1010  
 The property is in the saint,  
 From whom th' injuriously detain 't;  
 Of him they hold their luxuries,  
 Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,  
 Their riots, revels, masks, delights, 1015  
 Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;  
 All which the saints have title to,  
 And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their due.  
 What we take from them is no more  
 Than what was ours by right before; 1020  
 For we are their true landlords still,  
 And they our tenants but at will. —  
 At this the Knight began to rouse,  
 And by degrees grow val'rous,  
 He star'd about, and seeing none 1025  
 Of all his foes remain but one,  
 He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,  
 And from the ground began to rear him;  
 Vowing to make Crowdero pay  
 For all the rest that ran away. 1030  
 But Ralpho now, in colder blood,  
 His fury mildly thus withstood:  
 Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit  
 Is rais'd too high: this slave does merit  
 To be the hangman's business, sooner 1035  
 Than from your hand to have the honour  
 Of his destruction. I, that am  
 A nothingness in deed and name,  
 Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcass,  
 Or ill intreat his fiddle or case: 1040  
 Will you, great Sir, that glory blot  
 In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?  
 Will you employ your conq'ring sword  
 To break a fiddle and your word?  
 For though I fought, and overcame, 1045  
 And quarter gave, 'twas in your name,  
 For great commanders only own  
 What's prosperous by the soldier done.

To save, where you have pow'r to kill,  
Argues your pow'r above your will ; 1050  
And that your will and pow'r have less  
Than both might have of selfishness.  
This pow'r which, now alive, with dread  
He trembles at, if he were dead  
Wou'd no more keep the slave in awe, 1055  
Than if you were a knight of straw :  
For death wou'd then be his conqueror,  
Not you, and free him from that terror.  
If danger from his life accrue,  
Or honour from his death, to you, 1060  
'Twere policy and honour too,  
To do as you resolv'd to do ;  
But, Sir, 'twould wrong your valour much,  
To say it needs or fears a crutch.  
Great conquerors greater glory gain 1065  
By foes in triumph led, than slain :  
The laurels that adorn their brows  
Are pull'd from living, not dead boughs,  
And living foes : the greatest fame  
Of cripple slain can be but lame. 1070  
One half him's already slain,  
The other is not worth your pain ;  
Th' honour can but on one side light,  
As worship did, when y' were dubb'd knight.  
Wherefore I think it better far 1075  
To keep him prisoner of war,  
And let him fast in bonds abide,  
At court of justice to be try'd ;  
Where, if he appear so bold and crafty,  
There may be danger in his safety. 1080  
If any member there dislike  
His face, or to his beard have pique ;  
Or if his death will save or yield  
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd,  
Though he has quarter, ne'er the less 1085  
Y' have power to hang him when you please.  
This has been often done by some  
Of our great conq'rors, you know whom ;  
And has by most of us been held  
Wise justice, and to some reveal'd : 1090

For words and promises, that yoke  
 The conqueror, are quickly broke;  
 Like Samson's cuffs, though by his own  
 Direction and advice put on.  
 For if we should fight for the Cause 1095  
 By rules of military laws,  
 And only do what they call just,  
 The Cause would quickly fall to dust.  
 This we among ourselves may speak;  
 But to the wicked, or the weak, 1100  
 We must be cautious to declare  
 Perfection-truths, such as these are.

'This said, the high, outrageous mettle  
 Of Knight began to cool and settle.  
 He lik'd the Squire's advice, and soon 1105  
 Resolv'd to see the business done;  
 And therefore charg'd him first to bind  
 Crowdero's hands on rump behind,  
 And to its former place and use  
 The wooden member to reduce; 1110  
 But force it take an oath before,  
 Ne'er to bear arms against him more.

Ralpho dispatched with speedy haste,  
 And having ty'd Crowdero fast,  
 He gave Sir Knight the end of cord, 1115  
 To lead the captive of his sword  
 In triumph, whilst the steeds he caught,  
 And them to further service brought.  
 The Squire in state rode on before,  
 And on his nut-brown whinyard bore 1120  
 The trophy-fiddle and the case,  
 Leaning on shoulder like a mace.  
 The Knight himself did after ride,  
 Leading Crowdero by his side;  
 And tow'd him if he lagg'd behind, 1125  
 Like boat against the tide and wind.  
 Thus grave and solemn they march'd on  
 Until quite thro' the town th' had gone;  
 At further end of which there stands  
 An ancient castle, that commands 1130  
 Th' adjacent parts: in all the fabric  
 You shall not see one stone nor a brick:

But all of wood ; by pow'rful spell  
Of magic made impregnable.  
There's neither iron-bar nor gate, 1135  
Portcullis, chain, nor bolt, nor grate,  
And yet men durance there abide,  
In dungeon scarce three inches wide ;  
With roof so low, that under it  
They never stand, but lie or sit ; 1140  
And yet so foul, that whoso 's in,  
Is to the middle-leg in prison ;  
In circle magical confin'd,  
With walls of subtle air and wind,  
Which none are able to break through, 1145  
Until they're freed by head of borough.  
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight  
And bold Squire from their steeds alight  
At th' outward wall, near which there stands  
A bastile, built to imprison hands ; 1150  
By strange enchantment made to fetter  
The lesser parts, and free the greater ;  
For though the body may creep through,  
The hands in grate are fast enough :  
And when a circle 'bout the wrist 1155  
Is made by beadle exorcist,  
The body feels the spur and switch,  
As if 'twere ridden post by witch  
At twenty miles an hour pace,  
And yet ne'er stirs out of the place. 1160  
On top of this there is a spire,  
On which Sir Knight first bids the Squire  
The fiddle and its spoils, the case,  
In manner of a trophy place.  
That done, they ope the trap-door gate, 1165  
And let Crowdero down thereat ;  
Crowdero making doleful face,  
Like hermit poor in pensive place.  
To dungeon they the wretch commit,  
And the survivor of his feet : 1170  
But th' other, that had broke the peace  
And head of knighthood they release ;  
Though a delinquent false and forged,  
Yet, being a stranger he's enlarged,

While his comrade, that did no hurt, 1175  
Is clapp'd up fast in prison for't.  
So Justice, while she winks at crimes,  
Stumbles on innocence sometimes.

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### CANTO III.

The scatter'd rout return and rally,  
Surround the place; the Knight doth sally,  
And is made pris'ner: then they seize  
Th' enchanted fort by storm, release  
Crowdero, and put th' Squire in's place,  
I should have first said Hudibras.

Ah me! what perils do environ  
The man that meddles with cold iron;  
What plaguy mischiefs and mishaps  
Do dog him still with after-claps!  
For though dame Fortune seem to smile 5  
And leer upon him for awhile,  
She'll after show him, in the nick  
Of all his glories, a dog-trick.  
This any man may sing or say,  
I' th' ditty call'd, What if a Day? 10  
For Hudibras, who thought h' had won  
The field, as certain as a gun;  
And, having routed the whole troop,  
With victory was cock-a-hoop;  
Thinking h' had done enough to purchase 15  
Thanksgiving-day among the churches,  
Wherein his mettle, and brave worth,  
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,  
And register'd, by fame eternal,  
In deathless pages of diurnal; 20  
Found in few minutes, to his cost,  
He did but count without his host;  
And that a turnstile is more certain  
Than, in events of war, dame Fortune.  
For now the late faint hearted rout, 25  
O'erthrown, and scatter'd round about,  
Chas'd by the horror of their fear,  
From bloody fray of Knight and Bear

(All but the dogs, who, in pursuit  
Of the Knight's victory, stood to't, 30  
And most ignobly fought to get  
The honour of his blood and sweat.)  
Seing the coast was free and clear  
O' th' conquer'd and the conqueror,  
Took heart again, and fac'd about, 35  
As if they meant to stand it out:  
For by this time the routed Bear,  
Attack'd by th' enemy i' th' rear,  
Finding their number grew too great  
For him to make a safe retreat, 40  
Like a bold chieftain, fac'd about;  
But wisely doubting to hold out,  
Gave way to fortune, and with haste  
Fac'd the proud foe, and fled, and fac'd;  
Retiring still, until he found 45  
H' had got the advantage of the ground;  
And then as valiantly made head  
To check the foe, and forthwith fled;  
Leaving no art untry'd, nor trick  
Of warrior stout and politic, 50  
Until, in spite of hot pursuit,  
He gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
On better terms, and stop the course  
Of the proud foe. With all his force  
He bravely charg'd, and for a while 55  
Forc'd their whole body to recoil;  
But still their numbers so increas'd,  
He found himself at length oppress'd;  
And all evasions so uncertain,  
To save himself for better fortune, 60  
That he resolv'd, rather than yield,  
To die with honour in the field,  
And sell his hide and carcase at  
A price as high and desperate  
As e'er he could. This resolution 65  
He forthwith put in execution,  
And bravely threw himself among  
The enemy, i' th' greatest throng;  
But what could single valour do  
Against so numerous a foe 70



Yet much he did, indeed too much  
To be believ'd, where th' odds were such.

But one against a multitude

Is more than mortal can make good :

For while one party he oppos'd, 75

His rear was suddenly inclosed ;

And no room left him for retreat,

Or fight against a foe so great.

For now the mastiffs, charging home,

To blows and handy gripes were come : 80

While manfully himself he bore,

And setting his right foot before,

He rais'd himself, to show how tall

His person was above them all.

This equal shame and envy stirr'd 85

In th' enemy, that one should beard

So many warriors, and so stout,

As he had done, and stav'd it out,

Disdaining to lay down his arms,

And yield on honourable terms. 90

Enraged thus, some in the rear

Attack'd him, and some ev'ry where,

Till down he fell ; yet falling fought,

And, being down, still laid about ;

As Widdrington, in doleful dumps, 95

Is said to fight upon his stumps.

But all, alas ! had been in vain,

And he inevitably slain,

If Trulla and Cerdon, in the nick,

To rescue him had not been quick ; 100

For Trulla, who was light of foot

As shafts which long-field Parthians shoot,

(But not so light as to be borne

Upon the ears of standing corn,

Or trip it o'er the water quicker 105

Than witches, when their staves they liquor,

As some report,) was got among

The foremost of the martial throng :

There pitying the vanquish'd bear,

She call'd to Cerdon, who stood near, 110

Viewing the bloody fight ; to whom,

Shall we (quoth she) stand still hum-drum,

And see stout Bruin all alone,  
 By numbers basely overthrown?  
 Such feats already h' had achiev'd, 115  
 In story not to be believed;  
 And 'twould to us be shame enough,  
 Not to attempt to fetch him off.  
 I would (quoth he) venture a limb  
 To second thee, and rescue him; 120  
 But then we must about it straight,  
 Or else our aid will come too late.  
 Quarter he scorns, he is so stout,  
 And therefore cannot long hold out.  
 This said, they wav'd their weapons round 125  
 About their heads, to clear the ground;  
 And joining forces, laid about  
 So fiercely, that th' amazed rout  
 Turn'd tail again, and straight begun,  
 As if the devil drove, to run. 130  
 Meanwhile th' approach'd the place where Bruin  
 Was now engag'd to mortal ruin.  
 The conqu'ring foe they soon assail'd;  
 First Trulla stav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,  
 Until their mastiffs loos'd their hold: 135  
 And yet, alas! do what they could,  
 The worsted bear came off with store  
 Of bloody wounds, but all before:  
 For as Achilles, dipt in pond,  
 Was anabaptiz'd free from wound, 140  
 Made proof against dead-doing steel  
 All over, but the Pagan heel;  
 So did our champion's arms defend  
 All of him, but the other end,  
 His head and ears, which, in the martial 145  
 Encounter, lost a leathern parcel:  
 For as an Austrian archduke once  
 Had one ear (which in ducatoons  
 Is half the coin) in battle par'd  
 Close to his head, so Bruin far'd; 150

134. Staving and trailing are terms of art used in the Bear Garden, and signify there only the parting of dogs and bears: though they are used metaphorically in several other professions for moderating; as law, divinity hectoring, &c.

But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other side,  
 Like scriv'ner newly crucifi'd ;  
 Or, like the late corrected leathern  
 Ears of the circumcised brethren.  
 But gentle Trulla into th' ring 155  
 He wore in's nose, convey'd a string,  
 With which she march'd before, and led  
 The warrior to a grassy bed,  
 As authors write, in a cool shade,  
 Which eglantine and roses made ; 160  
 Close by a softly murm'ring stream,  
 Where lovers us'd to loll and dream.  
 There leaving him to his repose,  
 Secured from pursuit of foes,  
 And wanting nothing but a song, 165  
 And a well-tun'd theorbo hung  
 Upon a bough, to ease the pain  
 His tugg'd ears suffer'd, with a strain,  
 They both drew up, to march in quest  
 Of his great leader and the rest. 170  
 For Orsin (who was more renown'd  
 For stout maintaining of his ground  
 In standing fight, than for pursuit,  
 As being not so quick of foot)  
 Was not long able to keep pace 175  
 With others that pursu'd the chase ;  
 But found himself left far behind,  
 Both out of heart and out of wind :  
 Griev'd to behold his bear pursu'd  
 So basely by a multitude ; 180  
 And like to fall, not by the prowess,  
 But numbers of his coward foes.  
 He rag'd and kept as heavy a coil as  
 Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas ;  
 Forcing the valleys to repeat 185  
 The accents of his sad regret.  
 He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
 For loss of his dear crony bear ;

153. Pryn, Bastwick, and Burton, who laid down  
 their ears as proxies for their profession of the godly  
 party, not long after maintained their right and title to  
 the pillory to be as good and lawful as theirs who first  
 of all took possession of it in their names.

That Echo, from the hollow ground,  
His doleful wailings did resound 190  
More wistfully, by many times,  
Than in small poets splay-foot rhymes,  
That make her, in their rueful stories,  
To answer to int'rogatories,  
And most unconscionably depose 195  
To things of which she nothing knows;  
And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
Art thou fled? to my—Echo, Ruin. 200  
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step  
For fear. Quoth Echo, Marry guep.  
Am not I here to take thy part?  
Then what has quail'd thy stubborn heart?  
Have these bones rattled, and this head 205  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake. Quoth she, Mum budget.  
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish  
Thou turn'dst thy back? Quoth Echo, Pish. 210  
To run from those th' hadst overcome  
Thus cowardly? Quoth Echo, Mum.  
But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
From me, too, as thine enemy?  
Or if thou hast no thought of me, 215  
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,  
Yet shame and honour might prevail  
To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
His honour's cause? Quoth she, A puddin. 220  
This said, his grief to anger turn'd,  
Which in his manly stomach burn'd;  
Thirst of revenge, and wrath, in place  
Of sorrow, now began to blaze.  
He vow'd the authors of his wo 225  
Should equal vengeance undergo;  
And with their bones and flesh pay dear  
For what he suffer'd, and his bear.  
This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed  
And rage he hasted to proceed 230

To action straight; and giving o .  
 To search for Bruin any more,  
 He went in quest of Hubibras,  
 To find him out, where'er he was :  
 And, if he were above ground vow'd 235  
 He'd ferret him, lurk where he would.

But scarce had he a furlong on  
 This resolute adventure gone,  
 When he encounter'd with that crew  
 Whom Hudibras did late subdue. 240

Honour, revenge, contempt, and shame,  
 Did equally their breasts inflame.

'Mong these the fierce Magnano was,  
 And Talgol, foe to Hudibras;  
 Cerdon and Colon, warriors stout, 245

And resolute, as ever fought ;  
 Whom furious Orsin thus bespoke :  
 Shall we (quoth he) thus basely brook  
 The vile affront that paltry ass,  
 And feeble scoundrel Hudibras, 250

With that more paltry ragamuffin,  
 Ralpho, with vapouring and huffing,  
 Have put upon us like tame cattle,  
 As if th' had routed us in battle !

For my part, it shall ne'er be said, 255  
 I for the washing gave my head :  
 Nor did I turn my back for fear  
 O' th' rascals, but loss of my bear,  
 Which now I'm like to undergo ;

For whether those fell wounds, or no, 260  
 He has receiv'd in fight, are mortal,  
 Is more than all my skill can foretel ;

Nor do I know what is become  
 Of him, more than the pope of Rome.  
 But if I can but find them out 265

That caus'd it (as I shall, no doubt,  
 Where'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)  
 I'll make them rue their handy-work,  
 And wish that they had rather dar'd  
 To pull the devil by the beard. 270

Quoth Cerdon, Noble Orsin, th' hast  
 Great reason to do as thou say'st,

And so has ev'ry body here,  
 As well as thou hast or thy bear.  
 Others may do as they see good ; 275  
 But if this twig be made of wood  
 That will hold tack, I'll make the fur  
 Fly 'bout the ears of that old cur ;  
 And th' other mongrel vermin, Ralph,  
 That brav'd us all in his behalf. 280  
 Thy bear is safe, and out of peril,  
 Though lugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill ;  
 Myself and Trulla made a shift  
 To help him out at a dead lift ;  
 And having brought him bravely off, 285  
 Have left him where he's safe enough :  
 There let him rest ; for if we stay,  
 The slaves may hap to get away.  
 This said, they all engag'd to join  
 Their forces in the same design ; 290  
 And forthwith put themselves in search  
 Of Hudibras upon their march.  
 Where leave we them awhile, to tell  
 What the victorious Knight befel :  
 For such, Crowdero being fast 295  
 In dungeon shut, we left him last.  
 Triumphant laurels seem'd to grow  
 No where so green as on his brow ;  
 Laden with which, as well as tir'd  
 With conquering toil he now retir'd 300  
 Unto a neighb'ring castle by,  
 To rest his body, and apply  
 Fit med'cines to each glorious bruise  
 He got in fight, reds, blacks, and blues ;  
 To mollify the uneasy pang 305  
 Of ev'ry honourable bang,  
 Which b'ing by skilful midwife drest,  
 He laid him down to take his rest.  
 But all in vain. H' had got a hurt  
 O' th' inside, of a deadlier sort, 310  
 By Cupid made, who took his stand  
 Upon a widow's jointure land  
 (For he, in all his am'rous battles,  
 No 'dvantage finds like goods and chattels,)

Drew home his bow, and, aiming right, . 351  
 Let fly an arrow at the Knight :  
 The shaft against a rib did glance,  
 And gall'd him in the purtenance ;  
 But time had somewhat 'suag'd his pain  
 After he found his suit in vain. 320  
 For that proud dame, for whom his soul  
 Was burnt in 's belly like a coal  
 (That belly which so oft did ake,  
 And suffer griping for her sake,  
 Till purging comfits and ants'-eggs 325  
 Had almost brought him off his legs,)  
 Us'd him so like a base rascallion,  
 That old Pyg—(what d' y' call him) malion,  
 That cut his mistress out of stone,  
 Had not so hard a hearted one. 330  
 She had a thousand Jadish tricks,  
 Worse than a mule that flings and kicks ;  
 'Mong which one cross-grain'd freak she had,  
 As insolent as strange and mad ;  
 She could love none, but only such 335  
 As scorn'd and hated her as much.  
 'Twas a strange riddle of a lady :  
 Not love, if any lov'd her ! Hey-dey !  
 So cowards never use their might,  
 But against such as will not fight ; 340  
 So some diseases have been found  
 Only to seize upon the sound.  
 He that gets her by heart, must say her  
 The back way, like a witch's prayer.  
 Meanwhile the Knight had no small task 345  
 To compass what he durst not ask.  
 He loves, but dares not make the motion ;  
 Her ignorance is his devotion ;

328. Pygmalion, king of Tyre, was the son of Mar-  
 genus, or Mechres, whom he succeeded, and lived 56  
 years, whereof he reigned 47. Dido, his sister, was to  
 have governed with him, but it was pretended the sub-  
 jects thought it not convenient. She married Sichæus,  
 who was the king's uncle, and very rich ; wherefore he  
 put him to death ; and Dido soon after departed the king-  
 dom. Poets say, Pygmalion was punished for the hatred  
 he bore to women with the love he had to a statue.



Like caitiff vile, that, for misdeed,  
Rides with his face to rump of steed, 350  
Or rowing scull, he's fain to love,  
Look one way, and another move;  
Or like a tumbler, that does play  
His game, and look another way,  
Until he seize upon the cony ; 355  
Just so he does by matrimony :  
But all in vain ; her subtle snout  
Did quickly wind his meaning out ;  
Which she return'd with too much scorn  
To be by man of honour borne : 360  
Yet much he bore, until the distress  
He suffer'd from his spiteful mistress  
Did stir his stomach ; and the pain  
He had endur'd from her disdain,  
Turn'd to regret so resolute, 365  
That he resolv'd to waive his suit,  
And either to renounce her quite,  
Or for a while play least in sight.  
This resolution b'ing put on,  
He kept some months, and more had done, 370  
But being brought so nigh by fate,  
The victory he achiev'd so late  
Did set his thoughts agog, and ope  
A door to discontinu'd hope,  
That seem'd to promise he might win 375  
His dame too, now his hand was in ;  
And that his valour, and the honour  
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her.  
These reasons made his mouth to water  
With am'rous longings to be at her. 380  
Quoth he, unto himself, Who knows  
But this brave conquest o'er my foes  
May reach her heart, and make that stoop,  
As I but now have forc'd the troop?  
If nothing can oppugn love, 385  
And virtue invious ways can prove,  
What may he not confide to do  
That brings both love and virtue too?  
But thou bring'st valour too and wit :  
Two things that seldom fail to hit. 390

Valour's a mouse-trap, wit a gin,  
 Which women oft are taken in.  
 Then, Hudibras, why should'st thou fear  
 To be, that art a conqueror?  
 Fortune th' audacious doth juvare, 395  
 But lets the timidous miscarry.  
 Then while the honour thou hast got  
 Is spick and span new, piping hot,  
 Strike her up bravely, thou hadst best,  
 And trust thy fortune with the rest. 400  
 Such thoughts as these the Knight did keep,  
 More than his bangs or fleas, from sleep.  
 And as an owl, that in a barn  
 Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
 Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes, 405  
 As if he slept, until he spies  
 The little beast within his reach,  
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch;  
 So from his couch the Knight did start  
 To seize upon the widow's heart; 410  
 Crying with hasty tone, and hoarse,  
 Ralpho, dispatch; to horse, to horse.  
 And 'twas but time; for now the rout,  
 We left engag'd to seek him out,  
 By speedy marches, were advanc'd 415  
 Up to the fort, where he ensconc'd;  
 And all the avenues had possest  
 About the place, from east to west.  
 That done, a while they made a halt,  
 To view the ground, and where t' assault: 420  
 Then call'd a council, which was best,  
 By siege or onslaught, to invest  
 The enemy; and 'twas agreed  
 By storm and onslaught to proceed. 425  
 This b'ing resolv'd, in comely sort  
 They now drew up t' attack the fort:  
 When Hudibras, about to enter  
 Upon another-gates adventure,  
 To Ralpho call'd aloud to arm,  
 Not dreaming of approaching storm. 430  
 Whether dame Fortune, or the care  
 Of angel bad or tutelar,

Did arm, or thrust him on a danger  
To which he was an utter stranger,  
That foresight might, or might not, blot 435  
The glory he had newly got ;  
Or to his shame it might be said,  
They took him napping in his bed ;  
To them we leave it to expound,  
That deal in sciences profound. 440

His courser scarce he had bestrid, ✓  
And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
When setting ope the postern gate,  
Which they thought best to sally at,  
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd, 445  
Ready to charge them in the field.  
This somewhat startled the bold Knight,  
Surpris'd with th' unexpected sight :  
The bruises of his bones and flesh  
He thought began to smart afresh ; 450  
Till recollecting wonted courage,  
His fear was soon converted to rage,  
And thus he spoke : The coward foe  
Whom we but now gave quarter to,  
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears 455  
As if they had outrun their fears.  
The glory we did lately get,  
The Fates command us to repeat ;  
And to their wills we must succomb,  
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our doom. 460  
This is the same numeric crew  
Which we so lately did subdue ;  
The self-same individuals that  
Did run as mice do from a cat,  
When we courageously did wield 465  
Our martial weapons in the field,  
To tug for victory ; and when  
We shall our shining blades agen  
Brandish in terror o'er our heads,  
They'll straight resume their wonted dreads. 470  
Fear is an ague, that forsakes  
And haunts by fits those whom it takes ;  
And they'll opine they feel the pain  
And blows they felt to-day again

Then let us boldly charge them home, 475  
And make no doubt to overcome.

This said, his courage to inflame,  
He call'd upon his mistress' name.  
His pistol next he cock'd anew,  
And out his nut-brown whinyard drew ; 480  
And, placing Ralpho in the front,  
Reserv'd himself to bear the brunt,  
As expert warriors use : then ply'd  
With iron heel his courser's side,  
Conveying sympathetic speed 485  
From heel of Knight to heel of steed.

Meanwhile the foe, with equal rage  
And speed, advancing to engage ;  
Both parties now were drawn so close,  
Almost to come to handy-blows : 490

When Orsin first let fly a stone  
At Ralpho ; not so huge a one  
As that which Diomed did maul  
Æneas on the bum withal ;  
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd, 495  
T' have sent him to another world,

Whether above ground, or below,  
Which saints twice dipt are destin'd to.  
The danger startled the bold Squire,  
And made him some few steps retire ; 500  
But Hudibras advanc'd to 's aid,

And rous'd his spirits, half dismay'd.  
He, wisely doubting lest the shot  
Of th' enemy, now growing hot,  
Might at a distance gall, press'd close, 505  
To come pell-mell to handy-blows,

And, that he might their aim decline,  
Advanc'd still in an oblique line ;  
But prudently forbore to fire,  
Till breast to breast he had got nigher, 510  
As expert warriors use to do

When hand to hand they charge their foe.  
This order the advent'rous Knight,  
Most soldier-like, observ'd in fight,  
When Fortune (as she's wont) turn'd fickle, 515  
And for the foe began to stickle.

The more shame for her goodyship,  
To give so near a friend the slip.  
For Colon choosing out a stone,  
Levell'd so right, it thump'd upon 520  
His manly paunch with such a force,  
As almost beat him off his horse.  
He lost his whinyard, and the rein;  
But laying fast hold of the mane,  
Preserv'd his seat : and as a goose 525  
In death contracts his talons close,  
So did the Knight, and with one claw  
The trigger of his pistol draw.  
The gun went off : and as it was  
Still fatal to stout Hudibras, 530  
In all his feats of arms, when least  
He dreamt of it, to prosper best,  
So now he far'd : the shot, let fly  
At random 'mong the enemy,  
Pierc'd Talgol's gaberdine, and grazing 535  
Upon his shoulder, in the passing  
Lodg'd in Magnano's brass habergeon,  
Who straight, A surgeon ! cry'd, a surgeon !  
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,  
Did Murther ! Murther ! Murther ! yell. 540  
This startled their whole body so,  
That if the Knight had not let go  
His arms, but been in warlike plight,  
H' had won (the second time) the fight ;  
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on, 545  
He had inevitably done :  
But he, diverted with the care  
Of Hudibras his hurt, forbare  
To press th' advantage of his fortune,  
While danger did the rest dishearten : 550  
For he with Cerdon b'ing engag'd  
In close encounter, they both wag'd  
The fight so well, 'twas hard to say  
Which side was like to get the day.  
And now the busy work of death 555  
Had tir'd them, so th' agreed to breathe,  
Preparing to renew the fight,  
When the disaster of the Knight,

And th' other party, did divert  
Their fell intent, and forc'd them part. 560

Ralpho press'd up to Hudibras,  
And Cerdon where Magnano was ;  
Each striving to confirm his party  
With stout encouragements and hearty.

Quoth Ralpho, Courage, valiant Sir, 565

And let revenge and honour stir  
Your spirits up : once more fall on,  
The shatter'd foe begins to run :  
For if but half so well you knew  
To use your victory as subdue, 570

They durst not, after such a blow  
As you have given them, face us now ;  
But from so formidable a soldier  
Had fled like crows when they smell powder.

Thrice have they seen your sword aloft 575

Wav'd o'er their heads, and fled as oft ;  
But if you let them recollect

Their spirits, now dismay'd and check'd,  
You'll have a harder game to play  
Than yet y' have had to get the day. 580

Thus spoke the stout Squire ; but was heard  
By Hudibras with small regard.

His thoughts were fuller of the bang  
He lately took, than Ralph's harangue ;  
To which he answer'd, Cruel Fate 585

Tells me thy counsel comes too late.

The knotted blood within my hose,  
That from my wounded body flows,  
With mortal crisis doth portend  
My days to appropinque an end. 590

I am for action now unfit,

Either of fortitude or wit :

Fortune, my foe, begins to frown,  
Resolv'd to pull my stomach down.

I am not apt, upon a wound, 595

Or trivial basting, to despond :

Yet I'd be loth my days to curtail :  
For if I thought my wounds not mortal,  
Or that we'd time enough as yet  
To make an hon'able retreat, 600

'Twere the best course : but if they find  
We fly, and leave our arms behind  
For them to seize on, the dishonour,  
And danger too, is such, I'll sooner  
Stand to it boldly, and take quarter, 605  
To let them see I am no starter.

In all the trade of war, no feat  
Is nobler than a brave retreat :  
For those that run away, and fly,  
Take place at least of th' enemy. 610

This said, the Squire with active speed,  
Dismounted from his bony steed,  
To seize the arms, which, by mischance,  
Fell from the bold Knight in a trance.  
These being found out, and restor'd 615  
To Hudibras, their natural lord,  
As a man may say, with might and main  
He hasted to get up again.

Thrice he essay'd to mount aloft,  
But, by his weighty bum, as oft 620  
He was pull'd back, till having found  
Th' advantage of the rising ground,  
Thither he led his warlike steed,  
And having plac'd him right, with speed  
Prepar'd again to scale the beast ; 625

When Orsin, who had newly dress'd  
The bloody scar upon the shoulder  
Of Talgol with Promethean powder,  
And now was searching for the shot  
That laid Magnano on the spot, 630  
Beheld the sturdy Squire aforesaid  
Preparing to climb up his horse' side.  
He left his cure, and laying hold  
Upon his arms, with courage bold,  
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no time to dally, 635  
The enemy begin to rally ;  
Let us, that are unhurt and whole,  
Fall on, and happy man be's dole.

This said, like to a thunderbolt,  
He flew with fury to th' assault, 640  
Striving the enemy to attack  
Before he reach'd his horse's back.



Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten  
O'erthwart his beast with active vau'ting,  
Wriggling his body to recover 645  
His seat, and cast his right leg over ;  
When Orsin, rushing in, bestow'd  
On horse and man so heavy a load,  
The beast was startled, and begun  
To kick and fling like mad, and run, 650  
Bearing the tough Squire like a sack,  
Or stout king Richard, on his back ;  
Till stumbling, he threw him down,  
Sore bruis'd, and cast into a swoon.  
Meanwhile the Knight began to rouse 655  
The sparkles of his wonted prowess :  
He thrust his hand into his hose,  
And found, both by his eyes and nose,  
'Twas only choler, and not blood,  
That from his wounded body flow'd. 660  
This, with the hazard of the Squire,  
Inflam'd him with despiteful ire :  
Courageously he fac'd about, —  
And drew his other pistol out,  
And now had half way bent the cock, 665  
When Cerdon gave so fierce a shock,  
With sturdy truncheon, 'thwart his arm,  
That down it fell, and did no harm :  
Then stoutly pressing on with speed,  
Assay'd to pull him off his steed. 670  
The Knight his sword had only left,  
With which he Cerdon's head had cleft,  
Or at the least cropt off a limb,  
But Orsin came, and rescu'd him.  
He, with his lance, attack'd the Knight 675  
Upon his quarters opposite :  
But as a bark, that in foul weather,  
Toss'd by two adverse winds together,  
Is bruis'd, and beaten to and fro,  
And knows not which to turn him to ; 680  
So far'd the Knight between two foes,  
And knew not which of them t' oppose ;  
Till Orsin, charging with his lance  
At Hudibras, by spiteful chance

Hit Cerdon such a bang, as stunn'd 685  
And laid him flat upon the ground.  
At this the Knight began to cheer up,  
And, raising up himself on stirrup,  
Cry'd out, Victoria ! lie thou there,  
And I shall straight dispatch another, 690  
To bear thee company in death ;  
But first I'll halt a while, and breathe :  
As well he might ; for Orsin, griev'd  
At-th' wound that Cerdon had receiv'd,  
Ran to relieve him with his lore, 695  
And cure the hurt he gave before.  
Meanwhile the Knight had wheel'd about,  
To breathe himself, and next find out  
Th' advantage of the ground, where best  
He might the ruffled foe infest. 700  
This b'ing resolv'd, he spur'd his steed,  
To run at Orsin with full speed,  
While he was busy in the care  
Of Cerdon's wound, and unaware ;  
But he was quick, and had already 705  
Unto the part apply'd remedy ;  
And, seeing th' enemy prepar'd,  
Drew up, and stood upon his guard.  
Then, like a warrior right expert  
And skilful in the martial art, 710  
The subtle Knight straight made a halt,  
And judg'd it best to stay th' assault,  
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,  
And then in order to retire ;  
Or, as occasion should invite, 715  
With forces join'd renew the fight.  
Ralpho, by this time disentranc'd,  
Upon his bum himself advanc'd,  
Though sorely bruis'd ; his limbs all o'er  
With ruthless bangs were stiff and sore. 720  
Right fain he would have got upon  
His feet again, to get him gone,  
When Hudibras to aid him came :  
Quoth he (and call'd him by his name,)  
Courage ! the day at length is ours ; 725  
And we once more, as conquerors,

Have both the field and honour won :  
The foe is profligate, and run.  
I mean all such as can ; for some  
This hand hath sent to their long home ; 730  
And some lie sprawling on the ground,  
With many a gash and bloody wound.  
Cæsar himself could never say  
He got two victories in a day,  
As I have done, that can say, Twice I 735  
In one day, Veni, Vidi, Vici.  
The foe's so numerous, that we  
Cannot so often vincere  
As they perire, and yet enow  
Be left to strike an after-blow ; 740  
Then, lest they rally, and once more  
Put us to fight the bus'ness o'er,  
Get up, and mount thy steed : Dispatch,  
And let us both their motions watch.  
Quoth Ralph, I should not, if I were 745  
In case for action, now be here :  
Nor have I turn'd my back, or hang'd  
An arse, for fear of being bang'd.  
It was for you I got these harms,  
Advent'ring to fetch off your arms. 750  
The blows and drubs I have receiv'd  
Have bruis'd my body, and bereav'd  
My limbs of strength. Unless you stoop,  
And reach your hand to pull me up,  
I shall lie here, and be a prey 755  
To those who now are run away.  
That thou shalt not (quoth Hudibras ;)  
We read the ancients held it was  
More honourable far, servare  
Civem, than slay an adversary : 760  
The one we oft to-day have done,  
The other shall dispatch anon :  
And though th' art of a different church,  
I will not leave thee in the lurch.  
This said, he jogg'd his good steed nigher, 765  
And steer'd him gently towards the Squire ;  
Then bowing down his body, stretch'd  
His hand out, and at Ralpho reach'd ;

When Trulla, whom he did not mind,  
Charg'd him like lightening behind. 770  
She had been long in search about  
Magnano's wound, to find it out ;  
But could find none, nor where the shot,  
That had so startled him, was got :  
But having found the worst was past, 775  
She fell to her own work at last,  
The pillage of the prisoners,  
Which in all feats of arms was hers ;  
And now to plunder Ralph she flew,  
When Hudibras his hard fate drew 780  
To succour him ; for, as he bow'd  
To help him up, she laid a load  
Of blows so heavy, and plac'd so well,  
On t' other side, that down he fell.  
Yield, scoundrel base (quoth she,) or die : 785  
Thy life is mine, and liberty :  
But if thou think'st I took thee tardy,  
And dar'st presume to be so hardy,  
To try thy fortune o'er afresh,  
I'll waive my title to thy flesh ; 790  
Thy arms and baggage, now my right ;  
And, if thou hast the heart to try 't,  
I'll lend thee back thyself a while,  
And once more, for that carcass vile,  
Fight upon tick.—Quoth Hudibras, 795  
Thou offer'st nobly, valiant lass,  
And I shall take thee at thy word.  
First let me rise and take my sword ;  
That sword which has so oft this day  
Through squadrons of my foes made way, 800  
And some to other worlds dispatch'd,  
Now with a feeble spinster match'd,  
Will blush with blood ignoble stain'd,  
By which no honour's to be gain'd.  
But if thou'lt take m' advice in this, 805  
Consider whilst thou may'st, what 'tis  
To interrupt a victor's course,  
B' opposing such a trivial force :  
For if with conquest I come off  
(And that I shall do, sure enough,) 810

Quarter thou canst not have, nor grace,  
By law of arms, in such a case;  
Both which I now do offer freely.  
I scorn (quoth she) thou coxcomb silly  
(Clapping her hand upon her breech, 815  
To show how much she priz'd his speech,)  
Quarter or counsel from a foe;  
If thou canst force me to it, do.  
But lest it should again be said,  
When I have once more won thy head, 820  
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,  
Arm, and betake thee to thy guard.

This said, she to her tackle fell,  
And on the Knight let fall a peal  
Of blows so fierce, and press'd so home, 825  
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's bum.  
Stand to 't (quoth she) or yield to mercy:  
It is not fighting arsie-versie  
Shall serve thy turn.—This stirr'd his spleen  
More than the danger he was in, 830  
The blows he felt, or was to feel,  
Although th' already made him reel.  
Honour, despight, revenge, and shame,  
At once into his stomach came,  
Which fir'd it so, he rais'd his arm 835  
Above his head, and rain'd a storm  
Of blows so terrible and thick,  
As if he meant to hash her quick.  
But she upon her truncheon took them,  
And by oblique diversion broke them, 840  
Waiting an opportunity  
To pay all back with usury,  
Which long she fail'd not of; for now  
The Knight with one dead-doing blow  
Resolving to decide the fight, 845  
And she with quick and cunning sleight  
Avoiding it, the force and weight  
He charg'd upon it was so great,  
As almost sway'd him to the ground.  
No sooner she th' advantage found, 850  
But in she flew; and seconding  
With home-made thrust the heavy swing,

She laid him flat upon his side ;  
And mounting on his trunk astride,  
Quoth she, I told thee what would come 855  
Of all thy vapouring, base scum.

Say, will the law of arms allow  
I may have grace and quarter now?  
Or wilt thou rather break thy word,  
And stain thine honour, than thy sword? 860

A man of war to damn his soul,  
In basely breaking his parole ;  
And when, before the fight, th' hadst vow'd  
To give no quarter in cold blood :

Now thou hast got me for a Tartar, 865  
To make me 'gainst my will take quarter,  
Why dost not put me to the sword,  
But cowardly fly from thy word ?

Quoth Hudibras, The day's thine own ;  
Thou and thy stars have cast me down ; 870

My laurels are transplanted now,  
And flourish on thy conquering brow ;  
My loss of honour 's great enough,  
Thou need'st not brand it with a scoff :

Sarcasms may eclipse thine own, 875  
But cannot blur my lost renown.

I am not now in Fortune's power ;  
He that is down can fall no lower.

The ancient heroes were illustrious  
For being benign, and not blustrous, 880

Against a vanquished foe : their swords  
Were sharp and trenchant, not their words ;

And did in fight but cut work out

T' employ their courtesies about.

Quoth she, Although thou hast deserv'd, 885

Base slubberdegullion, to be serv'd  
As thou didst vow to deal with me,

If thou hadst got the victory ;  
Yet I shall rather act a part 890

That suits my fame than thy desert.

Thy arms, thy liberty, beside

All that's on th' outside of thy hide,

Are mine by military law,

Of which I will not bate one straw :

The rest, thy life and limbs, once more, 895  
Though doubly forfeit, I restore.

Quoth Hudibras, It is too late

For me to treat or stipulate :

What thou command'st, I must obey :

Yet those whom I expugn'd to-day 900

Of thine own party, I let go,

And gave them life and freedom too :

Both dogs and bear, upon their parole,

Whom I took pris'ners in this quarrel.

Quoth Trulla, Whether thou or they 905

Let one another run away,

Concerns not me : but was't not thou

That gave Crowdero quarter too ?

Crowdero, whom, in irons bound,

Thou basely threw'st into Lob's pound, 910

Where still he lies, and with regret

His gen'rous bowels rage and fret.

But now thy carcase shall redeem

And serve to be exchang'd for him.

This said, the Knight did straight submit, 915

And laid his weapon at her feet.

Next he disrob'd his gabardine,

And with it did himself resign.

She took it, and forthwith divesting

The mantle that she wore, said jesting 920

Take that, and wear it for my sake ;

Then threw it o'er his sturdy back,

And as the French, we conquer'd once,

Now give us laws for pantaloons,

923. Pantaloons and port-cannons were some of the fantastic fashions wherein we aped the French.

At quisquis Insula satus Britannica

Sic patria insolens fastidiet suam,

Ut more simiæ laboretingere,

Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,

Et omni Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium ;

Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur

Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Capus.

*Thomas More.*

Gallus is a river in Phrygia, rising out of the mountains of Celenæ, and discharging itself into the river Sanger, the water of which is of that admirable quality, that, being moderately drunk, it purges the brain, and cures madness ; but largely drunk, it makes men frantic. Pliny, Horatius.



The length of breeches, and the gathers, 925  
Port-cannons, periwigs, and feathers;  
Just so the proud insulting lass  
Array'd and dighted Hudibras.

Meanwhile the other champions, yerst  
In hurry of the fight disperst, 930

Arriv'd when Trulla won the day,  
To share in th' honour and the prey,  
And out of Hudibras his hide  
With vengeance to be satisfy'd;  
Which now they were about to pour 935

Upon him in a wooden show'r;  
But Trulla thrust herself between,  
And striding o'er his back agen,  
She brandish'd o'er her head his sword,  
And vow'd they should not break her word:  
Sh' had giv'n him quarter, and her blood 941

Or theirs should make that quarter good;  
For she was bound, by law of arms,  
To see him safe from farther harms,  
In dungeon deep Crowdero, cast 945

By Hudibras, as yet lay fast;  
Where, to the hard and ruthless stones,  
His great heart made perpetual moans:  
Him she resolv'd that Hudibras  
Should ransom, and supply his place. 950

This stopp'd their fury, and the basting  
Which towards Hudibras was hasting..  
They thought it was but just and right  
That what she had achiev'd in fight  
She should dispose of how she pleas'd; 955  
Crowdero ought to be releas'd:

Nor could that any way be done  
So well as this she pitch'd upon:  
For who a better could imagine?  
This therefore they resolv'd t' engage in. 960

The Knight and Squire first they made  
Rise from the ground where they were laid:

Then mounted both upon their horses,  
But with their faces to the arses;  
Orsin led Hudibras's beast, 965  
And Talgol that which Ralpho prest,

Whom stout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,  
 And Colon, waited as a guard on ;  
 All ush'ring Trulla in the rear,  
 With th' arms of either prisoner. 970  
 In this proud order and array  
 They put themselves upon the way,  
 Striving to reach th' enchanted castle,  
 Where stout Crowdero in durance lay still.  
 Thither with greater speed than shows 975  
 And triumph over conquer'd foes  
 Do use t' allow, or than the bears  
 Or pageants borne before lord mayors  
 Are wont to use, they soon arriv'd  
 In order, soldier-like contriv'd ; 980  
 Still marching in a warlike posture,  
 As fit for battle as for muster.  
 The Knight and Squire they first unhorse,  
 And bending 'gainst the fort their force,  
 They all advanc'd, and round about 985  
 Begirt the magical redoubt.  
 Magnan led up in this adventure,  
 And made way for the rest to enter ;  
 For he was skilful in black art,  
 No less than he that built the fort ; 990  
 And with an iron mace laid flat  
 A breach, which straight all enter'd at,  
 And in the wooden dungeon found  
 Crowdero laid upon the ground.  
 Him they release from durance base : 995  
 Restor'd t' his fiddle and his case,  
 And liberty, his thirsty rage  
 With luscious vengeance to assuage :  
 For he no sooner was at large,  
 But Trulla straight brought on the charge,  
 And in the self-same limbo put 1001  
 The Knight and Squire where he was shut ;  
 Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hole,  
 Their bangs and durance to condole,  
 Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow 1005  
 Enchanted mansion to know sorrow,  
 In the same order and array  
 Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.

But Hudibras, who scorn'd to stoop  
To Fortune, or be said to droop, 1010  
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,  
And sayings of philosophers.  
Quoth he, Th' one half of man, his mind,  
Is, sui juris, unconfin'd,  
And cannot be laid by the heels, 1015  
Whate'er the other moiety feels.  
'Tis not restraint or liberty  
That makes men prisoners or free;  
But perturbations that possess  
The mind, or æquanimities. 1020  
The whole world was not half so wide  
To Alexander, when he cry'd,  
Because he had but one to subdue,  
As was a paltry narrow tub to  
Diogenes, who is not said 1025  
(For aught that ever I could read)  
To whine, put finger i' th' eye, and sob,  
Because h' had ne'er another tub.  
The ancients made two sev'ral kinds  
Of prowess in heroic minds; 1030  
The active and the passive valiant;  
Both which are pari libra gallant:  
For both to give blows, and to carry,  
In fights are equi-necessary:  
But in defeats, the passive stout 1035  
Are always found to stand it out  
Most desp'rately, and to outdo  
The active 'gainst the conqu'ring foe.  
Tho' we with blacks and blues are suggill'd,  
Or, as the vulgar say, are cudgell'd; 1040  
He that is valiant, and dares fight,  
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.  
Honour's a lease for lives to come,  
And cannot be extended from  
The legal tenant; 'tis a chattel 1045  
Not to be forfeited in battle.  
If he that in the field is slain,  
Be in the bed of honour lain,  
He that is beaten may be said  
To lie in honour's truckle-bed. 1050

For as we see th' eclipsed sun  
 By mortals is more gaz'd upon,  
 Than when, adorn'd with all his light,  
 He shines in serene sky most bright;  
 So valour, in a low estate, 1055  
 Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.

Quoth Ralph, How great I do not know  
 We may by being beaten grow;  
 But none, that see how here we sit,  
 Will judge us overgrown with wit. 1060  
 As gifted brethren, preaching by  
 A carnal hour-glass, do imply,  
 Illumination can convey  
 Into them what they have to say,  
 But not how much; so well enough 1065  
 Know you to charge, but not draw off:  
 For who, without a cap and bauble,  
 Having subdu'd a bear and rabble,  
 And might with honour have come off,  
 Would put it to a second proof? 1070  
 A politic exploit, right fit  
 For Presbyterian zeal and wit.

Quoth Hudibras, That cuckoo's tone,  
 Ralpho, thou always harp'st upon.  
 When thou at any thing would'st rail, 1075  
 Thou mak'st Presbytery the scale  
 To take the height on't, and explain  
 To what degree it is profane:  
 Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)  
 Thy light jump right, thou call'st synodical;  
 As if Presbytery were the standard 1081  
 To size whats'ever 's to be slander'd.  
 Dost not remember how this day  
 Thou to my beard was bold to say,  
 That thou couldst prove bear-beating equal  
 With synods orthodox and legal? 1086  
 Do if thou can'st, for I deny't.  
 Ard dare thee to't with all thy light.

Quoth Ralpho, Truly that is no  
 Hard matter for a man to do, 1090  
 That has but any guts in 's brains,  
 And cou'd believe it worth his pains;

But since you dare and urge me to it,  
You'll find I've light enough to do it.

Synods are mystical bear-gardens, 1095  
Where elders, deputies, churchwardens,

And other members of the court,  
Manage the Babylonish sport ;  
For prolocutor, scribe, and bear-ward,  
Do differ only in a mere word ; 1100

Both are but sev'ral synagogues  
Of carnal men, and bears, and dogs :  
Both anti-christian assemblies,  
To mischief bent, far as in them lies ;  
Both stave and tail with fierce contests, 1105  
The one with men, the other beasts.

The diff'rence is, the one fights with  
The tongue, the other with the teeth ;  
And that they bait but bears in this,  
In th' other, souls and consciences ; 1110

Where saints themselves are brought to stake  
For gospel-light, and conscience' sake ;  
Expos'd to Scribes and Presbyters,  
Instead of mastiff dogs and curs,  
Than whom th' have less humanity ; 1115  
For these at souls of men will fly.

This to the prophet did appear,  
Who in a vision saw a bear,  
Prefiguring the beastly rage  
Of church-rule in this latter age : 1120

As is demonstrated at full  
By him that baited the Pope's bull.  
Bears nat'rally are beasts of prey,  
That live by rapine ; so do they.

What are their orders, constitutions, 1125  
Church-censures, curses, absolutions,  
But sev'ral mystic chains they make,  
To tie poor Christians to the stake,  
And then set heathen officers,

Instead of dogs, about their ears ? 1130  
For to prohibit and dispense ;  
To find out, or to make offence ;

1122. A learned divine in King James's time wrote a  
polemic work against the Pope, and gave it that un-  
lucky nickname of The Pope's Bull baited.

Of hell and heaven to dispose ;  
 To play with souls at fast and loose ;  
 To set what characters they please, 1135  
 And mulcts on sin or godliness ;  
 Reduce the church to gospel-order,  
 By rapine, sacrilege, and murder ;  
 To make Presbytery supreme,  
 And kings themselves submit to them ; 1140  
 And force all people, though against  
 Their consciences, to turn saints ;  
 Must prove a pretty thriving trade,  
 When saints monopolists are made :  
 When pious frauds, and holy shifts, 1145  
 Are dispensations and gifts,  
 Their godliness becomes mere ware,  
 And ev'ry synod but á fair.  
 Synods are whelps of th' Inquisition,  
 A mongrel breed of like pernicion ; 1150  
 And growing up, became the sires  
 Of scribes, commissioners, and triers ;  
 Whose bus'ness is, by cunning sleight,  
 To cast a figure for men's light ;  
 To find, in lines of beard and face, 1155  
 The physiognomy of grace ;  
 And, by the sound and twang of nose,  
 If all be sound within disclose,  
 Free from a crack or flaw of sinning,  
 As men try pipkins by their ringing ; 1160  
 By black caps, underlaid with white,  
 Give certain guess at inward light.  
 Which serjeants at the gospel wear,  
 To make the spiritual calling clear ;  
 The handkerchief about the neck 1165  
 (Canonical cravat of Smeck,

1166. Smectymnuus was a club of five parliamentary holders-forth ; the characters of whose names and talents were by themselves expressed in that senseless and insignificant word. They wore handkerchiefs about their necks for a mark of distinction (as the officers of the parliament army then did), which afterwards degenerated into carnal cravats. About the beginning of the long parliament, in the year 1641, these five wrote a book against episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their names ; being Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew

From whom the institution came,  
 When church and state they set on flame,  
 And worn by them as badges then  
 Of spiritual warfaring men) 1170

Judge rightly if regeneration  
 Be of the newest cut in fashion.  
 Sure 'tis an orthodox opinion,  
 That grace is founded in dominion.  
 Great piety consists in pride ; 1175

To rule is to be sanctified :  
 To domineer, and to control,  
 Both o'er the body and the soul,  
 Is the most perfect discipline  
 Of church-rule, and by right divine. 1180

Bel and the Dragon's chaplains were  
 More moderate than these by far :  
 For they (poor knaves) were glad to cheat,  
 To get their wives and children meat ;  
 But these will not be fobb'd off so ; 1185

They must have wealth and power too,  
 Or else with blood and desolation  
 They'll tear it out o' th' heart o' th' nation.

Sure these themselves from primitive  
 And heathen priesthood do derive, 1190  
 When butchers were the only clerks,  
 Elders and presbyters of kirks ;

Whose directory was to kill ;  
 And some believe it is so still.  
 The only diff'rence is, that then 1195

They slaughter'd only beasts, now men.  
 For then to sacrifice a bullock,  
 Or now and then a child to Moloch,

Newcomen, and William Spurstow, and from thence  
 they and their followers were called Smectymnians.  
 They are remarkable for another pious book, which  
 they wrote some time after that, entitled 'The King's  
 Cabinet Unlocked, wherein all the chaste and endear-  
 ing expressions, in the letters that passed between his  
 majesty King Charles I. and his royal consort, are by  
 these painful labourers in the devil's vineyard turned  
 into burlesque and ridicule. Their books were answer-  
 ed with as much calmness and genteelness of expression,  
 and as much learning and honesty, by the Rev. Mr. Sy-  
 monds, then a deprived clergyman, as theirs was stuffed  
 with malice, spleen, and rascally invectives.



They count a vile abomination,  
 But not to slaughter a whole nation. 1200  
 Presbytery does but translate  
 The papacy to a free state ;  
 A commonwealth of Popery,  
 Where ev'ry village is a see  
 As well as Rome, and must maintain 1205  
 A tithe-pig metropolitan ;  
 Where ev'ry presbyter and deacon  
 Commands the keys for cheese and bacon ;  
 And ev'ry hamlet's governed  
 By 's Holiness, the church's head ; 1210  
 More haughty and severe in 's place,  
 Than Gregory or Boniface.  
 Such church must (surely) be a monster  
 With many heads: for if we conster  
 What in th' Apocalypse we find, 1215  
 According to th' apostle's mind,  
 'Tis that the whore of Babylon  
 With many heads did ride upon ;  
 Which heads denote the sinful tribe  
 Of deacon, priest, lay-elder, scribe. 1220  
 Lay-elder, Simeon to Levi,  
 Whose little finger is as heavy  
 As loins of patriarchs, prince-prelate,  
 And bishop-secular. This zealot  
 Is of a mongrel, diverse kind ; 1225  
 Cleric before, and lay behind ;  
 A lawless linseywoolsey brother,  
 Half of one order, half another ;  
 A creature of amphibious nature,  
 On land a beast, a fish in water ; 1230  
 That always preys on grace or sin ;  
 A sheep without, a wolf within.  
 This fierce inquisitor has chief  
 Dominion over men's belief  
 And manners ; can pronounce a saint 1235  
 Idolatrous or ignorant,  
 When superciliously he sifts  
 Through coarsest boulder others' gifts ;  
 For all men live and judge amiss,  
 Whose talents jump not just with his. 1240

He'll lay on gifts with hands, and place  
 On dullest noddle light and grace,  
 The manufacture of the kirk,  
 Those pastors are but th' handy-work  
 Of his mechanic paws, instilling 1245  
 Divinity in them by feeling;  
 From whence they start up chosen vessels,  
 Made by contact, as men get measles.  
 So cardinals, they say, do grope  
 At th' other end the new-made pope. 1250

Hold, hold, quoth Hudibras; soft fire,  
 They say, does make sweet malt. Good Squire,  
 Festina lente, not too fast;  
 For haste (the proverb says) makes waste.  
 The quirks and cavils thou dost make 1255  
 Are false, and built upon mistake:  
 And I shall bring you, with your pack  
 Of fallacies, t' elenchi back;  
 And put your arguments in mood  
 And figure to be understood. 1260  
 I'll force you, by right ratiocination,  
 To leave your vitilitigation,

1249. This relates to the story of Pope Joan, who was called John VIII. Platina saith she was of English extraction, but born at Mentz; who, having disguised herself like a man, travelled with her paramour to Athens, where she made such progress in learning, that coming to Rome, she met with few that could equal her; so that, on the death of Pope Leo IV. she was chosen to succeed him; but being got with child by one of her domestics, her travail came upon her between the Colossian Theatre and St. Clement's, as she was going to the Lateran Church, and died upon the place, having sat two years, one month, and four days, and was buried there without any pomp. He owns that, for the shame of this, the popes decline going through this street to the Lateran; and that, to avoid the like error, when any pope is placed in the Porphyry Chair, his genitals are felt by the youngest deacon, through a hole made for that purpose; but he supposes the reason of that to be, to put him in mind that he is a man, and obnoxious to the necessities of nature, whence he will have the seat to be called *Sedes Stercoraria*.

1262. Vitilitigation is a word the Knight was passionately in love with, and never failed to use it upon all occasions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the way, had argued too great a neglect of his learning and parts; though it means no more than a perverse humour of wrangling.

And make you keep to th' question close,  
And argue dialecticos.

The question then, to state it first, 1265

Is, which is better, or which worst,

Synods or bears? Bears I avow

To be the worst, and synods thou.

But to make good th' assertion,

Thou say'st they're really all one. 1270

If so, not worse; for if th' are idem,

Why then, tantundem dat tantidem.

For if they are the same, by course,

Neither is better, neither worse.

But I deny they are the same,

1275

More than a maggot and I am.

That both are animalia

I grant, but not rationalia :

For though they do agree in kind,

Specific difference we find; 1280

And can no more make bears of these,

Than prove my horse is Socrates.

That synods are bear-gardens too,

Thou dost affirm : but I say, No :

And thus I prove it in a word ;

1285

Whats'ever assembly's not impow'r'd

To censure, curse, absolve, and ordain

Can be no synod : but bear-garden

Has no such pow'r ; ergo, 'tis none :

And so thy sophistry's o'erthrown. 1290

But yet we are beside the question

Which thou didst raise the first contest on ;

For that was, Whether bears are better

Than synod-men ? I say, Negatur.

That bears are beasts, and synods men, 1295

Is held by all : they're better then ;

For bears and dogs on four legs go,

As beasts, but synod-men on two.

'Tis true, they all have teeth and nails ;

But prove that synod-men have tails ; 1300

Or that a rugged, shaggy fur

Grows o'er the hide of presbyter ;

Or that his snout and spacious ears

Do hold proportion with a bear's.

A bear's a savage beast, of all 1305  
Most ugly and unnatural ;  
Whelp'd without form, until the dam  
Has lick'd it into shape and frame :  
But all thy light can ne'er evict,  
That ever synod man was lick'd, 1310  
Or brought to any other fashion  
Than his own will and inclination.

But thou dost farther yet in this  
Oppugn thyself and sense ; that is,  
Thou would'st have presbyters to go 1315  
For bears and dogs, and bear-wards too ;  
A strange chimera of beasts and men,  
Made up of pieces heterogene ;  
Such as in nature never met  
In eodem subjecto yet. 1320

Thy other arguments are all  
Supposures, hypothetical,  
That do but beg, and we may choose  
Either to grant them, or refuse.  
Much thou hast said, which I know when 1325  
And where thou stol'st from other men,  
Whereby 'tis plain thy light and gifts  
Are all but plagiary shifts ;  
And is the same that Ranter said,  
Who, arguing with me, broke my head, 1330  
And tore a handful of my beard :  
The self-same cavils then I heard,  
When, b'ing in hot dispute about  
This controversy, we fell out :  
And what thou know'st I answer'd then, 1335  
Will serve to answer thee agen.

Quoth Ralpho, Nothing but th' abuse  
Of human learning you produce ;  
Learning, that cobweb of the brain,  
Profane, erroneous, and vain ; 1340  
A trade of knowledge, as replete  
As others are with fraud and cheat ;  
An art t' incumber gifts and wit,  
And render both for nothing fit ;  
Makes light unactive, dull, and troubled, 1345  
Like little David in Saul's doublet :

A cheat that scholars put upon  
 Other men's reason and their own;  
 A fort of error, to ensconce  
 Absurdity and ignorance; 1350  
 That renders all the avenues  
 To truth impervious and abstruse,  
 By making plain things, in debate,  
 By art perplex'd and intricate:  
 For nothing goes for sense or light, 1355  
 That will not with old rules jump right:  
 As if rules were not in the schools  
 Deriv'd from truth, but truth from rules.  
 This Pagan heathenish invention  
 Is good for nothing but contention. 1360  
 For as, in sword and buckler fight,  
 All blows do on the target light;  
 So when men argue, the great'st part  
 O' th' contest falls on terms of art,  
 Until the fustian stuff be spent, 1365  
 And then they fall to th' argument.

Quoth Hudibras, Friend Ralph, thou hast  
 Outrun the constable at last:  
 For thou art fallen on a new  
 Dispute, as senseless as untrue, 1370  
 But to the former opposite  
 And contrary as black to white;  
 Mere disparata; that concerning  
 Presbytery; this, human learning;  
 Two things s' averse, they never yet 1375  
 But in thy rambling fancy met.  
 But I shall take a fit occasion  
 T' evince thee by ratiocination,  
 Some other time, in place more proper  
 Than this we're in; therefore lets stop here,  
 And rest our weary'd bones a while, 1381  
 Already tir'd with other toil.

1373. Disparata are things separate and unlike, from the Latin word dispare.

## PART II.—CANTO I.

The Knight, by damnable magician,  
 Being cast illegally in prison,  
 Love brings his action on the case,  
 And lays it upon Hudibras.  
 How he receives the Lady's visit,  
 And cunningly solicits his suit,  
 Which he defers; yet on parole  
 Redeems him from th' enchanted hole.

BUT now t' observe romantic method,  
 Let bloody steel awhile be sheathed;  
 And all those harsh and rugged sounds  
 Of bastinadoes, cuts, and wounds,  
 Exchang'd to Love's more gentle style, 5  
 To let our reader breathe a while:  
 In which, that we may be as brief as  
 Is possible, by way of preface,  
 Is't not enough to make one strange,  
 That some men's fancies should ne'er change, 10  
 But make all people do and say  
 The same things still the self-same way?  
 Some writers make all ladies purloin'd,  
 And knights pursuing like a whirlwind:  
 Others make all their knights, in fits 15  
 Of jealousy, to lose their wits;  
 Till drawing blood o' th' dames, like witches,  
 Th' are forthwith cur'd of their caprices.  
 Some always thrive in their amours,  
 By pulling plaisters off their sores: 20  
 As cripples do to get an alms,  
 Just so do they, and win their dames.  
 Some force whole regions, in despite  
 O' geography, to change their site;  
 Make former times shake hands with latter, 25  
 And that which was before come after.

1. The beginning of this Second Part may perhaps seem strange and abrupt to those who do not know that it was written on purpose in imitation of Virgil, who begins the IVth Book of his *Æneids* in the very same manner, 'At Regina gravi,' &c. And this is enough to satisfy the curiosity of those who believe that invention and fancy ought to be measured (like cases in law) by precedents, or else they are in the power of the critic.

But those that write in rhyme, still make  
 The one verse for the other's sake ;  
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,  
 I think's sufficient at one time. 30

But we forget in what sad plight  
 We whilom left the captive Knight  
 And pensive Squire, both bruis'd in body,  
 And conjur'd into safe custody.  
 Tir'd with dispute and speaking Latin, 35  
 As well as basting and bear-baiting,  
 And desperate of any course,  
 To free himself by wit or force,  
 His only solace was, that now  
 His dog-bolt fortune was so low, 40  
 That either it must quickly end,  
 Or turn about again, and mend ;  
 In which he found th' event, no less  
 Than other times, beside his guess.

There is a tall long-sided dame, 45  
 (But wondrous light,) ycleped Fame,  
 That, like a thin cameleon, boards  
 Herself on air, and eats her words ;  
 Upon her shoulders wings she wears  
 Like hanging sleeves lin'd through with ears, 50  
 And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,  
 Made good by deep mythologist :  
 With these she through the welkin flies,  
 And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;  
 With letters hung, like eastern pigeons, 55  
 And mercuries of farthest regions ;  
 Diurnals writ for regulation  
 Of lying, to inform the nation ;  
 And by their public use to bring down  
 The rate of whetstones in the kingdom. 60  
 About her neck a packet-mail,  
 Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,  
 Of men that walk'd when they were dead,  
 And cows of monsters brought to bed ;  
 Of hail-stones big as pullets' eggs, 65  
 And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;  
 A blazing-star seen in the west,  
 By six or seven men at least.



Two trumpets she doth sound at once,  
But both of clean contrary tones ; 70  
But whether both in the same wind,  
Or one before, and one behind,  
We know not ; only this can tell,  
The one sounds vilely, th' other well ;  
And therefore vulgar authors name 75  
Th' one Good, th' other Evil, Fame.

This tattling gossip knew too well  
What mischief Hudibras befel,  
And straight the spiteful tidings bears  
Of all to th' unkind widow's ears. 80

Democritus ne'er laugh'd so loud,  
To see bawds carted through the crowd,  
Or funerals with stately pomp  
March slowly on in solemn dump,  
As she laugh'd out, until her back, 85  
As well as sides, was like to crack.

She vow'd she would go see the sight,  
And visit the distressed Knight ;  
To do the office of a neighbour,  
And be a gossip at his labour ; 90

And from his wooden jail, the stocks,  
To set at large his fetter-locks ;  
And by exchange, parole, or ransom,  
To free him from th' enchanted mansion,  
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood 95

And usher, implements abroad  
Which ladies wear, beside a slender  
Young waiting-damsel to attend her.  
All which appearing, on she went,  
To find the Knight in limbo pent : 100

And 'twas not long before she found  
Him, and the stout Squire, in the pound ;  
Both coupled in enchanted tether,  
By farther leg behind together.

For as he sat upon his rump, 105  
His head, like one in doleful dump,  
Between his knees, his hands apply'd

Unto his ears on either side,  
And by him, in another hole,  
Afflicted Ralpho, cheek by jowl ; 110

She came upon him in his wooden  
 Magician's circle, on the sudden,  
 As spirits do t' a conjuror,  
 When in their dreadful shapes th' appear.

No sooner did the Knight perceive her, 115  
 But straight he fell into a fever,  
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,  
 To be seen by her in such a place ;  
 Which made him hang his head, and scowl,  
 And wink and goggle like an owl. 120  
 He felt his brains begin to swim,  
 When thus the dame accosted him :

This place (quoth she) they say's enchanted,  
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,  
 That here are ty'd in chains, and scourg'd, 125  
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd :  
 Look, there are two of them appear,  
 Like persons I have seen somewhere.  
 Some having mistaken blocks and posts  
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts, 130  
 With saucer eyes, and horns ; and some  
 Have heard the devil beat a drum ;  
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,  
 That give a wrong account of faces,  
 That beard and I should be acquainted, 135  
 Before 'twas conjur'd or enchanted ;  
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,  
 As if't had lately been in combat,  
 It did belong to a worthy knight,  
 Howe'er this goblin has come by't. 140

When Hudibras the lady heard  
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,  
 And speak with such respect and honour  
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,  
 He thought it best to set as good 145  
 A face upon it as he cou'd,  
 And thus he spoke : Lady, your bright  
 And radiant eyes are in the right :  
 The beard's th' identic beard you knew,  
 The same numerically true ; 150  
 Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,  
 But its proprietor himself.

O heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ?

I do begin to fear 'tis you :

Not by your individual whiskers, 155

But by your dialect and discourse,

That never spoke to man or beast

In notions vulgarly exprest.

But what malignant star, alas !

Has brought you both to this sad pass ? 160

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,

Which I am less afflicted for,

Than to be seen with beard and face,

By you in such a homely case.

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd 165

For being honourably maim'd ;

If he that is in battle conquer'd

Have any title to his own beard,

Though yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,

It does your visage more adorn 170

Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lan-

And cut square by the Russian standard. [der'd,

A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,

That's bravest which there are most rents in.

That petticoat about your shoulders 175

Does not so well become a soldier's ;

And I'm afraid they are worse handled,

Although i' th' rear, your beard the van led ;

And those uneasy bruises make

My heart for company to ake, 180

To see so worshipful a friend

I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

Quoth Hudibras, This thing call'd pain

Is (as the learned Stoics maintain)

Not bad simpliciter, nor good, 185

But merely as 'tis understood.

Sense is deceitful, and many feign

As well in counterfeiting pain

As other gross phenomenas,

In which it oft mistakes the case. 190

But since th' immortal intellect

(That's free from error and defect,

Whose objects still persist the same)

Is free from outward bruise and maim,

Which nought external can expose 195  
 To gross material bangs or blows,  
 It follows we can ne'er be sure  
 Whether we pain or not endure ;  
 And just so far are sore and griev'd,  
 As by the fancy is believ'd. 200  
 Some have been wounded with conceit,  
 And died of mere opinion straight ;  
 Others, tho' wounded sore in reason,  
 Felt no contusion, nor discretion.  
 A Saxon duke did grow so fat, 205  
 The mice (as histories relate)  
 Eat grots and labyrinths to dwell in  
 His postic parts, without his feeling :  
 Then how is't possible a kick  
 Should e'er reach that way to the quick? 210  
 Quoth she, I grant it is in vain  
 For one that's basted to feel pain,  
 Because the pangs his bones endure  
 Contribute nothing to the cure :  
 Yet honour hurt is wont to rage 215  
 With pain no med'cine can assuage.  
 Quoth he, That honour's very squeamish  
 That takes a basting for a blemish ;  
 For what's more hon'rablè than scars,  
 Or skin to tatters rent in wars? 220  
 Some have been beaten till they know  
 What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;  
 Some kick'd until they can feel whether  
 A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather ;  
 And yet have met, after long running, 225  
 With some whom they have taught that cun-  
 The farthest way about t' o'ercome, [ning.  
 In th' end does prove the nearest home.  
 By laws of learned duellists,  
 They that are bruis'd with wood or fists, 230  
 And think one beating may for once  
 Suffice, are cowards and paltroons :  
 But if they dare engage t' a second,  
 They're stout and gallant fellows reckon'd.

205. The history of the Duke of Saxony is not so strange as that of a bishop, his countryman, who was quite eaten up with rats and mice.

Th' old Romans freedom did bestow, 235  
 Our princes worship, with a blow.  
 King Pyrrhus cur'd his splenetic  
 And testy courtiers with a kick.  
 The Negus, when some mighty lord  
 Or potentate's to be restor'd, 240  
 And pardon'd for some great offence,  
 With which he's willing to dispense,  
 First has him laid upon his belly,  
 Then beaten back and side to a jelly;  
 That done, he rises, humbly bows, 245  
 And gives thanks for the princely blows;  
 Departs not meanly proud, and boasting  
 Of his magnificent rib-roasting.  
 The beaten soldier proves most manful,  
 That, like his sword, endures the anvil, 250  
 And justly's held more formidable,  
 The more his valour's malleable :  
 But he that fears a bastinado  
 Will run away from his own shadow :  
 And though I'm now in durance fast, 255  
 By our own party basely cast,  
 Ransom, exchange, parole refus'd,  
 And worse than by the en'my us'd :  
 In close catasta shut, past hope  
 Of wit or valour to elope; 260  
 As beards the nearer that they tend  
 To th' earth still grow more reverend ,  
 And cannons shoot the higher pitches,  
 The lower we let down their breeches;  
 I'll make this low dejected fate 265  
 Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth she, Y' have almost made me in love  
 With that which did my pity move.  
 Great wits and valours, like great states,  
 Do sometimes sink with their own weights: 270

237. -Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, as Pliny says, had this occult quality in his toe, 'Pollicis in dextro pede tactu lienosis medebatur,' l. 7. c. 11.

259. Catasta is but a pair of stocks in English. But heroical poetry must not admit of any vulgar word (especially of paltry signification,) and therefore some of our modern authors are fain to import foreign words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our language.

Th' extremes of glory and of shame,  
Like east and west, become the same :  
No Indian prince has to his palace  
More foll'wers than a thief to th' gallows.  
But if a beating seem so brave, 275  
What glories must a whipping have?  
Such great achievements cannot fail  
To cast salt on a woman's tail :  
For if I thought your nat'ral talent  
Of passive courage were so gallant, 280  
As you strain hard to have it thought,  
I could grow amorous, and dote.

When Hudibras this language heard,  
He prick'd up's ears, and strok'd his beard :  
Thought he, this is the lucky hour ; 285  
Wines work when vines are in the flow'r.  
This crisis then I'll set my rest on,  
And put her boldly to the question.

Madam, what you would seem to doubt,  
Shall be to all the world made out, 290  
How I've been drubb'd, and with what spirit  
And magnanimity I bear it ;  
And if you doubt it to be true,  
I'll stake myself down against you :  
And if I fail in love or troth, 295  
Be you the winner, and take both.

Quoth she, I've heard old cunning stagers  
Say, fools for arguments use wagers ;  
And though I prais'd your valour, yet  
I did not mean to baulk your wit ; 300  
Which if you have, you must needs know  
What I have told you before now,  
And you b' experiment have prov'd,  
I cannot love where I'm belov'd.

Quoth Hudibras, 'tis a caprich 305  
Beyond th' infliction of a witch ;  
So cheats to play with those still aim  
That do not understand the game.  
Love in your heart as idly burns  
As fire in antique Roman urns, 310  
To warm the dead, and vainly light  
Those only that see nothing by't.

Have you not power to entertain,  
And render love for love again ;  
As no man can draw in his breath 315  
At once, and force out air beneath ?  
Or do you love yourself so much,  
To bear all rivals else a grutch ?  
What fate can lay a greater curse  
Than you upon yourself would force ? 320  
For wedlock without love, some say,  
Is but a lock without a key.  
It is a kind of rape to marry  
One that neglects, or cares not for ye :  
For what does make it ravishment, 325  
But b'ing against the mind's consent ?  
A rape that is the more inhuman  
For being acted by a woman.  
Why are you fair, but to entice us  
To love you, that you may despise us ? 330  
But though you cannot love, you say,  
Out of your own fanatic way,  
Why should you not at least allow  
Those that love you to do so too ?  
For, as you fly me, and pursue 335  
Love more averse so I do you ;  
And am by your own doctrine taught  
To practise what you call a fau't.  
Quoth she, If what you say is true,  
You must fly me as I do you ; 340  
But 'tis not what we do but say,  
In love and preaching that must swāy.  
Quoth he, To bid me not to love,  
Is to forbid my pulse to move,  
My beard to grow, my ears to prick up, 345  
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hiccup :  
Command me to piss out the moon,  
And 'twill as easily be done.  
Love's power's too great to be withstood  
By feeble human flesh and blood. 350  
'Twas he that brought upon his knees  
The hec't'ring, kill-cow Hercules ;  
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin  
T' a petticoat, and made him spin ;



Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle 355  
T' a feeble distaff and a spindle.

'Twas he that made emp'rors gallants  
To their own sisters and their aunts ;  
Set popes and cardinals agog,  
To play with pages at leap-frog. 360

'Twas he that gave our senate purges,  
And flux'd the house of many a burgess ;  
Made those that represent the nation  
Submit, and suffer amputation ;  
And all the grandees o' th' cabal 365  
Adjourn to tubs at spring and fall.

He mounted synod-men, and rode 'em  
To Dirty Lane and little Sodom ;  
Made 'em curvet like Spanish jenets,  
And take the ring at Madam —— 370

'Twas he that made Saint Francis do  
More than the devil could tempt him to,  
In cold and frosty weather grow  
Enamour'd of a wife of snow ;  
And though she were of rigid temper, 375  
With melting flames accost and tempt her ;  
Which after in enjoyment quenching,  
He hung a garland on his engine.

Quoth she, if love hath these effects,  
Why is it not forbid our sex ? 380  
Why is't not damn'd and interdicted,  
For diabolical and wicked ?

And sung, as out of tune, against,  
As Turk and pope are by the saints ?  
I find I've greater reason for it, 385  
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.

Quoth Hudibras, These sad effects  
Spring from your heathenish neglects  
Of Love's great pow'r, which he returns  
Upon yourselves with equal scorns ; 390

371. The ancient writers of the lives of saints were of the same sort of people who first writ of knight-errantry ; and as in the one they rendered the brave actions of some great persons ridiculous, by their prodigious lies, and sottish way of describing them, so they have abused the piety of some devout persons, by imposing such stories on them as this upon St. Francis.

And those who worthy lovers slight,  
 Plagues with prepost'rous appetite.  
 This made the beauteous queen of Crete  
 To take a town-bull for her sweet,  
 And from her greatness stoop so low, 395  
 To be the rival of a cow :

Others to prostitute their great hearts,  
 To be baboons' and monkeys' sweethearts ;  
 Some with the dev'l himself in league grow,  
 By's representative a Negro. 400

'Twas this made vestal maid love-sick,  
 And venture to be bury'd quick :  
 Some by their fathers, and their brothers,  
 To be made mistresses and mothers.

'Tis this that proudest dames enamours 405  
 On lacqueys and valets de chambres ;  
 Their haughty stomachs overcomes,  
 And makes 'em stoop to dirty grooms ;  
 To slight the world, and to disparage  
 Claps, issue, infamy, and marriage. 410

Quoth she, These judgments are severe,  
 Yet such as I should rather bear  
 Than trust men with their oaths, or prove  
 Their faith and secresy in love.

Says he, There is as weighty reason 415  
 For secresy in love as treason.

Love is a burglarer, a felon,  
 That at the windore-eye does steal in,  
 To rob the heart, and with his prey  
 Steals out again a closer way, 420

Which whosoever can discover,  
 He's sure (as he deserves) to suffer,  
 Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles  
 In men as nat'rally as in charcoals,  
 Which sooty chemists stop in holes, 425

When out of wood they extract coals :  
 So lovers should their passions choke,  
 That, tho' they burn, they may not smoke.

393. The history of Pasiphae is common enough : only this may be observed, that though she brought the bull a son and heir, yet the husband was fain to father it, as appears by the name ; perhaps, because being an island, he was within the four seas when the infant was begotten.

'Tis like that sturdy thief that stole  
 And dragg'd beasts backward into's hole : 439  
 So Love does lovers, and us men  
 Draws by the tails into his den,  
 That no impression may discover,  
 And trace t' his cave the wary lover.  
 But if you doubt I should reveal 435  
 What you entrust me under seal,  
 I'll prove myself as close and virtuous  
 As your own secretary Albertus.

Quoth she, I grant you may be close  
 In hiding what your aims propose. 440  
 Love-passions are like parables,  
 By which men still mean something else.  
 Though love be all the world's pretence,  
 Money's the mythologic sense ;  
 The real substance of the shadow, 445  
 Which all address and courtship's made to.

Thought he, I understand your play,  
 And how to quit you your own way :  
 He that will win his dame must do  
 As Love does when he bends his bow ; 450  
 With one hand thrust the lady from,  
 And with the other pull her home.  
 I grant, quoth he, wealth is a great  
 Provocative to am'rous heat :  
 It is all philtres, and high diet, 455  
 That makes love rampant, and to fly out :  
 'Tis beauty always in the flower,  
 That buds and blossoms at fourscore :  
 'Tis that by which the sun and moon  
 At their own weapons are outdone : 460  
 That makes knights-errant fall in trances,  
 And lay about 'em in romances :  
 'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all  
 That men divine and sacred call :  
 For what is worth in any thing, 465  
 But so much money as 'twill bring ?  
 Or what but riches is there known,  
 Which man can solely call his own ;

438. Albertus Magnus was a Swedish bishop, who wrote a very learned work, 'De Secretis Mulierum.'

In which no creature goes his half,  
Unless it be to squint and laugh? 470

I do confess with goods and land,  
I'd have a wife at second-hand ;  
And such you are. Nor is't your person  
My stomach's set so sharp and fierce on ;  
But 'tis (your better part) your riches, 475  
That my enamour'd heart bewitches.

Let me your fortune but possess,  
And settle your person how you please :  
Or make it o'er in trust to th' devil ;  
You'll find me reasonable and civil. 480

Quoth she, I like this plainness better  
Than false mock-passion, speech, or letter,  
Or any feat of qualm or sowning,  
But hanging of yourself, or drowning.  
Your only way with me to break 485

Your mind, is breaking of your neck ;  
For as when merchants break, o'erthrown  
Like nine-pins, they strike others down,  
So that would break my heart, which done,  
My tempting fortune is your own. 490

These are but trifles ; ev'ry lover  
Will damn himself over and over,  
And greater matters undertake  
For a less worthy mistress' sake :  
Yet th' are the only way to prove 495  
Th' unfeign'd realities of love :  
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,  
The devil's in him if he feigns.

Quoth Hudibras, This way's too rough  
For mere experiment and proof: 500

It is no jesting trivial matter,  
To swing i' th' air, or douce in water,  
And, like a water-witch, try love ;  
That's to destroy, and not to prove :  
As if a man should be dissected 505  
To find what part is disaffected.

Your better way is to make over,  
In trust, your fortune to your lover,

470. Pliny in his Natural History, affirms, that, 'Unl animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde cognomina Strabonum et Pætorum.' Lib 2.

Trust is a trial; if it break,  
 'Tis not so desp'rate as a neck. 510  
 Beside, th' experiment's more certain;  
 Men venture necks to gain a fortune:  
 The soldier does it ev'ry day  
 (Eight to the week) for six-pence pay:  
 Your pettifoggers damn their souls, 515  
 To share with knaves in cheating fools:  
 And merchants, vent'ring through the main,  
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.  
 This is the way I advise you to:  
 Trust me, and see what I will do. 520

Quoth she, I should be loth to run  
 Myself all th' hazard, and you none;  
 Which must be done, unless some deed  
 Of yours aforesaid do precede.  
 Give yourself one gentle swing, 525  
 For trial, and I'll cut the string:  
 Or give that rev'rend head a maul,  
 Or two, or three, against a wall,  
 To show you are a man of mettle,  
 And I'll engage myself to settle. 530

Quoth he, My head's not made of brass,  
 As Friar Bacon's noddle was,  
 Nor (like the Indian's skull) so tough,  
 That authors say, 'twas musket-proof;  
 As it had need to be, to enter, 535  
 As yet, on any new adventure:  
 You see what hangs it has endur'd,  
 That would, before new feats be cur'd:  
 But if that's all you stand upon,  
 Here, strike me luck, it shall be done. 540

Quoth she, The matter's not so far gone  
 As you suppose: two words t' a bargain:

532. The tradition of Friar Bacon and the Brazen Head is very commonly known; and, considering the times he lived in, is not much more strange than what another great philosopher of his name has delivered up of a ring, that being tied in a string, and held like a pendulum in the middle of a silver bowl, will vibrate of itself, and tell exactly against the sides of the divining cup, the same thing with, Time is, time was, &c.

533. American Indians, among whom (the same authors affirm) there are others whose skulls are so soft, to use their own words, 'Ut digito perforari possunt.'

That may be done, and time enough,  
When you have given downright proof :  
And yet 'tis no fantastic pique 545  
I have to love, nor coy dislike :  
'Tis no implicit, nice aversion  
T' your conversation, mien, or person,  
But a just fear, lest you should prove  
False and perfidious in love : 550  
For if I thought you could be true,  
I could love twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My faith, as adamantine  
As chains of destiny, I'll maintain :  
True as Apollo ever spoke, 555  
Or oracle from heart of oak :  
And if you'll give my flame but vent,  
Now in close hugger-mugger pent,  
And shine upon me but benignly,  
With that one and that other pigsney, 560  
The sun and day shall sooner part,  
Than love of you shake off my heart ;  
The sun, that shall no more dispense  
His own, but your bright influence.  
I'll carve your name on barks of trees, 565  
With true-love's-knots and flourishes,  
That shall infuse eternal spring,  
And everlasting flourishing ;  
Drink ev'ry letter on't in stum,  
And make it brisk champagne become : 570  
Where'er you tread, your foot shall set  
The primrose and the violet :  
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,  
Shall borrow from your breath their odours :  
Nature her charter shall renew, 575  
And take all lives of things from you ;  
The world depend upon your eye,  
And when you frown upon it, die :  
Only our loves shall still survive,  
New worlds and natures to outlive, 580  
And, like to heralds' moons, remain  
All crescents, without change or wane.

556. Jupiter's oracle in Epirus, near the city of Dodona, ' Ubi nemus erat Jovi sacrum. Querneum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonæi templum fuisse narratur.'

Hold, hold, quoth she; no more of this,  
Sir Knight; you take your aim amiss:  
For you will find it a hard chapter 585  
To catch me with poetic rapture,  
In which your mastery of art  
Doth shew itself, and not your heart:  
Nor will you raise in mine combustion  
By dint of high heroic fustian. 590  
She that with poetry is won,  
Is but a desk to write upon;  
And what men say of her, they mean  
No more than on the thing they lean.  
Some with Arabian spices strive 595  
T' embalm her cruelly alive;  
Or season her, as French cooks use  
Their haut-gouts, bouillies, or ragouts:  
Use her so barbarously ill,  
To grind her lips upon a mill, 600  
Until the facet doublet doth  
Fit their rhymes rather than her mouth:  
Her mouth compar'd to an oyster's, with  
A row of pearl in't—'stead of teeth.  
Others make posies of her cheeks, 605  
Where red and whitest colours mix;  
In which the lily, and the rose,  
For Indian lake and ceruse goes.  
The sun and moon by her bright eyes  
Eclips'd and darken'd in the skies, 610  
Are but black patches, that she wears,  
Cut into suns, and moons, and stars:  
By which astrologers, as well  
As those in heav'n above, can tell  
What strange events they do foreshow 615  
Unto her under-world below.  
Her voice, the music of the spheres,  
So loud, it deafens mortals' ears,  
As wise philosophers have thought;  
And that's the cause we hear it not. 620  
This has been done by some, who those  
Th' ador'd in rhyme would kick in prose;  
And in those ribbons would have hung,  
Of which melodiously they sung;



That have the hard fate to write best 625  
Of those still that deserve it least ;  
It matters not how false or forc'd,  
So the best things be said o' th' worst :  
It goes for nothing when 'tis said ;  
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head, 630  
Whether it be a swan or goose  
They level at : so shepherds use  
To set the same mark on the hip  
Both of their sound and rotten sheep :  
For wits, that carry low or wide, 635  
Must be aim'd higher, or beside  
The mark, which else they ne'er come nigh,  
But when they take their aim awry.  
But I do wonder you should choose  
This way t' attack me with your Muse, 640  
As one cut out to pass your tricks on,  
With fulhams of poetic fiction ;  
I rather hop'd I should no more  
Hear from you o' th' gallanting score :  
For hard dry-bastings us'd to prove 645  
The readiest remedies of love ;  
Next a dry-diet ; but if those fail,  
Yet this uneasy loop-hol'd jail,  
In which y' are hamper'd by the fetlock,  
Cannot but put y' in mind of wedlock : 650  
Wedlock, that's worse than any hole here,  
If that may serve you for a cooler ;  
T' allay your mettle, all agog  
Upon a wife, the heavier clog :  
Nor rather thank your gentler fate, 655  
That for a bruis'd or broken pate  
Has freed you from those knobs that grow  
Much harder on the marry'd brow ;  
But if no dread can cool your courage,  
From vent'ring on that dragon, marriage, 660  
Yet give me quarter, and advance  
To nobler aims your puissance :  
Level at beauty and at wit ;  
The fairest mark is easiest hit.  
Quoth Hudibras, I'm beforehand 665  
In that already, with your command ;

For where does beauty and high wit  
But in your constellation meet?

Quoth she, What does a match imply,  
But likeness and equality? 670

I know you cannot think me fit  
To be th' yoke-fellow of your wit;  
Nor take one of so mean deserts,  
To be the partner of your parts;  
A grace, which, if I cou'd believe, 675  
I've not the conscience to receive.

That conscience, quoth Hudibras,  
Is misinform'd: I'll state the case:  
A man may be a legal donor  
Of any thing whereof he's owner, 680  
And may confer it where he lists,  
I' th' judgment of all casuists;  
Then wit, and parts, and valour, may  
Be ali'nated, and made away,  
By those that are proprietors, 685  
As I may give or sell my horse.

Quoth she, I grant the case is true,  
And proper 'twixt your horse and you;  
But whether I may take as well  
As you may give away or sell? 690  
Buyers, you know, are bid beware;  
And worse than thieves receivers are.  
How shall I answer hue and cry,  
For a roan-gelding, twelve hands high,  
All spurr'd and switch'd, a lock on 's hoof, 695  
A sorrel mane? Can I bring proof  
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were sold  
And in the open market toll'd for? [for,  
Or should I take you for a stray, 700  
You must be kept a year and day  
(Ere I can own you) here i' th' pound,  
Where, if y' are sought, you may be found:  
And in the meantime I must pay  
For all your provender and hay.

Quoth he, It stands me much upon 705  
T' enervate this objection,  
And prove myself, by topic clear,  
No gelding, as you would infer.

Loss of virility's averr'd  
 To be the cause of loss of beard, 710  
 That does (like embryo in the womb)  
 Abortive on the chin become.  
 This first a woman did invent,  
 In envy of man's ornament;  
 Semiramis of Babylon, 715  
 Who first of all cut men o' th' stone,  
 To mar their beards, and lay foundation  
 Of sow-geldering operation.  
 Look on this beard, and tell me whether  
 Eunuchs wear such, or geldings either? 720  
 Next it appears I am no horse;  
 That I can argue and discourse;  
 Have but two legs, and ne'er a tail.  
 Quoth she, That nothing will avail;  
 For some philosophers of late here, 725  
 Write men have four legs by nature,  
 And that 'tis custom makes them go  
 Erron'ously upon but two;  
 As 'twas in Germany made good  
 B' a boy that lost himself in a wood, 730  
 And growing down t' a man, was wont  
 With wolves upon all four to hunt.  
 As for your reasons drawn from tails,  
 We cannot say they're true or false,  
 Till you explain yourself, and shew, 735  
 B' experiment, 'tis so or no.  
 Quoth he, If you'll join issue on't,  
 I'll give you satisfactory account;  
 So you will promise, if you lose,  
 To settle all, and be my spouse. 740

715. Semiramis, queen of Assyria, is said to be the first that invented eunuchs. 'Semiramis teneros mares castravit omnium prima.' Am. Marcel. l. 34. p. 12. Which is something strange in a lady of her constitution, who is said to have received horses into her embraces; but that, perhaps, may be the reason why she afterwards thought men not worth the while.

725. Sir K. D. in his Book of Bodies, who has this story of the German Boy, which he endeavours to make good by several natural reasons; by which those who have the dexterity to believe what they please may be fully satisfied of the probability of it.

That never shall be done (quoth she)  
 To one that wants a tail, by me :  
 For tails by nature sure were meant,  
 As well as beards for ornament :  
 And though the vulgar count them homely, 745  
 In men or beast they are so comely,  
 So jantee, alamode, and handsome,  
 I'll never marry man that wants one ;  
 And till you can demonstrate plain,  
 You have one equal to your mane, 759  
 I'll be torn piecemeal by a horse,  
 Ere I'll take you for better or worse.  
 The Prince of Cambay's daily food  
 Is asp, and basilisk, and toad,  
 Which makes him have so strong a breath, 755  
 Each night he stinks a queen to death ;  
 Yet I shall rather lie in 's arms  
 Than yours, on any other terms.

Quoth he, What nature can afford  
 I shall produce, upon my word ; 760  
 And if she ever gave that boon  
 To man, I'll prove that I have one ;  
 I mean by postulate illation,  
 When you shall offer just occasion :  
 But since y' have yet deny'd to give 765  
 My heart, your pris'ner, a reprieve,  
 But make it sink down to my heel,  
 Let that at least your pity feel ;  
 And, for the sufferings of your martyr,  
 Give its poor entertainer quarter ; 770  
 And, by discharge or mainprize, grant  
 Deliv'ry from this base restraint.

Quoth she, I grieve to see your leg  
 Stuck in a hole here like a peg ;  
 And if I knew which way to do't, 775  
 (Your honour safe) I'd let you out.  
 That dames by jail delivery  
 Of errant-knights have been set free,  
 When by enchantment they have been,  
 And sometimes for it, too, laid in, 780  
 Is that which knights are bound to do  
 By order, oath, and honour too :

For what are they renown'd and famous else,  
But aiding of distressed damosels?  
But for a lady, no ways errant, 785  
To free a knight, we have no warrant  
In any authentical romance,  
Or classic author yet of France;  
And I'd be loth to have you break  
An ancient custom for a freak, 790  
Or innovation introduce  
In place of things of antique use,  
To free your heels by any course,  
That might b' unwholesome to your spurs;  
Which, if I should consent unto, 795  
It is not in my pow'r to do;  
For 'tis a service must be done ye  
With solemn previous ceremony,  
Which always has been us'd t' untie  
The charms of those who here do lie: 800  
For as the ancients heretofore  
To Honour's temple had no door  
But that which through Virtue's lay,  
So from this dungeõn there's no way  
To honour'd freedom, but by passing 905  
That other virtuous school of lashing,  
Where knights are kept in narrow lists,  
With wooden lockets 'bout their wrists;  
In which they for a while are tenants,  
And for their ladies suffer penance: 810  
Whipping, that's Virtue's governess,  
Tut'ress of arts and sciences;  
That mends the gross mistakes of Nature,  
And puts new life into dull matter;  
That lays foundation for renown, 815  
And all the honours of the gown.  
This suffer'd, they are set at large,  
And freed with hon'rab'le discharge.  
Then in their robes the penitentials  
Are straight presented with credentials, 820  
And in their way attended on  
By magistrates of ev'ry town:  
And, all respect and charges paid,  
They're to their ancient seats convey'd.)

Now if you'll venture, for my sake, 825  
 To try the toughness of your back,  
 And suffer (as the rest have done)  
 The laying of a whipping on  
 (And may you prosper in your suit,  
 As you with equal vigour do't,) 830  
 I here engage myself to loose ye,  
 And free your heels from Caperdewsie.  
 But since our sex's modesty  
 Will not allow I should be by,  
 Bring me, on oath, a fair account, 835  
 And honour too, when you have done't,  
 And I'll admit you to the place  
 You claim as due in my good grace.  
 If matrimony and hanging go  
 By dest'ny, why not whipping too? 840  
 What med'cine else can cure the fits  
 Of lovers when they lose their wits?  
 Love is a boy by poets styl'd ;  
 Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.  
 A Persian emperor whipp'd his grannam, 845  
 The sea, his mother Venus came on ;  
 And hence some rev'rend men approve  
 Of rosemary in making love.  
 As skilful coopers hoop their tubs  
 With Lydian and with Phrygian dubs, 850  
 Why may not whipping have as good  
 A grace? perform'd in time and mood,  
 With comely movement, and by art,  
 Raise passion in a lady's heart?  
 It is an easier way to make 855  
 Love by, than that which many take.  
 Who would not rather suffer whipping,  
 Than swallow toasts of bits of ribbon?  
 Make wicked verses, treats, and faces,  
 And spell names over with beer-glasses ; 860  
 Be under vows to hang and die  
 Love's sacrifice, and all a lie?  
 With China-oranges, and tarts,  
 And whining plays, lay baits for hearts?

845. Xerxes, who used to whip the seas and wind.  
 ' In eorum atque Eurum solitus sævire flagellis.' Juv  
 Sat. 10.

Bribe chamber-maids, with love and money, 865  
To break no roguish jests upon ye?  
For lilies limn'd on cheeks, and roses,  
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?  
Or, vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,  
Do penance in a paper lantern? 870  
All this you may compound for now,  
By suffering what I offer you;  
Which is no more than has been done  
By knights for ladies long ago.  
Did not the great La Mancha do so 875  
For the Infanta del Toboso?  
Did not th' illustrious Bassa make  
Himself a slave for Miss's sake?  
And with bull's pizzle, for her love,  
Was taw'd as gentle as a glove? 880  
Was not young Florio sent (to cool  
His flame for Biancafiore) to school,  
Where pedant made his pathic bum  
For her sake suffer martyrdom?  
Did not a certain lady whip 885  
Of late her husband's own lordship?  
And though a grandee of the house,  
Claw'd him with fundamental blows;  
Ty'd him stark naked to a bed-post,  
And firk'd his hide, as if sh' had rid post; 890  
And after in the sessions-court,  
Where whipping's judg'd, had honour for't;  
This swear you will perform and then  
I'll set you from the enchanted den,  
And the magician's circle clear. 895  
Quoth he, I do profess and swear,  
And will perform what you enjoin,  
Or may I never see you mine.  
Amen (quoth she;) then turn'd about,  
And bid her Squire let him out. 900  
But ere an artist could be found  
T' undo the charms another bound,  
The sun grew low, and left the skies,  
Put down (some write) by ladies' eyes.  
The moon pull'd off her veil of light, 905  
That hides her face by day from sight



(Mysterious veil, of brightness made,  
 That's both her lustre and her shade,)  
 And in the lantern of the night  
 With shining horns hung out her light; 910  
 For darkness is the proper sphere,  
 Where all false glories use t' appear.  
 The twinkling stars began to muster,  
 And glitter with their borrow'd lustre,  
 While sleep the weary'd world reliev'd, 915  
 By counterfeiting death reviv'd.  
 His whipping penance till the morn  
 Our vot'ry thought it best t' adjourn,  
 And not to carry on a work  
 Of such importance in the dark, 920  
 With erring haste, but rather stay,  
 And do't in the open face of day;  
 And in the mean time go in quest  
 Of next retreat to take his rest.

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## CANTO II.

The Knight and Squire, in hot dispute,  
 Within an ace of falling out,  
 Are parted with a sudden fright  
 Of strange alarm, and stranger sight;  
 With which adventuring to stickle,  
 They're sent away in nasty pickle.

'Tis strange how some men's tempers sui.  
 (Like bawd and brandy) with dispute,  
 That for their own opinions stand fast  
 Only to have them claw'd and canvast;  
 That keep their consciences in cases, 5  
 As fiddlers do their crowds and bases,  
 Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent  
 To play a fit for argument;  
 Make true and false, unjust and just,  
 Of no use but to be discust; 10  
 Dispute, and set a paradox  
 Like a strait boot upon the stocks,  
 And stretch it more unmercifully  
 Than Helmont, Montaigne, White, or Tully.

So th' ancient Stoics, in their porch, 15  
 With fierce dispute maintain'd their church ;  
 Beat out their brains in fight and study,  
 To prove that virtue is a body ;  
 That bonum is an animal,  
 Made good with stout polemic brawl ; 20  
 In which some hundreds on the place  
 Were slain outright ; and many a face  
 Retrench'd of nose, and eyes, and beard,  
 To maintain what their sect averr'd.  
 All which the Knight and Squire, in wrath, 25  
 Had like t' have suffer'd for their faith ;  
 Each striving to make good his own,  
 As by the sequel shall be shown.

The sun had long since, in the lap  
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap, 30  
 And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn  
 From black to red began to turn,  
 When Hudibras, whom thoughts and aking  
 'Twixt sleeping kept all night and waking,  
 Began to rub his drowsy eyes, 35  
 And from his couch prepar'd to rise,  
 Resolving to dispatch the deed  
 He vow'd to do with trusty speed :  
 But first, with knocking loud, and bawling,  
 He rous'd the Squire, in truckle lolling : 40  
 And, after many circumstances,  
 Which vulgar authors, in romances,  
 Do use to spend their time and wits on,  
 To make impertinent description,  
 They got (with much ado) to horse, 45  
 And to the castle bent their course,  
 In which he to the dame before  
 To suffer whipping duly swore ;

15. 'In porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) discipulorum seditionibus mille quadringenti triginta cives interfecti sunt.' Diog. Laert. in vita Zenonis, p. 383. Those old virtuosos were better proficient in these exercises than modern, who seldom improve higher than cuffing and kicking.

19 Bonum is such a kind of animal as our modern virtuosos from Don Quixote will have windmills, under sail, to be. The same authors are of opinion, that all ships are fishes while they are afloat ; but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the dock, become ships again.

Where now arriv'd, and half unharnest,  
 To carry on the work in earnest, 50  
 He stopp'd, and paus'd upon the sudden,  
 And with a serious forehead plodding,  
 Sprung a new scruple in his head,  
 Which first he scratch'd, and after said—  
 Whether it be direct infringing 55  
 An oath, if I should wave this swingeing,  
 And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
 And so b' equivocation swear,  
 Or whether it be a lesser sin  
 To be forsworn than act the thing, 60  
 Are deep and subtle points, which must,  
 T' inform my conscience, be discust;  
 In which to err a little may  
 To errors infinite make way:  
 And therefore I desire to know 65  
 Thy judgment ere we farther go.  
 Quoth Ralpho, Since you do enjoin't,  
 I shall enlarge upon the point;  
 And, for my own part, do not doubt  
 Th' affirmative may be made out. 70  
 But first, to state the case aright,  
 For best advantage of our light,  
 And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a sin  
 To claw and curry your own skin,  
 Greater or less, than to forbear, 75  
 And that you are forsworn, forswear.  
 But first, o' th' first: The inward man,  
 And outward, like a clan and clan,  
 Have always been at daggers-drawing,  
 And one another clapper-clawing. 80  
 Not that they really cuff, or fence,  
 But in a spiritual mystic sense;  
 Which to mistake, and make 'em squabble,  
 In literal fray 's abominable.  
 'Tis heathenish, in frequent use 85  
 With Pagans and apostate Jews,  
 To offer sacrifice of bridewells,  
 Like modern Indians to their idols;  
 And mongrel Christians of our times,  
 That expiate less with greater crimes, 90

And call the foul abomination  
Contrition and mortification.  
Is 't not enough we're bruise'd and kicked  
With sinful members of the wicked ;  
Our vessels, that are sanctify'd, 95  
Profan'd and curry'd back and side ;  
But we must claw ourselves with shameful  
And heathen stripes, by their example ;  
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)  
Is impious, because they did it : 100  
This, therefore, may be justly reckon'd  
A heinous sin. Now to the second :  
That saints may claim a dispensation  
To swear and forswear, on occasion,  
I doubt not but it will appear 105  
With pregnant light : the point is clear.  
Oaths are but words, and words but wind ;  
Too feeble implements to bind ;  
And hold with deeds proportion so  
As shadows to a substance do. 110  
Then when they strive for place, 'tis fit  
The weaker vessel should submit.  
Although your church be opposite  
To ours as Black Friars are to White,  
In rule and order, yet I grant, 115  
You are a Reformado Saint ;  
And what the saints do claim as due,  
You may pretend a title to :  
But saints whom oaths and vows oblige,  
Know little of their privilege ; 120  
Farther (I mean) than carrying on  
Some self-advantage of their own ;  
For if the dev'l, to serve his turn,  
Can tell truth, why the saints should scorn,  
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie, 125  
I think there's little reason why :  
Else h' has a greater power than they,  
Which 'twere impiety to say.  
W' are not commanded to forbear  
Indefinitely at all to swear ; 130  
But to swear idly, and in vain,  
Without self-interest or gain ;

For breaking of an oath, and lying,  
Is but a kind of self-denying;  
A saint-like virtue: and from hence 135  
Some have broke oaths by Providence;  
Some, to the glory of the Lord,  
Perjur'd themselves, and broke their word;  
And this the constant rule and practice  
Of all our late Apostles' acts is. 140  
Was not the cause at first begun  
With perjury, and carried on?  
Was there an oath the godly took,  
But in due time and place they broke?  
Did we not bring our oaths in first, 145  
Before our plate, to have them burst,  
And cast in fitter models for  
The present use of church and war?  
Did not our worthies of the house,  
Before they broke the peace, break vows? 150  
For having freed us first from both  
Th' allegiance and suprem'cy oath,  
Did they not next compel the nation  
To take and break the protestation?  
To swear, and after to recant 155  
The solemn league and covenant?  
To take th' engagement, and disclaim it,  
Enforc'd by those who first did frame it?  
Did they not swear, at first, to fight  
For the king's safety and his right, 160  
And after march'd to find him out,  
And charg'd him home with horse and foot;  
But yet still had the confidence  
To swear it was in his defence.  
Did they not swear to live and die 165  
With Essex, and straight laid him by?  
If that were all, for some have swore  
As false as they, if th' did no more.  
Did they not swear to maintain law,  
In which that swearing made a flaw? 170  
For Protestant religion vow,  
That did that vowing disallow?  
For privilege of Parliament,  
In which that swearing made a rent?

And since, of all the three, not one 175  
Is left in being, 'tis well known.

Did they not swear, in express words,  
To prop and back the House of Lords,  
And after turn'd out the whole house-full  
Of peers, as dang'rous and unuseful? 180

So Cromwell, with deep oaths and vows,  
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;  
Vow'd that the red-coats would disband,  
Ay, marry wou'd they, at their command;  
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore, 185  
Till th' army turn'd them out of door.

This tells us plainly what they thought,  
That oaths and swearing go for nought,  
And that by them th' were only meant  
To serve for an expedient. 190

What was the public faith found out for,  
But to slur men of what they fought for?  
The public faith, which ev'ry one  
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;  
And if that go for nothing, why 195  
Should private faith have such a tie?

Oaths were not purpos'd, more than law,  
To keep the good and just in awe,  
But to confine the bad and sinful,  
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold. 200

A saint's of th' heav'nly realm a peer;  
And as no peer is bound to swear,  
But on the gospel of his honour,  
Of which he may dispose as owner  
It follows, though the thing be forgery, 205

And false, t' affirm it is no perjury,  
But a mere ceremony, and a breach  
Of nothing, but a form of speech;  
And goes for no more when 'tis took,  
Than mere saluting of the book. 210

Suppose the Scriptures are of force,  
They're but commissions of course,  
And saints have freedom to digress,  
And vary from 'em, as they please;  
Or misinterpret them, by private 215  
Instructions, to all aims they drive at.

Then why should we ourselves abridge  
And curtail our own privilege?  
Quakers (that, like to lanterns, bear  
Their light within 'em) will not swear: 220  
Their gospel is an accident,  
By which they construe conscience,  
And hold no sin so deeply red,  
As that of breaking Priscian's head  
(The head and founder of their order, 225  
That stirring hats held worse than murder);  
These thinking th' are obliged to troth  
In swearing, will not take an oath:  
Like mules, who, if th' have not their will  
To keep their own pace, stand stock-still: 230  
But they are weak, and little know  
What free-born consciences may do.  
'Tis the temptation of the devil  
That makes all human actions evil:  
For saints may do the same things by 235  
The Spirit, in sincerity,  
Which other men are tempted to,  
And at the devil's instance do;  
And yet the actions be contrary,  
Just as the saints and wicked vary. 240  
For as on land there is no beast  
But in some fish at sea's exprest,  
So in the wicked there's no vice  
Of which the saints have not a spice;  
And yet that thing that's pious in 245  
The one, in th' other is a sin.  
Is't not ridiculous, and nonsense,  
A saint should be a slave to conscience,  
That ought to be above such fancies,  
As far as above ordinances? 250  
She's of the wicked, as I guess,  
B' her looks, her language, and her dress:  
And though, like constables, we search,  
For false wares, one another's church,  
Yet all of us hold this for true, 255  
No faith is to the wicked due:  
For truth is precious and divine;  
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.



Quoth Hudibras, All this is true;  
Yet 'tis not fit that all men knew 260  
Those mysteries and revelations;  
And therefore topical evasions  
Of subtle turns and shifts of sense  
Serve best with th' wicked for pretence;  
Such as the learned Jesuits use, 265  
And Presbyterians, for excuse  
Against the Protestants, when th' happen  
To find their churches taken napping:  
As thus: A breach of oath is duple,  
And either way admits a scruple, 270  
And may be ex parte of the maker,  
More criminal than the injur'd taker;  
For he that strains too far a vow,  
Will break it, like an o'er-bent bow:  
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it, 275  
Not he that for convenience took it.  
A broken oath is, quatenus oath,  
As sound t' all purposes of troth,  
As broken laws are ne'er the worse;  
Nay, till th' are broken have no force. 280  
What's justice to a man, or laws,  
That never comes within their claws?  
They have no pow'r, but to admonish;  
Cannot control, coerce, or punish;  
Until they're broken, and then touch 285  
Those only that do make 'em such.  
Beside, no engagement is allow'd  
By men in prison made for good;  
For when they're set at liberty,  
They're from th' engagement too set free. 290  
The rabbins write, when any Jew  
Did make to God or man, a vow,  
Which afterward he found untoward,  
And stubborn to be kept, or too hard,  
Any three other Jews o' th' nation 295  
Might free him from the obligation;  
And have not two saints pow'r to use  
A greater privilege than three Jews?  
The court of conscience, which in man  
Should be supreme and sovereign, 300

Is't fit should be subordinate  
 To ev'ry petty court i' th' state,  
 And have less power than the lesser,  
 To deal with perjury at pleasure;  
 Have its proceedings disallow'd, or 305  
 Allow'd, at fancy of Pye-Powder?  
 Tell all it does, or does not know,  
 For swearing ex-officio?  
 Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,  
 And pigs unring'd at Vis. Franc. Pledge? 310  
 Discover thieves, and bawds, recusants,  
 Priests, witches, eves-droppers, and nuisance;  
 Tell who did play at games unlawful,  
 And who fill'd pots of ale but half full;  
 And have no pow'r at all, no shift, 315  
 To help itself at a dead lift?  
 Why should not conscience have vacation  
 As well as other courts o' th' nation;  
 Have equal power to adjourn,  
 Appoint appearance and return: 320  
 And make as nice distinction serve  
 To split a case, as those that carve,  
 Invoking cuckolds' names, hit joints?  
 Why should not tricks as slight do points?  
 Is not th' High-Court of Justice sworn 325  
 To judge that law that serves their turn?  
 Make their own jealousies high treason,  
 And fix 'em whomsoe'er they please on?  
 Cannot the learned counsel there  
 Make laws in any shape appear? 330  
 Mould 'em as witches do their clay,  
 When they make pictures to destroy,  
 And vex 'em into any form  
 That fits their purpose to do harm?  
 Rack 'em until they do confess, 335  
 Impeach of treason whom they please,  
 And most perfidiously condemn  
 Those that engag'd their lives for them?  
 And yet do nothing in their own sense,  
 But what they ought by oath and conscience.  
 Can they not juggle, and with slight 341  
 Conveyance, play with wrong and right.

And sell their blasts of wind as dear  
 As Lapland witches bottled air?  
 Will not fear, favour, bribe, and grudge, 345  
 The same case several ways adjudge?  
 As seamen with the self-same gale,  
 Will sev'ral diff'rent courses sail.  
 As when the sea breaks o'er its bounds,  
 And overflows the level grounds, 350  
 Those banks and dams, that, like a screen,  
 Did keep it out, now keep it in;  
 So when tyrannic usurpation  
 Invades the freedom of a nation,  
 The laws o' th' land, that were intended 355  
 To keep it out, are made defend it.  
 Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry man swear  
 What makes best for him in his answer?  
 Is not the winding up witnesses  
 And nicking more than half the bus'ness? 360  
 For witnesses, like watches, go  
 Just as they're set, too fast or slow;  
 And where in conscience they're strait-lac'd,  
 'Tis ten to one that side is cast.  
 Do not your juries give their verdict 365  
 As if they felt the cause, not heard it?  
 And as they please, make matter o' fact  
 Run all on one side, as they're packt?  
 Nature has made man's breast no windores,  
 To publish what he does within doors, 370  
 Nor what dark secrets there inhabit,  
 Unless his own rash fury blab it.  
 If oaths can do a man no good  
 In his own bus'ness, why they should  
 In other matters do him hurt, 375  
 I think there's little reason for't.  
 He that imposes an oath makes it,  
 Not he that for convenience takes it:  
 Then how can any man be said  
 To break an oath he never made? 380  
 These reasons may, perhaps, look oddly  
 To the wicked, though th' evince the godly;  
 But if they will not serve to clear  
 My honour, I am ne'er the near.

Honour is like that glassy bubble 335  
 That finds philosophers such trouble,  
 Whose least part crack'd, the whole does fly,  
 And wits are crack'd to find out why.

Quoth Ralpho, Honour's but a word  
 To swear by only in a lord: 390  
 In other men, 'tis but a huff  
 To vapour with, instead of proof;  
 That, like a wen, looks big and swells,  
 Is senseless, and just nothing else.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will, 395  
 It has the world's opinion still.  
 But as men are not wise that run  
 The slightest hazards they may shun,  
 There may a medium be found out  
 To clear to all the world the doubt; 400  
 And that is, if a man may do't,  
 By proxy whipt, or substitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear  
 (Quoth Ralph,) it may hold up and clear.  
 That sinners may supply the place 405  
 Of suff'ring saints is a plain case.  
 Justice gives sentence many times  
 On one man for another's crimes.

Our brethren of New England use  
 Choice malefactors to excuse, 410  
 And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
 Of whom the churches have less need;  
 As lately 't happen'd: In a town  
 There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,  
 That out of doctrine could cut use, 415  
 And mend men's lives as well as shoes.  
 This precious brother having slain,  
 In time of peace, an Indian  
 (Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
 Because he was an infidel,) 420  
 The mighty Tottipottymoy  
 Sent to our elders an envoy,  
 Complaining sorely of the breach  
 Of league held forth by brother Patch

413. The history of the cobbler had been attested by persons of good credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Against the articles in force 425  
Between both churches, his and ours;  
For which he crav'd the saints to render  
Into his hands or hang th' offender:  
But they maturely having weigh'd  
They had no more but him o' th' trade, 430  
(A man that serv'd them in a double  
Capacity, to teach and cobble),  
Resolv'd to spare him; yet, to do  
The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too  
Impartial justice, in his stead did 435  
Hang an old weaver, that was bed-rid.  
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,  
And in your room another whipp'd?  
For all philos'phers, but the sceptic,  
Hold whipping may be sympathetic. 440  
It is enough, quoth Hudibras,  
Thou hast resolv'd and clear'd the case;  
And canst, in conscience, not refuse  
From thy own doctrine to raise use.  
I know thou wilt not (for my sake) 445  
Be tender conscienc'd of thy back:  
Then strip thee of thy carnal jerkin,  
And give thy outward-fellow a ferking;  
For when thy vessel is new hoop'd,  
All leaks of sinning will be stopp'd. 450  
Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter;  
For in all scruples of this nature,  
No man includes himself, nor turns  
The point upon his own concerns.  
As no man of his own self catches 455  
The itch, or amorous French aches;  
So no man does himself convince,  
By his own doctrine, of his sins:  
And though all cry down self, none means  
His own self in a literal sense. 460  
Beside, it is not only foppish,  
But vile, idolatrous and popish,  
For one man, out of his own skin,  
To ferk and whip another's sin;  
As pedants out of school-boys' breeches 465  
Do claw and curry their own itches.

But in this case it is profane,  
 And sinful too, because in vain:  
 For we must take our oaths upon it,  
 You did the deed, when I have done it, 470

Quoth Hudibras, That's answer'd soon:  
 Give us the whip, we'll lay it on.

Quoth Ralpho, That we may swear true,  
 'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:  
 For when with your consent 'tis done, 475  
 The act is really your own.

Quoth Hudibras, It is in vain  
 (I see) to argue 'gainst the grain;  
 Or, like the stars, incline men to  
 What they're averse themselves to do: 480

For when disputes are weary'd out,  
 'Tis interest still resolves the doubt:  
 But since no reason can confute ye,  
 I'll try to force you to your duty;  
 For so it is, howe'er you mince it, 485

As, ere we part, I shall evince it,  
 And curry (if you stand out) whether  
 You will or no, your stubborn leather.  
 Canst thou refuse to bear thy part  
 I' th' public work, base as thou art? 490

To higgle thus for a few blows,  
 To gain thy knight an op'lent spouse,  
 Whose wealth his bowels yearn to purchase,  
 Merely for th' interest of the churches?  
 And when he has it in his claws 495

Will not be hide-bound to the cause:  
 Nor shalt thou find him a curmudgeon,  
 If thou dispatch it without grudging:  
 If not, resolve, before we go,  
 That you and I must pull a crow. 500

Y' had best, (quoth Ralpho) as the ancients  
 Say wisely, have a care o' th' main chance,  
 And look before you ere you leap;  
 For as you sow, y' are like to reap:  
 And were y' as good as George-a-Green, 505  
 I shall make bold to turn agen:  
 Nor am I doubtful of the issue  
 In a just quarrel, and mine is so.

Is 't fitting for a man of honour  
 To whip the saints, like Bishop Bonner? 510  
 A Knight t' usurp the beadle's office,  
 For which y' are like to raise brave trophies?  
 But I advise you (not for fear,  
 But for your own sake) to forbear;  
 And for the churches, which may chance, 515  
 From hence, to spring a variance,  
 And raise among themselves new scruples,  
 Whom common danger hardly couples.  
 Remember how, in arms and politics,  
 We still have worsted all your holy tricks; 520  
 Trepann'd your party with intrigue,  
 And took your grandees down a peg;  
 New modell'd th' army, and cashier'd  
 All that to legion SMĒC adher'd;  
 Made a mere utensil o' your church, 525  
 And after left it in the lurch;  
 A scaffold to build up our own,  
 And, when w' had done with't, pull'd it down;  
 Capoch'd your rabbins of the synod,  
 And snapp'd their canons with a why-not? 530  
 (Grave synod men, that were rever'd  
 For solid face, and depth of beard;)  
 Their classic model prov'd a maggot,  
 Their direct'ry an Indian Pagod;  
 And drown'd their discipline like a kitten, 535  
 On which they'd been so long a sitting;  
 Decry'd it as a holy cheat,  
 Grown out of date, and obsolete;  
 And all the saints of the first grass,  
 As castling foals of Balaam's ass. 540  
 At this the Knight grew high in chafe,  
 And staring furiously on Ralph,  
 He trembled, and look'd pale with ire;  
 Like ashes first, then red as fire.  
 Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in fight, 545  
 And for so many moons lain by't,  
 And, when all other means did fail,  
 Have been exchang'd for tubs of ale?

548. The Knight was kept prisoner in Exeter, and, after several exchanges proposed, but none accepted of



Not but they thought me worth a ransom  
 Much more consid'able and handsome, 550  
 But for their own sakes, and for fear  
 They were not safe when I was there ;  
 Now to be baffled by a scoundrel,  
 An upstart sect'ry, and a mongrel,  
 Such as breed out of peccant humours 555  
 Of our own church, like wens or tumours,  
 And, like a maggot in a sore,  
 Would that which gave it life devour ;  
 It never shall be done or said :  
 With that he seiz'd upon his blade ; 560  
 And Ralpho too, as quick and bold,  
 Upon his basket-hilt laid hold,  
 With equal readiness prepar'd  
 To draw, and stand upon his guard ;  
 When both were parted on the sudden, 565  
 With hideous clamour, and a loud one,  
 As if all sorts of noise had been  
 Contracted into one loud din ;  
 Or that some member to be chosen  
 Had got the odds above a thousand, 570  
 And, by the greatness of his noise,  
 Prov'd fittest for his country's choice.  
 This strange surprisal put the Knight  
 And wrathful Squire into a fright ;  
 And though they stood prepar'd, with fatal 575  
 Impetuous rancour to join battle,  
 Both thought it was the wisest course  
 To wave the fight and mount to horse,  
 And to secure, by swift retreating,  
 Themselves from danger of worse beating. 580  
 Yet neither of them would disparage,  
 By utt'ring of his mind, his courage ;  
 Which made them stoutly keep their ground,  
 With horror and disdain wind-bound.  
 And now the cause of all their fear 585  
 By slow degrees approach'd so near,  
 They might distinguish different noise  
 Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,

was at last released for a barrel of ale, as he often used  
 to declare.

And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub  
 Sounds like the hooping of a tub. 590  
 But when the sight appear'd in view,  
 They found it was an antique show ;  
 A triumph, that, for pomp and state,  
 Did proudest Romans emulate :  
 For as the aldermen of Rome 595  
 Their foes at training overcome,  
 And not enlarging territory  
 (As some mistaken write in story),  
 Being mounted, in their best array,  
 Upon a car, and who but they ! 600  
 And follow'd with a world of tall-lads,  
 That merry ditties troll'd, and ballads,  
 Did ride with many a good-morrow, [borough ;  
 Crying, ' Hey for our town ! ' through the  
 So when this triumph drew so nigh 605  
 They might particulars descry,  
 They never saw two things so pat,  
 In all respects, as this and that.  
 First he that led the cavalcate  
 Wore a sow-gelder's flagellate, 610  
 On which he blew as strong a level  
 As well-fee'd lawyer on his breviaite,  
 When over one another's heads  
 They charge (three ranks at once) like Swedes.  
 Next pans and kettles of all keys, 615  
 From trebles down to double base ;  
 And after them, upon a nag,  
 That might pass for a forehand stag,  
 A cornet rode, and on his staff  
 A smock display'd did proudly wave. 620  
 Then bagpipes of the loudest drones,  
 With snuffling broken-winded tones,  
 Whose blasts of air, in pockets shut,  
 Sound filthier than from the gut,  
 And make a viler noise than swine 625  
 In windy weather, when they whine.  
 Next one upon a pair of panniers,  
 Full fraught with that which for good manners  
 Shall here be nameless, mixt with grains,  
 Which he dispens'd among the swains, 630

And busily upon the crowd  
At random round about bestow'd.  
Then, mounted on a horned horse,  
One bore a gauntlet and gilt spurs,  
Ty'd to the pummel of a long sword 635  
He held reverst, the point turn'd downward.  
Next after, on a raw-bon'd steed,  
The conqueror's standard-bearer rid,  
And bore aloft before the champion  
A petticoat display'd, and rampant; 640  
Near whom the Amazon triumphant  
Bestrid her beast, and on the rump on't  
Sat face to tail, and bum to bum,  
The warrior whilom overcome,  
Arm'd with a spindle and a distaff, 645  
Which, as he rode, she made him twist off;  
And when he loiter'd, o'er her shoulder  
Chastis'd the reformado soldier.  
Before the dame, and round about,  
March'd whifflers and staffiers on foot, 650  
With lackies, grooms, valets, and pages,  
In fit and proper equipages;  
Of whom some torches bore, some links,  
Before the proud virago minx,  
That was both Madam and a Don, 655  
Like Nero's Sporus, or Pope Joan;  
And at fit periods the whole rout  
Set up their throats with clamorous shout.  
The Knight, transported, and the Squire,  
Put up their weapons, and their ire; 660  
And Hudibras, who us'd to ponder  
On such sights with judicious wonder,  
Could hold no longer to impart  
His animadversions, for his heart.  
Quoth he, In all my life, till now, 665  
I ne'er saw so profane a show.  
It is a Paganish invention,  
Which heathen writers often mention:  
And he who made it had read Goodwin,  
Or Ross, or Cælius Rhodogine, 670  
With all the Grecian Speeds and Stows,  
That best describe those ancient shows;

And has observ'd all fit decorums  
 We find describ'd by old historians :  
 For as the Roman conqueror, 675  
 That put an end to foreign war,  
 Ent'ring the town in triumph for it,  
 Bore a slave with him, in his chariot ;  
 So this insulting female brave  
 Carries behind her here a slave : 680  
 And as the ancients long ago,  
 When they in field defy'd the foe,  
 Hung out their mantles della guerre,  
 So her proud standard-bearer here  
 Waves on his spear, in dreadful manner, 685  
 A Tyrian petticoat for banner.  
 Next links and torches, heretofore  
 Still borne before the emperor :  
 And as, in antique triumphs, eggs  
 Were borne for mystical intrigues, 690  
 There's one with truncheon, like a ladle,  
 That carries eggs too, fresh or addle ;  
 And still at random, as he goes,  
 Among the rabble-rout bestows.  
 Quoth Ralpho, You mistake the matter ; 695  
 For all th' antiquity you smatter  
 Is but a riding us'd of course,  
 When the gray mare's the better horse ;  
 When o'er the breeches greedy woman  
 Fight to extend their vast dominion ; 700  
 And in the cause impatient Grizel  
 Has drubb'd her husband with bull's pizzle,  
 And brought him under covert-baron,  
 To turn her vassal with a murrain ;  
 When wives their sexes shift, like hares, 705  
 And ride their husbands like night-mares,  
 And they, in mortal battle vanquish'd,  
 Are of their charter disenfranchis'd,

678. ——— ' Et sibi consul

Me placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.

683. ' Tunica Coccinea solebat pridie quam dimicandum esset, supra prætorium poni, quasi admonitio, et indicium futuræ pugnæ.' Lipsius in Tacit. p. 56.

687. That the Roman emperors were wont to have torches borne before them (by day) in public, appears by Herodian in Pertinace. Lips. in Tacit. p. 16.

And by the right of war, like gills,  
 Condemn'd to distaff, horns, and wheels: 710  
 For when men by their wives are cow'd,  
 Their horns of course are understood.

Quoth Hudibras, Thou still giv'st sentence  
 Impertinently, and against sense.  
 'Tis not the least disparagement 715  
 To be defeated by th' event,  
 Nor to be beaten by main force ;  
 That does not make a man the worse,  
 Although his shoulders with battoon  
 Be claw'd and cudgell'd to some tune. 720  
 A tailor's prentice has no hard  
 Measure, that's bang'd with a true yard :  
 But to turn tail, or run away,  
 And without blows give up the day,  
 Or to surrender ere th' assault, 725  
 That's no man's fortune, but his fault,  
 And renders men of honour less  
 Than all th' adversity of success ;  
 And only unto such this show  
 Of horns and petticoats is due. 730  
 There is a lesser profanation,  
 Like that the Romans call'd ovation :  
 For as ovation was allow'd  
 For conquest purchas'd without blood,  
 So men decree these lesser shows 735  
 For victory gotten without blows,  
 By dint of sharp hard words, which some  
 Give battle with, and overcome ;  
 These, mounted in a chair-curule,  
 Which moderns call a cucking-stool, 740  
 March proudly to the river's side,  
 And o'er the waves in triumph ride ;  
 Like dukes of Venice, who are said  
 The Adriatic Sea to wed ;  
 And have a gentler wife than those 745  
 For whom the state decrees those shows.  
 But both are heathenish, and come  
 From th' whores of Babylon and Rome,  
 And by the saints should be withstood,  
 As Antichristian and lewd ; 750

And we as such, should now contribute  
Our utmost strugglings to prohibit.

This said, they both advanc'd, and rode  
A dog-trot through the bawling crowd,  
T' attack the leader, and still prest, 755

Till they approach'd him breast to breast :  
Then Hudibras, with face and hand,  
Made signs for silence ; which obtain'd,  
What means (quoth he) the devil's procession  
With men of orthodox profession ? 760

'Tis ethnic and idolatrous,  
From heathenism deriv'd to us.

Does not the Whore of Babylon ride  
Upon her horned beast astride,  
Like this proud dame, who either is 765

A type of her, or she of this ?

Are things of superstitious function  
Fit to be us'd in gospel sun-shine ?

It is an Antichristian opera,  
Much us'd in midnight times of Popery, 770

Of running after self-inventions  
Of wicked and profane intentions ;

To scandalize that sex for scolding,  
To whom the saints are so beholden.

Women, who were our first apostles, 775  
Without whose aid we had been lost else ;

Women, that left no stone unturn'd  
In which the cause might be concern'd ;

Brought in their children's spoons and whistles,  
To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols ; 780

Their husbands, cullies, and sweet-hearts,  
To take the saints' and churches' parts ;

Drew several gifted brethren in,  
That for the bishops would have been,

And fix'd 'em constant to the party, 785  
With motives powerful and hearty ;

Their husbands robb'd, and made hard shifts  
T' administer unto their gifts

All they could rap, and rend and pilfer,  
To scraps and ends of gold and silver ; 790

Rubb'd down the teachers, tir'd and spent  
With holding forth for Parliament :

Pamper'd and edify'd their zeal  
With marrow-puddings many a meal;  
Enabled them, with store of meat, 795  
On controverted points to eat;  
And cramm'd 'em, till their guts did ake,  
With cawdle, custard, and plum-cake:  
What have they done, or what left undone,  
That might advance the cause at London? 800  
March'd rank and file, with drum and ensign,  
T' intrench the city for defence in;  
Rais'd rampiers with their own soft hands,  
To put the enemy to stands;  
From ladies down to oyster-wenches, 805  
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches;  
Fell to their pick-axes, and tools,  
And help'd the men to dig like moles.  
Have not the handmaids of the city  
Chose of their members a committee, 810  
For raising of a common purse  
Out of their wages to raise horse?  
And do they not as triers sit,  
To judge what officers are fit?  
Have they ——? At that an egg let fly 815  
Hit him directly o'er the eye,  
And running down his cheek, besmear'd  
With orange-tawny slime his beard;  
But beard and slime being of one hue,  
The wound the less appear'd in view. 820  
Then he that on the panniers rode,  
Let fly on th' other side a load,  
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully  
In Ralpho's face another volley.  
The Knight was startled with the smell, 825  
And for his sword began to feel;  
And Ralpho, smother'd with the stink,  
Grasp'd his; when one that bore a link  
O' th' sudden clapp'd his flaming cudgel,  
Like linstock, to the horse's touch-hole; 830  
And straight another with his flambeau,  
Gave Ralpho's o'er the eye a damn'd blow.  
The beasts began to kick and fling,  
And forc'd the rout to make a ring,



Through which they quickly broke their way,  
And brought them off from further fray ;  
And though disorder'd in retreat,  
Each of them stoutly kept his seat :  
For, quitting both their swords and reins,  
They grasp'd with all their strength the manes,  
And, to avoid the foe's pursuit, 841  
With spurring put their cattle to't ;  
And till all four were out of wind,  
And danger too, ne'er look'd behind.  
After th' had paus'd a while, supplying 845  
Their spirits, spent with fight and flying,  
And Hudibras recruited force  
Of lungs, for action or discourse ;  
Quoth he, That man is sure to lose  
That fouls his hands with dirty foes : 850  
For where no honour's to be gain'd,  
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.  
'Twas ill for us we had to do  
With so dishonourable a foe :  
For though the law of arms doth bar 855  
The use of venom'd shot in war,  
Yet, by the nauseous smell, and noisome,  
Their case-shot savours strong of poison ;  
And doubtless have been chew'd with teeth  
Of some that had a stinking breath ; 860  
Else, when we put it to the push,  
They had not giv'n us such a brush.  
But as those poltroons that fling dirt  
Do but defile, but cannot hurt,  
So all the honour they have won, 865  
Or we have lost, is much as one.  
'Twas well we made so resolute  
And brave retreat, without pursuit ;  
For if we had not, we had sped  
Much worse, to be in triumph led ; 870  
Than which the ancients held no state  
Of man's life more unfortunate.  
But if this bold adventure e'er  
Do chance to reach the widow's ear,  
It may, b'ing destin'd to assert 875  
Her sex's honour, reach her heart ;

And as such homely treats (they say)  
 Portend good fortune, so this may.  
 Vespasian being daub'd with dirt,  
 Was destin'd to the empire for't ; 880  
 And from a scavenger did come  
 To be a mighty prince in Rome :  
 And why may not this foul address  
 Presage in love the same success?  
 Then let us straight, to cleanse our wounds,  
 Advance in quest of nearest ponds ; 886  
 And after (as we first design'd)  
 Swear I've perform'd what she enjoin'd.

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### CANTO III.

The Knight, with various doubts possest,  
 To win the Lady goes in quest  
 Of Sidrophel, the Rosy-crucian,  
 To know the dest'nies' resolution :  
 With whom b'ing met, they both chop logic  
 About the science astrologic :  
 Till falling from dispute to fight,  
 The Conjurer's worsted by the Knight.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great  
 Of being cheated, as to cheat ;  
 As lookers-on feel most delight,  
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight ; 5  
 And still the less they understand,  
 The more th' admire his sleight of hand.  
 Some with a noise, and greasy light,  
 Are snapt, as men catch larks by knight ;  
 Ensnar'd and hamper'd by the soul,  
 As nooses by the legs catch fowl. 10  
 Some with a med'cine, and receipt,  
 Are drawn to nibble at the bait ;  
 And tho' it be a two-foot trout,  
 'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.  
 Others believe no voice t' an organ 15  
 So sweet as lawyer's in his bar-gown,

879. 'C. Cæsar succensens, propter curam verrendis  
 viis non adhibitam, luto jussit oppleri congesto per mi  
 lites in prætextæ sinum. Sueton. in Vespas. c. 5.

Until with subtle cobweb-cheats  
Th' are catch'd in knotted law, like nets;  
In which, when once they are imbrangled,  
The more they stir, the more they're tangled;  
And while their purses can dispute, 21  
There's no end of th' immortal suit.

Others still gape t' anticipate  
The cabinet-designs of fate;  
Apply to wizards to foresee 25  
What shall, and what shall never be;  
And, as those vultures do forebode,  
Believe events prove bad or good:  
A flam more senseless than the roguery  
Of old aruspicy and aug'ry, 30  
That out of garbages of cattle  
Presag'd th' events of truce or battle;  
From flight of birds, or chickens pecking,  
Success of great'st attempts would reckon:  
Though cheats, yet more intelligible 35  
Than those that with the stars do fribble.  
This Hudibras by proof found true,  
As in due time and place we'll shew:  
For he, with beard and face made clean,  
B'ing mounted on his steed agen 40  
(And Ralpho got a cock-horse too  
Upon his beast, with much ado),  
Advanc'd on for the Widow's house,  
To acquit himself, and pay his vows;  
When various thoughts began to bustle, 45  
And with his inward man to justle.  
He thought what danger might accrue  
If she should find he swore untrue;  
Or, if his Squire or he should fail,  
And not be punctual in their tale, 50  
It might at once the ruin prove  
Both of his honour, faith, and love.  
But if he should forbear to go,  
She might conclude h' had broke his vow;  
And that he durst not now, for shame, 55  
Appear in court to try his claim.  
This was the pen'worth of his thought,  
To pass time, and uneasy trot.

Quoth he, In all my past adventures  
 I ne'er was set so on the tenters ; 60  
 Or taken tardy with dilemma,  
 That ev'ry way I turn does hem me,  
 And with inextricable doubt  
 Besets my puzzled wits about :  
 For tho' the dame hath been my bail, 65  
 To free me from enchanted jail,  
 Yet as a dog, committed close  
 For some offence, by chance breaks loose,  
 And quits his clog, but all in vain,  
 He still draws after him his chain ; 70  
 So, though my ankle she has quitted,  
 My heart continues still committed :  
 And like a bail'd and mainpriz'd lover,  
 Altho' at large, I am bound over :  
 And when I shall appear in court, 75  
 To plead my cause, and answer for't,  
 Unless the judge do partial prove,  
 What will become of me and love ?  
 For if in our account we vary,  
 Or but in circumstance miscarry ; 80  
 Or if she put me to strict proof,  
 And make me pull my doublet off,  
 To shew, by evident record  
 Writ on my skin, I've kept my word ;  
 How can I e'er expect to have her, 85  
 Having demurr'd unto her favour ?  
 But faith, and love, and honour lost,  
 Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Post.  
 Beside, that stripping may prevent  
 What I'm to prove by argument, 90  
 And justify I have a tail ;  
 And that way, too, my proof may fail.  
 Oh ! that I cou'd enucleate,  
 And solve the problems of my fate ;  
 Or find, by necromantic art, 95  
 How far the dest'nies take my part !  
 For if I were not more than certain  
 To win and wear her, and her fortune,  
 I'd go no farther in this courtship,  
 To hazard soul, estate, and worship : 100

For though an oath obliges not  
Where any thing is to be got,  
(As thou hast prov'd), yet 'tis profane,  
And sinful, when men swear in vain.

Quoth Ralph, Not far from hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel, 106

That deals in destiny's dark counsels,  
And sage opinions of the moon sells;  
To whom all people, far and near,  
On deep importances repair; 110

When brass and pewter hap to stray,  
And linen slinks out of the way;  
When geese and pullen are seduc'd,  
And sows of sucking-pigs are chows'd;  
When cattle feel indisposition, 115

And need th' opinion of physician;  
When murrain reigns in hogs or sheep,  
And chickens languish of the pip;  
When yeast and outward means do fail,  
And have no pow'r to work on ale; 120

When butter does refuse to come,  
And love proves cross and humorsome;  
To him with questions, and with urine,  
They for discov'ry flock, or curing.

Quoth Hudibras, This Sidrophel 125  
I've heard of, and should like it well,  
If thou canst prove the saints have freedom  
To go to sorc'ers when they need 'em.

Says Ralpho, There's no doubt of that;  
Those principles I quoted late 130  
Prove that the godly may allege  
For any thing their privilege;  
And to the dev'l himself may go,  
If they have motives thereunto.

For, as there is a war between 135  
The dev'l and them, it is no sin,  
If they by subtle stratagem  
Make use of him, as he does them.  
Has not this present Parliament  
A Ledger to the devil sent,

140. The witch-finder in Suffolk, who, in the Presbyterian times, had a commission to discover witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caused sixty to be hanged

Fully impower'd to treat about  
 Finding revolted witches out?  
 And has not he, within a year,  
 Hang'd threescore of 'em in one shire?  
 Some only for not being drown'd, 145  
 And some for sitting above ground,  
 Whole days and nights, upon their breeches,  
 And feeling pain, were hang'd for witches;  
 And some for putting knavish tricks  
 Upon green geese and turkey-chicks, 150  
 Or pigs, that suddenly deceast  
 Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guest;  
 Who after prov'd himself a witch,  
 And made a rod for his own breech.  
 Did not the devil appear to Martin 155  
 Luther in Germany for certain?  
 And wou'd have gull'd him with a trick,  
 But Martin was too politic.  
 Did he not help the Dutch to purge  
 At Antwerp their cathedral church? 160  
 Sing catches to the saints at Mascon,  
 And tell them all they came to ask him?  
 Appear'd in divers shapes to Kelly,  
 And speak i' th' Nun of Loudon's belly?

within the compass of one year; and, among the rest, the old minister, who had been a painful preacher for many years

159. In the beginning of the civil wars of Flanders, the common people of Antwerp in a tumult broke open the cathedral church, to demolish images and shrines, and did so much mischief in a small time, that, Strada writes, there were several devils seen very busy among them, otherwise it had been impossible.

161. This devil at Mascon delivered all his oracles, like his forefathers, in verse, which he sung to tunes. He made several lampoons upon the Huguenots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to pass; as may be seen in his Memoirs, written in French.

163 The History of Dr. Dee and the Devil, published by Mer Casaubon, Isaac Fil, prebendary of Canterbury, has a large account of all those passages, in which the style of the true and false angels appears to be penned by one and the same person. The Nun of Loudon, in France, and all her tricks, have been seen by many persons of quality of this nation yet living, who have made very good observations upon the French book written on that occasion.

Meez with the Parliament's committee 165

At Woodstock on a pers'nal treaty?

At Sarum take a cavalier

I' th' cause's service prisoner?

As Withers, in immortal rhyme,

Has register'd to after-time! 170

Do not our great reformers use

This Sidrophel to forebode news?

To write of victories next year,

And castles taken yet i' th' air?

Of battles fought at sea, and ships 175

Sunk two years hence, the last eclipse?

A total overthrow giv'n the king

In Cornwall, horse and foot, next spring?

And has not he point blank foretold

Whats'e'er the close committee would? 180

Made Mars and Saturn for the cause,

The moon for fundamental laws?

The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare

Against the Book of Common Pray'r?

The Scorpion take the Protestation, 185

And Bear engage for Reformation?

Made all the royal stars recant,

Compound and take the Covenant?

Quoth Hudibras, The case is clear,

That saints may 'mploy a conjurer, 190

As thou hast prov'd it by their practice;

No argument like matter of fact is:

And we are best of all led to

Men's principles by what they do.

Then let us straight advance in quest 195

Of this profound gymnosophist;

And as the fates and he advise,

Pursue or waive this enterprise.

This said, he turn'd about his steed,

And eftsoons on th' adventure rid: 200

Where leave we him and Ralph awhile,

And to the conjurer turn our style,

165 A committee of the Long Parliament, sitting in the king's house, in Woodstock Park, were terrified with several apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the news of the whole nation.

167. Withers has a long story, in doggerel, of a soldier in the king's army, who, being a prisoner at Salis-



To let our reader understand  
What's useful of him beforehand.

He had been long t'wards mathematics, 205  
Optics, philosophy, and statics,  
Magic, horoscopy, astrology,  
And was old dog at physiology;  
But as a dog that turns the spit  
Bestirs himself, and plies his feet, 210  
To climb the wheel, but all in vain,  
His own weight brings him down again;  
And still he's in the self-same place  
Where at his setting out he was;  
So in the circle of the arts 215  
Did he advance his nat'ral parts,  
Till falling back still, for retreat,  
He fell to juggle, cant, and cheat:  
For as those fowls that live in water  
Are never wet, he did but smatter: 220  
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,  
His understanding still was clear:  
Yet none a deeper knowledge boasted,  
Since old Hodge Bacon and Bob Grosted.  
Th' intelligible world he knew, 225  
And all men dream on't to be true;  
That in this world there's not a wart  
That has not there a counterpart;  
Nor can there on the face of ground  
An individual beard be found, 230  
That has not in that foreign nation,  
A fellow of the self-same fashion;  
So cut, so colour'd, and so curl'd,  
As those are in th' inferior world.

bury, and drinking a health to the devil upon his knees,  
was carried away by him through a single pane of glass.

224.—Roger Bacon, commonly called Friar Bacon, lived in the reign of our Edward I. and, for some little skill he had in the mathematics, was by the rabble accounted a conjurer, and had the sottish story of the brazen head fathered upon him by the ignorant monks of those days. Robert Grosthead was bishop of Lincoln in the reign of Henry III. He was a learned man for those times, and for that reason suspected by the clergy to be a conjurer; for which crime being degraded by Pope Innocent IV. and summoned to appear at Rome, he appealed to the tribunal of Christ; which our lawyers say is illegal, if not a præmunire, for offering to sue in a foreign court.

H' had read Dee's prefaces before, 235  
The dev'l, and Euclid, o'er and o'er;  
And all the intrigues 'twixt him and Kelly,  
Lescus and th' emperor, wou'd tell ye;  
But with the moon was more familiar  
Than e'er was almanack well-willer; 240  
Her secrets understood so clear,  
That some believ'd he had been there;  
Knew when she was in fittest mood  
For cutting corns, or letting blood;  
When for anointing scabs or itches, 245  
Or to the bum applying leeches;  
When sows and bitches may be spay'd,  
And in what sign best cyder's made;  
Whether the wane be, or increase,  
Best to set garlic, or sow peas; 250  
Who first found out the Man i' th' Moon,  
That to the ancients was unknown;  
How many dukes, and earls, and peers,  
Are in the planetary spheres;  
Their airy empire and command, 255  
Their sev'ral strengths by sea and land;  
What factions th' have, and what they drive at  
In public vogue, or what in private;  
With what designs and interests  
Each party manages contests. 260  
He made an instrument to know  
If the moon shine at full or no;  
That wou'd, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate;  
Tell what her d'meter t' an inch is, 265  
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.  
It wou'd demonstrate, that the Man in  
The Moon's a sea Mediterranean;  
And that it is no dog nor bitch,  
That stands behind him at his breech, 270  
But a huge Caspian Sea, or lake,  
With arms, which men for legs mistake;  
How large a gulf his tail composes,  
And what a goodly bay his nose is;  
How many German leagues by th' scale 275  
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail,

He made a planetary gin,  
 Which rats would run their own heads in,  
 And came on purpose to be taken,  
 Without th' expense of cheese or bacon. 280  
 With lute-strings he would counterfeit  
 Maggots that crawl on dish of meat :  
 Quote moles and spots on any place  
 O' th' body, by the index face :  
 Detect lost maidenheads by sneezing, 285  
 Or breaking wind of dames, or pissing ;  
 Cure warts and corns with application  
 Of med'cines to th' imagination,  
 Fright agues into dogs, and scare  
 With rhymes the tooth-ache and catarrh : 290  
 Chase evil spirits away by dint  
 Of sickle, horse-shoe, hollow-flint ;  
 Spit fire out of a walnut-shell,  
 Which made the Roman slaves rebel ;  
 And fire a mine in China here, 295  
 With sympathetic gunpowder.  
 He knew what's ever's to be known,  
 But much more than he knew would own :  
 What med'cine 'twas that Paracelsus  
 Could make a man with, as he tells us ; 300  
 What figur'd slates are best to make  
 On wat'ry surface duck or drake ;  
 What bowling-stones, in running race  
 Upon a board, have swiftest pace ;  
 Whether a pulse beat in the black 305  
 List of a dappled louse's back ;  
 If systole or diastole move  
 Quickest when he's in wrath or love ;  
 When two of them do run a race,  
 Whether they gallop, trot, or pace ; 310  
 How many scores a flea will jump,  
 Of his own length, from head to rump ;  
 Which Socrates and Chærephon,  
 In vain, assay'd so long ago ;  
 Whether his snout a perfect nose is, 315  
 And not an elephant's proboscis ;

313. Aristophanes, in his comedy of *The Clouds*, brings in Socrates and Chærephon, measuring the leap of a flea, from the one's beard to the other's.

How many diff'rent species  
Of maggots breed in rotten cheese ;  
And which are next of kin to those  
Engender'd in a chandler's nose ; 320  
Or those not seen, but understood,  
That live in vinegar and wood.

A paltry wretch he had, half-starv'd,  
That him in place of Zany serv'd,  
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw, 325  
Not wine, but more unwholesome law ;  
To make 'twixt words and lines huge gaps,  
Wide as meridians in maps ;  
To squander paper, and spare ink,  
Or cheat men of their words, some think. 330  
From this, by merited degrees,  
He'd to more high advancement rise ;  
To be an under conjurer,  
Or journeyman astrologer.  
His business was to pump and wheedle, 335  
And men with their own keys unriddle ;  
To make them to themselves give answers,  
For which they pay the necromancers ;  
To fetch and carry intelligence,  
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence,  
And all discoveries disperse 341  
Among th' whole pack of conjurers ;  
What cut-purses have left with them,  
For the right owners to redeem ;  
And what they dare not vent find out, 345  
To gain themselves and th' art repute ;  
Draw figures, schemes, and horoscopes,  
Of Newgate, Bridewell, brokers' shops,  
Of thieves ascendant in the cart,  
And find out all by rules of art ; 350  
Which way a serving man, that's run  
With clothes or money away, is gone ;  
Who pick'd a fob at holding forth,  
And where a watch, for half the worth,  
May be redeem'd ; or stolen plate 355  
Restor'd at conscionable rate.  
Beside all this, he serv'd his master  
In quality of poetaster ;

And rhymes appropriate could make  
 To ev'ry month i' th' almanack ; 360  
 When terms begin and end could tell,  
 With their returns, in doggerel :  
 When the Exchequer opes and shuts,  
 And sow-gelder with safety cuts ;  
 When men may eat and drink their fill, 365  
 And when be temp'rate if they will ;  
 When use, and when abstain from vice,  
 Figs, grapes, phlebotomy, and spice.  
 And as in prison mean rogues beat  
 Hemp for the service of the great, 370  
 So Whachum beat his dirty brains,  
 T' advance his master's fame and gains,  
 And like the devil's oracles,  
 Put into dogg'rel rhymes his spells,  
 Which, over ev'ry month's blank page 375  
 I' th' almanack, strange bilks presage.  
 He would an elegy compose  
 On maggots squeez'd out of his nose :  
 In lyric numbers write an ode on  
 His mistress eating a black-pudding ; 380  
 And when imprison'd air escap'd her,  
 It put him with poetic rapture.  
 His sonnets charm'd th' attentive crowd,  
 By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,  
 That, circl'd with his long-ear'd guests, 385  
 Like Orpheus look'd among the beasts.  
 A carman's horse could not pass by,  
 But stood ty'd up to poetry :  
 No porter's burden pass'd along,  
 But serv'd for burden to his song : 390  
 Each window like a pill'ry appears,  
 With heads thrust through, nail'd by the ears :  
 All trades run in as to the sight  
 Of monsters, or their dear delight,  
 The gallows-tree, when cutting purse 395  
 Breeds bus'ness for heroic verse,  
 Which none does hear but would have hung  
 T' have been the theme of such a song.  
 Those two together long had liv'd,  
 In mansion prudently contriv'd, 400

Where neither tree nor house could bar  
 The free detection of a star ;  
 And nigh an ancient obelisk  
 Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk,  
 On which was written, not in words, 405  
 But hieroglyphic mute of birds,  
 Many rare pithy saws concerning  
 The worth of astrologic learning.  
 From top of this there hung a rope,  
 To which he fasten'd telescope : 410  
 The spectacles with which the stars  
 He reads in smallest characters.  
 It happen'd as a boy, one night,  
 Did fly his tarsel of a kite,  
 The strangest long-wing'd hawk that flies, 415  
 That, like a bird of Paradise,  
 Or herald's martlet, has no legs,  
 Nor hatches young ones, nor lays eggs ;  
 His train was six yards long, milk-white  
 At th' end of which there hung a light, 420  
 Inclos'd in lantern, made of paper,  
 That far off like a star did appear :  
 This Sidrophel by chance espy'd,  
 And with amazement staring wide,  
 Bless us ! quoth he, what dreadful wonder 425  
 Is that appears in Heaven yonder ?  
 A comet, and without a beard !  
 Or star that ne'er before appear'd ?  
 I'm certain 'tis not in the scrawl  
 Of all those beasts, and fish, and fowl, 430  
 With which, like Indian plantations,  
 The learned stock the constellations ;  
 Nor those that drawn for signs have been  
 To th' houses where the planets inn.  
 It must be supernatural, 435  
 Unless it be that cannon-ball

404. 'This Fisk was a late famous astrologer, who flourished about the time of Subtile and Face, and was equally celebrated by Ben Jonson.

436. This experiment was tried by some foreign virtuosos, who planted a piece of ordnance point blank against the zenith, and having fired it, the bullet never rebounded back again ; which made them all conclude

That, shot i' th' air point-blank upright,  
 Was borne to that prodigious height,  
 That, learn'd philosophers maintain.  
 It ne'er came backwards down again, 440  
 But in the airy region yet  
 Hangs, like the body of Mahomet :  
 For if it be above the shade  
 That by the earth's round bulk is made,  
 'Tis probable it may from far 445  
 Appear no bullet, but a star.

This said, he to his engine flew,  
 Plac'd near at hand, in open view,  
 And rais'd it till it levell'd right  
 Against the glow-worm tail of kite ; 450  
 Then peeping through, Bless us ! (quoth he)  
 It is a planet, now, I see ;  
 And, if I err not, by his proper  
 Figure, that's like tobacco-stopper,  
 It should be Saturn. Yes, 'tis clear 455  
 'Tis Saturn ; but what makes him there ?  
 He's got between the dragon's tail  
 And farther leg behind o' th' whale.  
 Pray heav'n avert the fatal omen,  
 For 'tis a prodigy not common ; 460  
 And can no less than the world's end,  
 Or Nature's funeral, portend.  
 With that he fell again to pry  
 Thro' perspective more wistfully,  
 When by mischance the fatal string, 465  
 That kept the tow'ring fowl on wing,  
 Breaking, down fell the star. Well shot,  
 Quoth Whachum, who right wisely thought  
 H' had levell'd at a star, and hit it :  
 But Sidrophel, more subtle-witted, 470  
 Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful  
 Portent is this, to see a star fall ?  
 It threatens nature, and the doom  
 Will not be long before it come !  
 When stars do fall, 'tis plain enough, 475  
 The day of judgment's not far off ;

that it sticks in the mark ; but Descartes was of opinion  
 that it does but hang in the air



As lately 'twas reveal'd to Sedgwick,  
 And some of us find out by magic.  
 'Then since the time we have to live  
 In this world's shorten'd, let us strive 480  
 To make our best advantage of it,  
 And pay our losses with our profit.

This feat fell out not long before  
 The Knight, upon the forenam'd score,  
 In quest of Sidrophel advancing 485  
 Was now in prospect of the mansion;  
 Whom he discov'ring, turn'd his glass,  
 And found far off 'twas Hudibras.

Whachum, (quoth he), look yonder, some  
 To try or use our art are come : 490  
 The one's the learned Knight : seek out,  
 And pump 'em what they come about.  
 Whachum advanc'd, with all submiss'ness,  
 T' accost 'em, but much more their bus'ness :  
 He held a stirrup, while the Knight 495  
 From leathern bare-bones did alight ;  
 And taking from his hand the bridle,  
 Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle.  
 He gave him first the time o' th' day,  
 And welcom'd him, as he might say : 500  
 He ask'd him whence they came, and whither  
 Their bus'ness lay ? Quoth Ralpo, Hither.  
 Did you not lose ? Quoth Ralpo, Nay,  
 Quoth Whachum, Sir, I meant your way !  
 Your Knight—Quoth Ralpo, Is a lover, 505  
 And pains intolerable doth suffer :  
 For lovers' hearts are not their own hearts,  
 Nor lights, nor lungs, and so forth downwards  
 What time, (quoth Whachum) Sir?—Too long ;  
 Three years it off and on has hung.— 510  
 Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' day 'tis—  
 Quoth Ralpo, Between seven and eight 'tis.—  
 Why then (quoth Whachum), my small art  
 Tells me, the dame has a hard heart,

477. This Sedgwick had many persons (and some of quality) that believed in him, and prepared to keep the day of judgment with him, but were disappointed ; for which the false prophet was afterwards called by the name of Doomsday Sedgwick.

Or great estate.—Quoth Ralpho, A jointure,  
 Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.  
 Meanwhile the Knight was making water,  
 Before he fell upon the matter,  
 Which having done, the Wizard steps in,  
 To give him suitable reception; 520  
 But kept his bus'ness at a bay,  
 Till Whachum put him in the way;  
 Who having now, by Ralpho's light,  
 Expounded th' errand of the Knight,  
 And what he came to know, drew near, 525  
 To whisper in the conj'rer's ear,  
 Which he prevented thus: What was't,  
 Quoth he, that I was saying last,  
 Before these gentlemen arriv'd?  
 Quoth Whachum, Venus you retriev'd, 530  
 In opposition with Mars,  
 And no benign and friendly stars  
 T' allay the effect—Quoth Wizard, So!  
 In Virgo? Ha!—Quoth Whachum, No.  
 Has Saturn nothing to do in it? 535  
 One tenth of 's circle to a minute.  
 'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuse  
 This rudeness I am forc'd to use:  
 It is a scheme and face of Heaven,  
 As th' aspects are dispos'd this even, 540  
 I was contemplating upon  
 When you arriv'd; but now I've done.  
 Quoth Hudibras, If I appear  
 Unseasonable in coming here  
 At such a time, to interrupt 545  
 Your speculations, which I hop'd  
 Assistance from, and come to use,  
 'Tis fit that I ask your excuse.  
 By no means, Sir, quoth Sidrophel;  
 The stars your coming did foretel: 550  
 I did expect you here, and knew,  
 Before you spake, your bus'ness too.  
 Quoth Hudibras, Make that appear,  
 And I shall credit whatsoe'er  
 You tell me after on your word, 555  
 Howe'er unlikely or absurd.

You are in love, Sir, with a widow,  
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,  
And for three years has rid your wit  
And passion without drawing bit ; 560  
And now your bus'ness is to know,  
If you shall carry her or no.

Quoth Hudibras, You're in the right ;  
But how the devil you came by't  
I can't imagine ; for the stars, 565  
I'm sure, can tell no more than a horse ;  
Nor can their aspects (though you pore  
Your eyes out on 'em) tell you more  
Than th' oracle of sieve and shears,  
That turns as certain as the spheres : 570  
But if the devil's of your council,  
Much may be done, my noble Donzel ;  
And 'tis on his account I come,  
To know from you my fatal doom.

Quoth Sidrophel, If you suppose, 575  
Sir Knight, that I am one of those,  
I might suspect, and take the alarm,  
Your bus'ness is but to inform ;  
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near ;  
You have a wrong sow by the ear ; 580  
For I assure you, for my part,  
I only deal by rules of art,  
Such as are lawful, and judge by  
Conclusions of astrology :  
But for the dev'l, know nothing by him ; 585  
But only this, that I defy him.

Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,  
I understand your metonymy :  
Your words of second-hand intention,  
When things by wrongful names you mention ;  
The mystic sense of all your terms, 591  
That are, indeed, but magic charms  
To raise the devil, and mean one thing,  
And that is downright conjuring ;  
And in itself more warrantable, 595  
Than cheat or canting to a rabble,  
Or putting tricks upon the moon,  
Which by confed'racy are done.

Your ancient conjurers were wont  
 To make her from her sphere dismount, 600  
 And to their incantations stoop:  
 They scorn'd to pore through telescope,  
 Or idly play at bo-peep with her,  
 To find out cloudy or fair weather,  
 Which ev'ry almanack can tell, 605  
 Perhaps, as learnedly and well  
 As you yourself.—Then, friend, I doubt  
 You go the farthest way about.  
 Your modern Indian magician  
 Makes but a hole in th' earth to piss in, 610  
 And straight resolves all questions by't,  
 And seldom fails to be i' th' right.  
 The Rosy-crucian way's more sure  
 To bring the devil to the lure;  
 Each of 'em has a sev'ral gin 615  
 To catch intelligence in.  
 Some by the nose with fumes trepan 'em,  
 As Dunstan did the devil's grannam;  
 Others with characters and words  
 Catch 'em, as men in nets do birds; 620  
 And some with symbols, signs, and tricks,  
 Engrav'd with planetary nicks,  
 With their own influences will fetch 'em  
 Down from their orbs, arrest, and catch 'em;  
 Make 'em depose and answer to 625  
 All questions, ere they let them go.  
 Bombastus kept a devil's bird  
 Shut in the pummel of his sword,  
 That taught him all the cunning pranks  
 Of past and future mountebanks. 630

609. This compendious new way of magic is affirmed by Monsieur Le Blanc (in his travels) to be used in the East Indies.

627. Paracelsus is said to have kept a small devil prisoner in the pummel of his sword, which was the reason, perhaps, why he was so valiant in his drink. However, it was to better purpose than Hannibal carried poison in his, to dispatch himself, if he should happen to be surprised in any great extremity; for the sword would have done the feat alone much better, and more soldier-like; and it was below the honour of so great a commander to go out of the world like a rat.

Kelly did all his feats upon  
 The devil's looking-glass, a stone ;  
 Where playing with him at bo-peep,  
 He solv'd all problems ne'er so deep.  
 Agrippa kept a Stygian pug, 635  
 I' th' garb and habit of a dog,  
 That was his tutor, and the cur  
 Read to th' occult philosopher,  
 And taught him subt'ly to maintain  
 All other sciences are vain. 640

To this, quoth Sidrophello, Sir,  
 Agrippa was no conjurer,  
 Nor Paracelsus, no, nor Behmen ;  
 Nor was the dog a Cacodæmon,  
 But a true dog, that would show tricks 645  
 For th' emperor, and leap o'er sticks ;  
 Would fetch and carry ; was more civil  
 Than other dogs, but yet no devil ;  
 And whatsoe'er he's said to do,  
 He went the self-same way we go. 650  
 As for the Rosy-cross philosophers,  
 Whom you will have to be but sorcerers,  
 What they pretend to is no more  
 Than Trismegistus did before,  
 Pythagoras, old Zoroaster, 655  
 And Apollonius their master ;  
 To whom they do confess they owe  
 All that they do, and all they know.

Quoth Hudibras, Alas, what is't t' us  
 Whether 'twas said by Trismegistus, 560  
 If it be nonsense, false, or mystic,  
 Or not intelligible, or sophistic ?  
 'Tis not antiquity nor author,  
 That makes Truth truth, altho' Time's daughter ;  
 'Twas he that put her in the pit 665  
 Before he pull'd her out of it ;

635. Cornelius Agrippa had a dog that was suspected to be a spirit, for some tricks he was wont to do beyond the capacity of a dog, as it was thought ; but the author of *Magia Ademica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the doctor and the dog from the aspersion, in which he has shown a very great respect and kindness for them both.

And as he eats his sons, just so  
 He feeds upon his daughters too.  
 Nor does it follow, 'cause a herald  
 Can make a gentleman, scarce a year old, 670  
 To be descended of a race  
 Of ancient kings in a small space,  
 That we should all opinions hold  
 Authentic that we can make old.

Quoth Sidrophel, It is no part 675  
 Of prudence to cry down an art,  
 And what it may perform deny,  
 Because you understand not why  
 (As Averrhois play'd but a mean trick  
 To damn our whole art for eccentric :) 680  
 For who knows all that knowledge contains?  
 Men dwell not on the tops of mountains,  
 But on their sides, or rising's seat;  
 So 'tis with knowledge's vast height.  
 Do not the hist'ries of all ages 685  
 Relate miraculous presages,  
 Of strange turns in the world's affairs,  
 Foreseen b' astrologers, soothsayers,  
 Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacs,  
 And some that have writ almanacks? 690  
 The Median emp'ror dreamt his daughter  
 Had pist all Asia under water,  
 And that a vine sprung from her haunches,  
 O'erspread his empire with its branches:  
 And did not soothsayers expound it, 695  
 As after by th' event he found it?  
 When Cæsar in the senate fell,  
 Did not the sun eclips'd foretel,  
 And in resentment of his slaughter,  
 Look'd pale for almost a year after? 700

679. Averrhois astronomiam propter excentricos contempsit. Phil. Melancthon in Elim. Phil. p. 781.

691. Astyages, king of Media, had this dream of his daughter Mandane, and the interpretation from the Magi; whereof he married her to a Persian of a mean quality, by whom she had Cyrus, who conquered all Asia, and translated the empire from the Medes to the Persians. Herodot. l. 1.

697. Fiant aliquando prodigioso, et longiores solis defectus, quales occiso dictatore Cæsare et Antoniano bello, totius anni pallore continuo. Phil.

Augustus having b' oversight,  
 Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,  
 Had like to have been slain that day  
 By soldiers mutn'ing for pay.  
 Are there not myriads of this sort, 705  
 Which stories of all times report?  
 It is not ominous in all countries  
 When crows and ravens croak upon trees?  
 The Roman senate, when within  
 The city walls an owl was seen, 710  
 Did cause their clergy, with lustrations  
 (Our synod calls humiliations,)  
 The round-fac'd prodigy t' avert  
 From doing town or country hurt:  
 And if an owl had so much pow'r, 715  
 Why should not planets have much more,  
 That in a region far above  
 Inferior fowls of the air move,  
 And should see farther, and foreknow  
 More than their augury below? 720  
 Though that once serv'd the polity  
 Of mighty states to govern by;  
 And this is what we take in hand  
 By pow'rful art to understand;  
 Which, how we have perform'd all ages 725  
 Can speak the events of our presages;  
 Have we not lately, in the moon,  
 Found a new world, to th' old unknown?  
 Discover'd sea and land, Columbus  
 And Magellan could never compass? 730  
 Made mountains with our tubes appear,  
 And cattle grazing on 'em there?

Quoth Hudibras, You lie so ope,  
 That I, without a telescope,  
 Can find your tricks out, and descry 735  
 Where you tell truth, and where you lie:  
 For Anaxagoras, long ago,  
 Saw hills, as well as you, i' th' moon;

701. Divus Augustus lævum sibi prodidit calceum præpostere indutum, qua die seditione militum prope afflicto est. Idem, l. 2.

709. Romani L. Crasso et C. Mario Coss. Bubone viso orbem lusfrabant.

737 Anaxagoras affirmabat solem candens ferrum



And held the sun was but a piece  
 Of red-hot ir'n, as big as Greece ; 740  
 Believ'd the Heav'ns were made of stone,  
 Because the sun had voided one ;  
 And, rather than he would recant  
 Th' opinion, suffer'd banishment.

But what, alas ! is it to us, 745  
 Whether i' th' moon men thus or thus  
 Do eat their porridge, cut their corns,  
 Or whether they have tails or horns ?  
 What trade from thence can you advance,  
 But what we nearer have from France ? 750  
 What can our travellers bring home,  
 That is not to be learnt at Rome ?  
 What politics, or strange opinions,  
 That are not in our own dominions ?  
 What science can be brought from thence, 755  
 In which we do not here commence ?  
 What revelations, or religions,  
 That are not in our native regions ?  
 Are sweating lanterns, or screen-fans,  
 Made better there than th' are in France ? 760  
 Or do they teach to sing and play  
 O' th' guitar there a newer way ?  
 Can they make plays there, that shall fit  
 The public humour, with less wit ?  
 Write wittier dances, quainter shows, 765  
 Or fight with more ingenious blows ?  
 Or does the Man i' th' Moon look big,  
 And wear a huger periwig,  
 Show in his gait or face more tricks  
 Than our own native lunatics ? 770  
 And if w' outdo him here at home,  
 What good of your design can come ?  
 As wind, i' th' hypocondries pent,  
 Is but a blast if downward sent,  
 But if it upward chance to fly, 775  
 Becomes new Light and prophecy ;

esse, et Peloponneso majorem : lunam habitacula in se habere, et Colles, et valles. Fertur dixisse cœlum omne ex lapidibus esse compositum ; damnatus et in exilium pulsus est, quod impie solem candentem laminam esse dixisset. Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

So when your speculations tend  
Above their just and useful end,  
Although they promise strange and great  
Discoveries of things far fet, 780

They are but idle dreams and fancies,  
And savour strongly of the ganzas.  
Tell me but what's the natural cause,  
Why on a sign no painter draws  
The full moon ever, but the half? 785

Resolve that with your Jacob's staff;  
Or why wolves raise a hubbub at her,  
And dogs howl when she shines in water;  
And I shall freely give my vote,  
You may know something more remote. 790

At this deep Sidrophel look'd wise,  
And staring round with owl-like eyes,  
He put his face into a posture  
Of sapience, and began to bluster:  
For having three times shook his head 795  
To stir his wit up, thus he said:

Art has no mortal enemies,  
Next ignorance, but owls and geese:  
Those consecrated geese in orders,  
That to the Capitol were warders; 800  
And being then upon patrol,

With noise alone beat off the Gaul:  
Or those Athenian sceptic owls,  
That will not credit their own souls;  
Or any science understand, 805

Beyond the reach of eye or hand;  
But meas'ring all things by their own  
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:  
Those wholesale critics, that in coffee-  
Houses cry down all philosophy, 810

And will not know upon what ground  
In nature we our doctrine found,  
Altho' with pregnant evidence  
We can demonstrate it to sense,  
As I just now have done to you, 815

Foretelling what you came to know.  
Were the stars only made to light  
Robbers and burglarers by night?

To wait on drunkards, thieves, gold-finders,  
 And lovers solacing behind doors, 820  
 Or giving one another pledges  
 Of matrimony under hedges?  
 Or witches simpling, and on gibbets  
 Cutting from malefactors snippets?  
 Or from the pillory tips of ears 825  
 Of rebel saints and perjurers?  
 Only to stand by, and look on,  
 But not know what is said or done?  
 Is there a constellation there  
 That was not born and bred up here; 830  
 And therefore cannot be to learn  
 In any inferior concern?  
 Were they not, during all their lives,  
 Most of 'em pirates, whores, and thieves?  
 And is it like they have not still 835  
 In their old practices some skill?  
 Is there a planet that by birth  
 Does not derive its house from earth?  
 And therefore probably must know  
 What is and hath been done below. 840  
 Who made the Balance, or whence came  
 The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?  
 Did not we here the Argo rig?  
 Make Berenice's periwig?  
 Whose liv'ry does the Coachman wear? 845  
 Or who made Cassiopeia's chair?  
 And therefore, as they came from hence,  
 With us may hold intelligence.  
 Plato deny'd the world can be  
 Govern'd without geometry, 850  
 (For money b'ing the common scale  
 Of things by measure, weight, and tale,  
 In all th' affairs of church and state,  
 'Tis both the balance and the weight);  
 Then much less can it be without 855  
 Divine astrology made out;  
 That puts the other down in worth,  
 And far as heav'n 's above the earth.  
 These reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant  
 Are something more significant 860

Than any that the learned use  
 Upon this subject to produce ;  
 And yet th' are far from satisfactory,  
 T' establish and keep up your factory.  
 Th' Egyptians say, the Sun has twice 865  
 Shifted his setting and his rise ;  
 Twice has he risen in the west,  
 As many times set in the east :  
 But whether that be true or no,  
 The devil any of you know. 870  
 Some hold the heavens, like a top,  
 Are kept by circulation up,  
 And, wer't not for their wheeling round,  
 They'd instantly fall to the ground :  
 As sage Empedocles of old, 875  
 And from him modern authors hold.  
 Plato believ'd the Sun and Moon  
 Below all other planets run.  
 Some Mercury, some Venus, seat  
 Above the Sun himself in height. 880  
 The learned Scaliger complain'd,  
 'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,  
 That, in twelve hundred years and odd,  
 The Sun had left its ancient road,  
 And nearer to the earth is come 885  
 'Bove fifty thousand miles from home :  
 Swore 'twas a most notorious flam ;  
 And he that had so little shame  
 To vent such fopperies abroad,  
 Deserv'd to have his rump well claw'd ; 890

865. Egyptii decem millia annorum et amplius, recensent ; et observatum est in hoc tanto spatio, bis mutata esse loca ortuum et occasuum solis, ita ut sol bis ortus sit ubi nunc occidit, et bis descenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. lib. i. p. 60.

871. Causa quare cælum non cadit (secundum Empedoclem) est velocitas sui motus. Comment. in lib. ii. Arist. de Cælo.

877. Plato solem et lunam cæteris planetis inferiores esse putavit. G. Gunnin in Cosmog. lib. i. p. 11.

881. Copernicus in Libris Revolutionem, deinde Reinholdus, post etiam Stadius mathematici nobiles perspicuis demonstrationibus docuerunt, solis apsida terris esse propiorem, quam, Ptolemæi ætate duodecim partibus, i. e. uno et triginta terræ semidiameteris. Jo. Bod. Met. Hist. p. 455

Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore  
 That he deserv'd the rod much more,  
 That durst upon a truth give doom,  
 He knew less than the Pope of Rome.  
 Cardan believ'd great states depend 895  
 Upon the tip o' th' Bear's tail's end;  
 That, as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,  
 Strew'd mighty empires up and down;  
 Which others say must needs be false,  
 Because your true bears have no tails. 900  
 Some say the Zodiac constellations  
 Have long since chang'd their antique stations  
 Above a sign, and prove the same  
 In Taurus now, once in the Ram;  
 Affirm the trigons chopp'd and chang'd, 905  
 The wat'ry with the fiery rang'd:  
 Then how can their effects still hold  
 To be the same they were of old?  
 This, though the art were true, would make  
 Our modern soothsayers mistake: 910  
 And in one cause they tell more lies,  
 In figures and nativities,  
 Than th' old Chaldean conjurers  
 In so many hundred thousand years;  
 Beside their nonsense in translating, 915  
 For want of accidence and Latin,  
 Like Idus, and Calendæ, Englisht  
 The quarter-days, by skilful linguist;  
 And yet with canting, sleight, and cheat,  
 'Twill serve their turn to do the feat; 920  
 Make fools believe in their foreseeing  
 Of things before they are in being;  
 To swallow gudgeons ere th' are catch'd,  
 And count their chickens ere th' are hatch'd;  
 Make them the constellations prompt, 925  
 And give 'em back their own accompt;  
 But still the best to him that gives  
 The best price for't, or best believes.

895. Putat Cardanus, ab extrema carda Halices seu Majoris Ursæ omne magnum imperium pendere. Id. p. 325

913. Chaldæi jactant se quadringinta septuaginta annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundisque puerorum animis possuisse. Cicero.

Some towns and cities, some, for brevity,  
Have cut the 'versal world's nativity, 930  
And made the infant-stars confess,  
Like fools or children, what they please.  
Some calculate the hidden fates  
Of monkeys, puppy-dogs, and cats ;  
Some running-nags and fighting-cocks, 935  
Some love, trade, law-suits, and the pox :  
Some take a measure of the lives  
Of fathers, mothers, husbands, wives :  
Make opposition, trine, and quartile,  
Tell who is barren, and who fertile ; 940  
As if the planets' first aspect  
The tender infant did infect  
In soul and body, and instil  
All future good, and future ill ;  
Which, in their dark fatalities lurking, 945  
At destin'd periods fall a working ;  
And break out, like the hidden seeds  
Of long diseases, into deeds,  
In friendships, enmities, and strife,  
And all th' emergencies of life. 950  
No sooner does he peep into  
The world, but he has done his do :  
Catch'd all diseases, took all physic  
That cures or kills a man that is sick ;  
Marry'd his punctual dose of wives ; 955  
Is cuckolded, and breaks or thrives.  
There's but the twinkling of a star  
Between a man of peace and war ;  
A thief and justice, fool and knave,  
A huffing officer and a slave ; 960  
A crafty lawyer and a pick-pocket,  
A great philosopher and a blockhead ;  
A formal preacher and a player,  
A learn'd physician and manslayer.  
As if men from the stars did suck 965  
Old age, diseases, and ill-luck,  
Wit, folly, honour, virtue, vice,  
Trade, travel, women, claps, and dice ;  
And draw, with the first air they breathe,  
Battle and murder, sudden death. 970

And not these fine commodities  
 To be imported from the skies,  
 And vended here amongst the rabble,  
 For staple goods and warrantable?  
 Like money by the Druids borrow'd, 975  
 In th' other world to be restor'd?

Quoth Sidrophel, To let you know  
 You wrong the art, and artists too,  
 Since arguments are lost on those  
 That do our principles oppose, 980  
 I will (although I've done't before)  
 Demonstrate to your sense once more,  
 And draw a figure, that shall tell you,  
 What you, perhaps, forget befel you,  
 By way of horary inspection, 985  
 Which some account our worst erection.  
 With that he circles draws, and squares.  
 With cyphers, astral characters;  
 Then looks 'em o'er, to understand 'em,  
 Although set down hab-nab, at random. 990

Quoth he, This scheme of th' heavens set,  
 Discovers how in fight you met.  
 At Kingston, with a May-pole idol, [well;  
 And that y' were bang'd both back and side  
 And though you overcame the bear, 995  
 The dogs beat you at Brentford fair;  
 Where sturdy butchers broke your noddle,  
 And handled you like a fop-doodle.

Quoth Hudibras, I now perceive  
 You are no conj'rer, by your leave: 1000  
 That paltry story is untrue,  
 And forg'd to cheat such gulls as you.

Not true? quoth he; howe'er you vapour,  
 I can what I affirm makè appear:

975. *Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in posteriore vita reddituri.* Patricius, tom. ii. p. 9.

1001. There was a notorious idiot (that is here described by the name and character of Whachum) who counterfeited a second part of Hudibras, as untowardly as Captain Po, who could not write himself, and yet made a shift to stand on the pillory for forging other men's hands, as his fellow Whachum no doubt deserved; in whose abominable doggerel this story of Hudibras and a French mountebank at Brentford fair is as properly described.



Whachum shall justify it t' your face, 1005  
 And prove he was upon the place.  
 He play'd the Saltinbancho's part,  
 Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my art:  
 He stole your cloak, and pick'd your pocket,  
 Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a blockhead: 1010  
 And what you lost I can produce,  
 If you deny it, here i' th' house.

Quoth Hudibras, I do believe  
 That argument's demonstrative.  
 Ralpho, bear witness; and go fetch us 1015  
 A constable to seize the wretches:  
 For though th' are both false knaves and cheats,  
 Imposters, jugglers, counterfeits,  
 I'll make them serve for perpendiculars,  
 As true as e'er were us'd by bricklayers. 1020  
 They're guilty, by their own confessions,  
 Of felony; and at the sessions,  
 Upon the bench, I will so handle 'em,  
 That the vibration of this pendulum  
 Shall make all tailors' yards of one 1025  
 Unanimous opinion;  
 A thing he long has vapour'd of,  
 But now shall make it out by proof.

Quoth Sidrophel, I do not doubt  
 To find friends that will bear me out: 1030  
 Nor have I hazarded my art,  
 And neck, so long on the state's part,  
 To be expos'd i' th' end to suffer  
 By such a braggadocio huffer.

1024. The device of the vibration of a pendulum was intended to settle a certain measure of ells and yards &c. (that should have its foundation in nature) all the world over: for by swinging a weight at the end of a string, and calculating by the motion of the sun, or any star, how long the vibration would last, in proportion to the length of the string, and weight of the pendulum, they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of time compute the exact length of any string that must necessarily vibrate into so much space of time; so that if a man should ask in China for a quarter of an hour of satin, or taffeta, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all mankind learn a new way to measure things no more by the yard, foot, or inch, but by the hour, quarter, and minute.

Huffer ! quoth Hudibras : this sword 1035  
 Shall down thy false throat cram that word.  
 Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,  
 To apprehend this Stygian sophister ;  
 Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a bay,  
 Lest he and Whachum run away. 1040

But Sidrophel, who, from th' aspect  
 Of Hudibras, did now erect  
 A figure worse portending far  
 Than that of a malignant star,  
 Believ'd it now the fittest moment 1045  
 To shun the danger that might come on't,  
 While Hudibras was all alone,  
 And he and Whachum, two to one.

This being resolv'd, he spy'd, by chance,  
 Behind the door, an iron lance, 1050  
 That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,  
 And legs, and loins, and shoulders bor'd :  
 He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,  
 To make his way through Hudibras.

Whachum had got a fire-fork, 1055  
 With which he vow'd to do his work.

But Hudibras was well prepar'd,  
 And stoutly stood upon his guard ;  
 He put by Sidrophello's thrust,  
 And in right manfully he rusht : 1060  
 The weapon from his gripe he wrung,  
 And laid him on the earth along.

Whachum his sea-coal prong threw by,  
 And basely turn'd his back to fly :  
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch 1065  
 As quick as lightning in the breech,  
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,  
 As wise philosophers have judg'd :  
 Because a kick in that place more  
 Hurts honour than deep wounds before. 1070

Quoth Hudibras, The stars determine  
 You are my prisoners, base vermin !  
 Could they not tell you so as well  
 As what I came to know foretel ?  
 By this what cheats you are we find, 1075  
 That in your own concerns are blind.

Your lives are now at my dispose,  
 To be redeem'd by fine or blows :  
 But who his honour would defile,  
 To take or sell two lives so vile? 1080  
 I'll give you quarter ; but your pillage,  
 The conqu'ring warrior's crop and tillage,  
 Which with his sword he reaps and ploughs,  
 That's mine, the law of arms allows.

This said in haste, in haste he fell 1085  
 To rummaging of Sidrophel.

First, he expounded both his pockets,  
 And found a watch with rings and lockets,  
 Which had been left with him t' erect  
 A figure for, and so detect ; 1090

A copper-plate, with almanacks  
 Engrav'd upon 't ; with other knacks  
 Of Booker's, Lilly's, Sarah Jimmers',  
 And blank-schemes t' discover nimmers ;  
 A moon-dial, with Napier's bones, 1095

And several constellation stones,  
 Engrav'd in planetary hours,  
 That over mortals had strange powers  
 To make 'em thrive in law or trade,  
 And stab or poison to evade ; 1100

In wit or wisdom to improve,  
 And be victorious in love.  
 Whachum had neither cross nor pile ;  
 His plunder was not worth the while ;  
 All which the conqu'ror did discompt, 1105  
 To pay for curing of his rump.

But Sidrophel, as full of tricks  
 As Rota-men of politics,  
 Straight cast about to over-reach  
 Th' unwary conqu'ror with a fetch, 1110  
 And make him glad (at least) to quit  
 His victory, and fly the pit,  
 Before the secular prince of darkness  
 Arriv'd to seize upon his carcase :

1113. As the devil is the spiritual prince of darkness,  
 so is the constable the secular, who governs in the night  
 with as great authority as his colleague, but far more  
 imperiously.

And as a fox with hot pursuit 1115  
Chas'd thro' a warren, casts about  
To save his credit, and among  
Dead vermin on a gallows hung,  
And while the dogs ran underneath,  
Escap'd (by counterfeiting death) 1120  
Not out of cunning, but a train  
Of atoms justling in his brain,  
As learn'd philosophers give out,  
So Sidrophello cast about,  
And fell to 's wonted trade again, 1125  
To feign himself in earnest slain:  
First stretch'd out one leg, then another,  
And seeming in his breath to smother  
A broken sigh, quoth he, Where am I,  
Alive or dead? or which way came I, 1130  
Through so immense a space so soon?  
But now I thought myself i' th' moon;  
And that a monster with huge whiskers,  
More formidable than a Switzer's,  
My body through and through had drill'd, 1135  
And Whachum by my side had kill'd;  
Had cross-examin'd both our hose,  
And plunder'd all we had to lose.  
Look, there he is: I see him now,  
And feel the place I am run through: 1140  
And there lies Whachum by my side  
Stone dead, and in his own blood dy'd.  
Oh! oh! With that he fetch'd a groan,  
And fell again into a swoon;  
Shut both his eyes, and stopp'd his breath, 1145  
And to the life out-acted death;  
That Hudibras, to all appearing,  
Believ'd him to be dead as herring.  
He held it now no longer safe  
To tarry the return of Ralph, 1150  
But rather leave him in the lurch:  
Thought he, he has abus'd our church,  
Refus'd to give himself one firck  
To carry on the public work;  
Despis'd our synod-men like dirt, 1155  
And made their discipline his sport;

Divulg'd the secrets of their classes,  
And their conventions prov'd high places;  
Disparag'd their tithe-pigs as Pagan,  
And set at nought their cheese and bacon; 1160  
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd  
Their rev'rend parsons, to my beard:  
For all which scandals, to be quit  
At once, this juncture falls out fit.  
I'll make him henceforth to beware, 1165  
And tempt my fury if he dare,  
He must at least hold up his hand,  
By twelve freeholders to be scann'd;  
Who, by their skill in palmistry,  
Will quickly read his destiny; 1170  
And make him glad to read his lesson,  
Or take a turn for 't at the session;  
Unless his light and gifts prove truer  
Than ever yet they did, I'm sure;  
For if he 'scape with whipping now, 1175  
'Tis more than he can hope to do;  
And that will disengage my conscience  
Of th' obligation in his own sense.  
I'll make him now by force abide  
What he by gentle means deny'd, 1180  
To give my honour satisfaction,  
And right the brethren in the action.  
This being resolv'd, with equal speed  
And conduct he approach'd his steed,  
And with activity unwont 1185  
Assay'd the lofty beast to mount;  
Which once achiev'd, he spurr'd his palfrey,  
To get from th' enemy and Ralph free:  
Left dangers, fears, and foes behind,  
And beat, at least three lengths, the wind. 1190

AN HEROICAL EPISTLE OF  
 HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

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*Ecce iterum Crispinus.*——

---

WELL! Sidrophel, though 'tis in vain  
 To tamper with your crazy brain,  
 Without trepanning of your skull  
 As often as the moon's at full,  
 'Tis not amiss, ere y' are giv'n o'er, 5  
 To try one desp'rate med'cine more :  
 For where your case can be no worse,  
 The desperat'st is the wisest course.  
 Is't possible that you, whose ears  
 Are of the tribe of Issachar's, 10  
 And might with equal reason) either  
 For merit, or extent of leather,  
 With William Pryn's, before they were  
 Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,  
 Should yet be deaf against a noise 15  
 So roaring as the public voice?  
 That speaks your virtues free, and loud,  
 And openly, in ev'ry crowd,  
 As loud as one that sings his part  
 T' a wheel-barrow or turnip cart, 20  
 Or your new nick-nam'd old invention  
 To cry green hastings with an engine  
 (As if the vehemence had stunn'd,  
 And torn your drum-heads with the sound ;) 25  
 And 'cause your folly's now no news,  
 But overgrown, and out of use,  
 Persuade yourself there's no such matter,  
 But that 'tis vanish'd out of nature ;  
 When folly, as it grows in years,  
 The more extravagant appears ; 30  
 For who but you could be possest  
 With so much ignorance, and beast,

That neither all men's scorn and hate,  
 Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,  
 Nor bray'd so often in a mortar, 35  
 Can teach you wholesome sense and nurture;  
 But (like a reprobate) what course  
 Soever's us'd, grow worse and worse?  
 Can no transfusion of the blood,  
 That makes fools cattle, do you good? 40  
 Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,  
 To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,  
 Put you into a way, at least,  
 To make yourself a better beast?  
 Can all your critical intrigues 45  
 Of trying sound from rotten eggs;  
 Your several new found remedies  
 Of curing wounds and scabs in trees;  
 Your arts of fluxing them for claps,  
 And purging their infected saps; 50  
 Recov'ring shankers, crystallines,  
 And nodes and botches in their rinds,  
 Have no effect to operate  
 Upon that duller block, your pate?  
 But still it must be lewdly bent 55  
 To tempt your own due punishment;  
 And, like your whimsy'd chariots, draw  
 The boys to course you without law;  
 As if the art you have so long  
 Profess'd, of making old dogs young, 60  
 In you had virtue to renew  
 Not only youth, but childhood too.  
 Can you, that understand all books,  
 By judging only with your looks,  
 Resolve all problems with your face, 65  
 As others do with B's and A's;  
 Unriddle all that mankind knows  
 With solid bending of your brows;  
 All arts and sciences advance,  
 With screwing of your countenance, 70  
 And, with a penetrating eye,  
 Into th' abstrusest learning pry;  
 Know more of any trade b' a hint,  
 Than those who have been bred up in't;



And yet have no art, true or false, 75  
 To help your own bad naturals?  
 But still the more you strive t' appear,  
 Are found to be the wretcheder:  
 For fools are known by looking wise,  
 As men find woodcocks by their eyes. 80  
 Hence 'tis, that 'cause y' have gain'd o'th' college  
 A quarter-share (at most) of knowledge,  
 And brought in none, but spent repute,  
 Y' assume a pow'r as absolute  
 To judge, and censure, and control, 85  
 As if you were the sole Sir Poll;  
 And saucily pretend to know  
 More than your dividend comes to.  
 You'll find the thing will not be done  
 With ignorance and face alone; 90  
 No, though y' have purchas'd to your name,  
 In history, so great a fame;  
 That now your talents, so well known,  
 For having all belief outgrown,  
 That ev'ry strange prodigious tale 95  
 Is measur'd by your German scale;  
 By which the virtuosi try  
 The magnitude of ev'ry lie,  
 Cast up to what it does amount,  
 And place the bigg'st to your account; 100  
 That all those stories that are laid  
 Too truly to you, and those made,  
 Are now still charg'd upon your score,  
 And lesser authors nam'd no more.  
 Alas! that faculty betrays 105  
 Those soonest it designs to raise;  
 And all your vain renown will spoil,  
 As guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil.  
 Though he that has but impudence,  
 To all things has a fair pretence; 110  
 And put among his wants but shame  
 To all the world may lay his claim;  
 Though you have try'd that nothing's borne  
 With greater ease than public scorn,  
 That all affronts do still give place 115  
 To your impenetrable face,

That makes your way through all affairs,  
 As pigs through hedges creep with theirs;  
 Yet as 'tis counterfeit and brass,  
 You must not think 'twill always pass; 120  
 For all impostors, when they're known,  
 Are past their labour, and undone :  
 And all the best that can befall  
 An artificial natural,  
 Is that which madmen find, as soon 125  
 As once they're broke loose from the moon,  
 And, proof against her influence,  
 Relapse to e'er so little sense,  
 To turn stark fools, and subjects fit  
 For sport of boys, and rabble wit. 130

## PART III.—CANTO I.

The Knight and Squire resolve at once  
 The one the other to renounce :  
 They both approach the Lady's bower,  
 The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.  
 She treats him with a masquerade,  
 By furies and hobgoblins made :  
 From which the Squire conveys the Knight,  
 And steals him from himself by night.

'Tis true, no lover has that pow'r  
 T' enforce a desperate amour,  
 As he that has two strings t' his bow,  
 And burns for love and money too ;  
 For then he's brave and resolute, 5  
 Disdains to render in his suit,  
 Has all his flames and raptures double,  
 And hangs or drowns with half the trouble ;  
 While those who sillily pursue  
 The simple, downright way, and true, 10  
 Make as unlucky applications,  
 And steer against the stream their passions.  
 Some forge their mistresses of stars,  
 And when the ladies prove averse,  
 And more untoward to be won 15  
 Than by Caligula the moon,

15. Caligula was one of the emperors of Rome, son of Germanicus and Agrippina. He would needs pass for a god, and had the heads of the ancient statues of the

Cry out upon the stars, for doing  
 Ill offices to cross their wooing;  
 When only by themselves they're hind'red,  
 For trusting those they made her kindred; 20  
 And still, the harsher and hide-bounder  
 The damsels prove, become the fonder.  
 For what mad lover ever dy'd  
 To gain a soft and gentle bride?  
 Or for a lady tender-hearted, 25  
 In purling streams or hemp departed?  
 Leap'd headlong int' Elysium,  
 Through th' windows of a dazzling room?  
 But from some cross, ill-natur'd dame,  
 The am'rous fly burnt in his flame. 30  
 This to the Knight could be no news,  
 With all mankind so much in use;  
 Who therefore took the wiser course,  
 To make the most of his amours,  
 Resolv'd to try all sorts of ways, 35  
 As follows in due time and place.

No sooner was the bloody fight  
 Between the Wizard and the Knight,  
 With all th' appurtenances, over,  
 But he relaps'd again t' a lover; 40  
 As he was always wont to do,  
 When h' had discomfited a foe;  
 And us'd the only antique philters,  
 Deriv'd from old heroic tilters.  
 But now, triumphant and victorious, 45  
 He held th' achievement was too glorious  
 For such a conqueror to meddle  
 With petty constable or beadle;  
 Or fly for refuge to the hostess  
 Of th' inns of court and chancery, Justice; 50  
 Who might, perhaps, reduce his cause  
 To th' ordeal trial of the laws;

gods taken off, and his own placed on in their stead;  
 and used to stand between the statues of Castor and  
 Pollux to be worshipped; and often bragged of lying  
 with the moon.

43. Philters were love potions, reported to be much  
 in request in former ages; but our true knight-errant  
 hero made use of no other but what his noble achieve-  
 ments by his sword produced.

52. Ordeal trials were, when supposed criminals, to

Where none escape, but such as branded  
 With red-hot irons have past bare-handed ;  
 And, if they cannot read one verse 55  
 I' th' Psalms, must sing it, and that's worse.  
 He therefore judging it below him  
 To tempt a shame the devil might owe him,  
 Resolv'd to leave the Squire for bail  
 And mainprize for him to the gaol, 60  
 To answer, with his vessel, all  
 That might disastrously befall ;  
 And thought it now the fittest juncture  
 To give the lady a rencounter ;  
 T' acquaint her with his expedition, 65  
 And conquest o'er the fierce magician ;  
 Describe the manner of the fray,  
 And shew the spoils he brought away ;  
 His bloody scourging aggravate ;  
 The number of his blows, and weight ; 70  
 All which might probably succeed,  
 And gain belief h' had done the deed ;  
 Which he resolv'd t' enforce, and spare  
 No pawning of his soul to swear ;  
 But, rather than produce his back, 75  
 To set his conscience on the rack ;  
 And in pursuance of his urging  
 Of articles perform'd and scourging,  
 And all things else, upon his part,  
 Demand deliv'ry of her heart, 80  
 Her goods and chattels, and good graces,  
 And person, up to his embraces.  
 Thought he, the ancient errant knights  
 Won all their ladies' hearts in fights ;  
 And cut whole giants into fritters, 85  
 To put them into amorous twitters ;  
 Whose stubborn bowels scorn'd to yield  
 Until their gallants were half kill'd :  
 But when their bones were drubb'd so sore  
 They durst not woo one combat more, 90  
 The ladies' hearts began to melt,  
 Subdu'd by blows their lovers felt.

discover their innocence, went over several red-hot coulter irons. These were generally such whose chastity was suspected, as the vestal virgins, &c.

So Spanish heroes, with their lances,  
 At once wound bulls and ladies' fancies,  
 And he acquires the noblest spouse 95  
 That widows greatest herds of cows :  
 Then what may I expect to do,  
 Wh' have quell'd so vast a buffalo?

Meanwhile, the Squire was on his way  
 The Knight's late orders to obey ; 100  
 Who sent him for a strong detachment  
 Of beadles, constables, and watchmen,  
 T' attack the cunning-man, for plunder  
 Committed falsely on his lumber ;  
 When he, who had so lately sack'd 105  
 The enemy, had done the fact ;  
 Had rifled all his pokes and fobs  
 Of grimcracks, whims, and jiggumbobs,  
 Which he, by hook or crook, had gather'd,  
 And for his own inventions father'd : 110  
 And when they should, at gaol-delivery,  
 Unriddle one another's thievery,  
 Both might have evidence enough,  
 To render neither halter-proof.  
 He thought it desperate to tarry, 115  
 And venture to be accessory ;  
 But rather wisely slip his fetters,  
 And leave them for the Knight, his betters.  
 He call'd to mind th' unjust, foul play  
 He would have offer'd him that day, 120  
 To make him curry his own hide,  
 Which no beast ever did beside,  
 Without all possible evasion,  
 But of the riding dispensation ;  
 And therefore much about the hour 125  
 The Knight (for reasons told before)  
 Resolv'd to leave them to the fury  
 Of justice, and an unpack'd jury,

93. The young Spaniards signalize their valour before the Spanish ladies at bull-feasts, which often prove very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild bull kept on purpose, and let loose at the combatant ; and he that kills most carries the laurel, and dwells highest in the ladies' favour.

The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,  
 And serve him in the self-same trim ; 130  
 T' acquaint the lady what h' had done,  
 And what he meant to carry on ;  
 What project 'twas he went about,  
 When Sidrophel and he fell out ;  
 His firm and steadfast resolution, 135  
 To swear her to an execution ;  
 To pawn his inward ears to marry her,  
 And bribe the devil himself to carry her ;  
 In which both dwelt, as if they meant  
 Their party-saints to represent, 140  
 Who never fail'd, upon their sharing  
 In any prosperous arms-bearing,  
 To lay themselves out to supplant  
 Each other cousin German saint.  
 But, ere the Knight could do his part, 145  
 The Squire had got so much the start,  
 H' had to the lady done his errand,  
 And told her all his tricks aforehand.  
 Just as he finish'd his report,  
 The Knight alighted in the court ; 150  
 And having ty'd his beast t' a pale,  
 And taking time for both to stale,  
 He put his band and beard in order,  
 The sprucer to accost and board her :  
 And now began t' approach the door, 155  
 When she, wh' had spy'd him out before,  
 Convey'd th' informer out of sight,  
 And went to entertain the Knight ;  
 With whom encount'ring, after longees  
 Of humble and submissive congees, 160  
 And all due ceremonies paid,  
 He strok'd his beard, and thus he said :  
     Madam, I do, as is my duty,  
 Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie ;  
 And now am come to bring your ear 165  
 A present you'll be glad to hear :  
 At least I hope so : the thing's done,  
 Or may I never see the sun ;

137. His exterior ears were gone before, and so out of danger ; but by inward ears is here meant his conscience.

For which I humbly now demand  
Performance at your gentle hand; 170  
And that you'd please to do your part,  
As I have done mine, to my smart.

With that he shrugg'd his sturdy back,  
As if he felt his shoulders ake.

But she, who well enough knew what 175  
(Before he spoke) he would be at,  
Pretended not to apprehend  
The mystery of what he mean'd;  
And therefore wish'd him to expound  
His dark expressions less profound. 180

Madam, quoth he, I come to prove  
How much I've suffer'd for your love,  
Which (like your votary) to win,  
I have not spar'd my tatter'd skin;  
And for those meritorious lashes, 185  
To claim your favour and good graces.

Quoth she, I do remember once  
I freed you from th' enchanted sconce;  
And that you promis'd, for that favour,  
To bind your back to good behaviour, 190  
And, for my sake and service, vow'd  
To lay upon't a heavy load,  
And what 'twould bear t' a scruple prove,  
As other knights do oft make love;  
Which whether you have done or no 195  
Concerns yourself, not me, to know;  
But if you have, I shall confess  
Y' are honester than I could guess.

Quoth he, If you suspect my troth,  
I cannot prove it but by oath; 200  
And if you make a question on't,  
I'll pawn my soul that I have done 't;  
And he that makes his soul his surety,  
I think, does give the best security.

Quoth she, Some say, the soul's secure 205  
Against distress and forfeiture;  
Is free from action, and exempt  
From execution and contempt;  
And to be summon'd to appear  
In th' other world's illegal here; 210



And therefore few make any account  
Int' what incumbrances they run 't :  
For most men carry things so even  
Between this world, and hell, and heaven,  
Without the least offence to either, 215  
They freely deal in all together ;  
And equally abhor to quit  
This world for both, or both for it ;  
And when they pawn and damn their souls.  
They are but pris'ners on paroles. 220

For that (quoth he) 'tis rational  
They may be accountable in all :  
For when there is that intercourse  
Between divine and human pow'rs,  
That all that we determine here 225  
Commands obedience every where ;  
When penalties may be commuted  
For fines, or ears, and executed,  
It follows, nothing binds so fast  
As souls in pawn and mortgage past ; 230  
For oaths are th' only tests and seals  
Of right and wrong, and true and false ;  
And there's no other way to try  
The doubts of law and justice by.

Quoth she, What is it you would swear ? 235  
There's no believing till I hear ;  
For, till they're understood, all tales  
(Like nonsense) are not true nor false.

Quoth he, When I resolv'd t' obey  
What you commanded th' other day, 240  
And to perform my exercise,  
(As schools are wont) for your fair eyes,  
T' avoid all scruples in the case,  
I went to do't upon the place :  
But as the Castle is enchanted 245  
By Sidrophel, the witch, and haunted  
With evil spirits, as you know,  
Who took my Squire and me for two,  
Before I'd hardly time to lay  
My weapons by, and disarray, 250  
I heard a formidable noise,

Loud as the Stentrophonic voice,  
 That roar'd far off, Dispatch and strip,  
 I'm ready with the infernal whip,  
 That shall divest thy ribs from skin, 255  
 To expiate thy ling'ring sin :  
 Th' hast broken perfidiously thy oath,  
 And not perform'd thy plighted troth ;  
 But spar'd thy renegado back,  
 Where th' hadst so great a prize at stake ; 260  
 Which now the fates have order'd me  
 For penance and revenge to flea,  
 Unless thou presently make haste :  
 Time is, time was : And there it ceas'd.  
 With which, though startled, I confess, 265  
 Yet th' horror of the thing was less  
 Than th' other dismal apprehension  
 Of interruption or prevention ;  
 And therefore, snatching up the rod,  
 I laid upon my back a load ; 270  
 Resolv'd to spare no flesh and blood,  
 To make my word and honour good ;  
 Till tir'd, and making truce at length,  
 For new recruits of breath and strength,  
 I felt the blows still ply'd as fast 275  
 As if th' had been by lovers plac'd,  
 In raptures of Platonic lashing,  
 And chaste contemplative bardashing ;  
 When facing hastily about,  
 To stand upon my guard and scout, 280  
 I found th' infernal cunning-man,  
 And th' under-witch, his Caliban,  
 With scourges (like the furies) arm'd,  
 That on my outward quarters storm'd.  
 In haste I snatch'd my weapon up, 285  
 And gave their hellish rage a stop ;  
 Call'd thrice upon your name, and fell  
 Courageously on Sidrophel ;

252. A speaking trumpet, by which the voice may be heard at a great distance, very useful at sea.

276. This alludes to some abject lechers, who used to be disciplined with amorous lashes by their mistresses.

Who now transform'd himself t' a bear,  
 Began to roar aloud, and tear ; 290  
 When I as furiously press'd on,  
 My weapon down his throat to run ;  
 Laid hold on him ; but he broke loose  
 And turn'd himself into a goose ;  
 Div'd under water, in a pond, 295  
 To hide himself from being found.  
 In vain I sought him ; but, as soon  
 As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,  
 Prepar'd with equal haste and rage,  
 His under-sorcerer t' engage. 300  
 But bravely scorning to defile  
 My sword with feeble blood and vile,  
 I judg'd it better from a quick-  
 Set hedge to cut a knotted stick,  
 With which I furiously laid on, 305  
 Till in a harsh and doleful tone,  
 It roar'd, O hold for pity, Sir :  
 I am too great a sufferer,  
 Abus'd, as you have been, b' a witch,  
 But conjur'd into a worse caprich ; 310  
 Who sends me out on many a jaunt,  
 Old houses in the night to haunt.  
 For opportunities t' improve  
 Designs of thievery or love ;  
 With drugs convey'd in drink or meat, 315  
 All feats of witches counterfeit ;  
 Kill pigs and geese with powder'd glass,  
 And make it for enchantment pass ;  
 With cow-itch meazle like a leper,  
 And choke with fumes of Guinea pepper ; 320  
 Make lechers, and their punks, with dewtry,  
 Commit fantastical advowtry ;  
 Bewitch Hermetic-men to run  
 Stark staring mad with manicon ;

323. Hermes Trismegistus, an Egyptian philosopher, and said to have lived Anno Mundi 2076, in the reign of Ninus, after Moses. He was a wonderful philosopher, and proved that there was but one God, the creator of all things ; and was the author of several most excellent and useful inventions. But those Hermetic-men here mentioned, though the pretended sectators of this great man, are nothing else but a wild and extravagant sort of en-

Believe mechanic virtuosi 325  
 Can raise 'em mountains in Potosi;  
 And, sillier than the antic fools,  
 Take treasure for a heap of coals;  
 Seek out for plants with signatures,  
 To quack of universal cures; 330  
 With figures ground on panes of glass  
 Made people on their heads to pass;  
 And mighty heaps of coin increase,  
 Reflected from a single piece,  
 To draw in fools, whose nat'ral itches 335  
 Incline perpetually to witches;  
 And keep me in continual fears,  
 And danger of my neck and ears;  
 When less delinquents have been scourg'd,  
 And hemp on wooden anvil forg'd, 340  
 Which others for cravats have worn  
 About their necks and took a turn.  
 I pity'd the sad punishment  
 The wretched caitiff underwent,  
 And left my drubbing of his bones, 345  
 Too great an honour for poltroons;  
 For knights are bound to feel no blows  
 From paltry and unequal foes,  
 Who, when they slash, and cut to pieces,  
 Do all with civilest addresses: 350  
 Their horses never give a blow,  
 But when they make a leg, and bow.  
 I therefore spar'd his flesh, and prest him  
 About the witch with many a question.  
 Quoth he, For many years he drove 355  
 A kind of broking-trade in love;  
 Employ'd in all th' intrigues and trust  
 Of feeble, speculative lust:  
 Procurer to th' extravagancy  
 And crazy ribaldry of fancy, 360  
 By those the devil had forsook,  
 As things below him to provoke.

thusiasts, who make a hodge-podge of religion and philosophy, and produce nothing but what is the object of every considering person's contempt.

326. Potosi is a city of Peru, the mountains whereof afford great quantities of the finest silver in all the Indies.

But b'ing a virtuoso, able  
To smatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,  
He held his talent most adroit 365  
For any mystical exploit ;  
As others of his tribe had done,  
And rais'd their prices three to one :  
For one predicting pimp has th' odds  
Of chaldrons of plain downright bawds. 370  
But as an elf (the devil's valet)  
Is not so slight a thing to get ;  
For those that do his bus'ness best,  
In hell are us'd the ruggedest ;  
Before so meriting a person 375  
Could get a grant, but in reversion,  
He serv'd two 'prenticeships, and longer,  
I' th' myst'ry of a lady-monger.  
For (as some write) a witch's ghost,  
As soon as from the body loos'd, 380  
Becomes a puny imp itself,  
And is another witch's elf :  
He, after searching far and near,  
At length found one in Lancashire,  
With whom he bargain'd before-hand, 385  
And, after hanging, entertain'd :  
Since which h' has play'd a thousand feats,  
And practis'd all mechanic cheats ;  
Transform'd himself to th' ugly shapes  
Of wolves and bears, baboons and apes, 390  
Which he has vary'd more than witches,  
Or Pharoah's wizards, could their switches ;  
And all with whom he has to do,  
Turn'd to as monstrous figures too :  
Witness myself, whom h' has abus'd, 395  
And to this beastly shape reduc'd,  
By feeding me on beans and peas,  
He crams in nasty crevices,  
And turns to comfits by his arts,  
To make me relish for deserts, 400  
And one by one, with shame and fear,  
Lick up the candy'd provender.  
Beside——But as he was running on,  
To tell what other feats h' had done,

The lady stopt his full career, 403  
And told him now 'twas time to hear:  
If half those things (said she) be true—  
They're all, (quoth he,) I swear by you.  
Why then (said she,) that Sidrophel  
Has damn'd himself to th' pit of hell; 410  
Who, mounted on a broom, the nag  
And hackney of a Lapland hag,  
In quest of you came hither post,  
Within an hour (I am sure) at most;  
Who told me all you swear and say, 415  
Quite contrary another way;  
Vow'd that you came to him to know  
If you should carry me or no;  
And would have hir'd him, and his imps,  
To be your match-makers and pimps, 420  
T' engage the devil on your side,  
And steal (like Proserpine) your bride.  
But he disdaining to embrace  
So filthy a design and base,  
You fell to vapouring and huffing, 425  
And drew upon him like a ruffian;  
Surpris'd him meanly, unprepar'd,  
Before h' had time to mount his guard;  
And left him dead upon the ground,  
With many a bruise and desperate wound: 430  
Swore you had broke and robb'd his house,  
And stole his talismanique louse,  
And all his new-found old inventions,  
With flat felonious intentions;  
Which he could bring out where he had, 435  
And what he bought them for, and paid.  
His flea, his morpion, and punaise,  
H' had gotten for his proper ease;  
And all in perfect minutes made,  
By th' ablest artists of the trade, 440  
Which (he could prove it) since he lost,  
He has been eaten up almost;  
And altogether might amount  
To many hundreds on account;  
For which h' had got sufficient warrant 445  
To seize the malefactors errant,

Without capacity of bail,  
But of a cart's or horse's tail;  
And did not doubt to bring the wretches  
To serve for pendulums to watches; 450  
Which modern virtuosos say,  
Incline to hanging every way.  
Beside, he swore, and swore 'twas true,  
That, ere he went in quest of you,  
He set a figure to discover 455  
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;  
And found it clear, that, to betray  
Yourselves and me, you fled this way;  
And that he was upon pursuit,  
To take you somewhere hereabout, 460  
He vow'd he had intelligence  
Of all that pass'd before and since;  
And found, that ere you came to him,  
Y' had been engaging life and limb  
About a case of tender conscience. 465  
Where both abounded in your own sense;  
Till Ralpho, by his light and grace,  
Had clear'd all scruples in the case,  
And prov'd that you might swear and own  
Whatever's by the wicked done; 470  
For which, most basely to requite  
The service of his gifts and light,  
You strove t' oblige him, by main force,  
To scourge his ribs instead of yours;  
But that he stood upon his guard, 475  
And all your vapouring out-dar'd;  
For which, between you both, the feat  
Has never been perform'd as yet.

While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight  
Turn'd th' outside of his eyes to white, 480  
(As men of inward light are wont  
To turn their optics in upon't)  
He wonder'd how she came to know  
What he had done and meant to do;  
Held up his affidavit hand, 485  
As if h' had been to be arraign'd;  
Cast t'wards the door a ghastly look,  
In dread of Sidrophel, and spoke:



Madam, if but one word be true  
 Of all the wizard has told you, 490  
 Or but one single circumstance  
 In all th' apocryphal romance,  
 May dreadful earthquakes swallow down  
 This vessel, that is all your own;  
 Or may the heavens fall, and cover 495  
 These reliques of your constant lover.

You have provided well, quoth she,  
 (I thank you) for yourself and me,  
 And shewn your Presbyterian wits  
 Jump punctual with the Jesuits; 500  
 A most compendious way, and civil,  
 At once to cheat the world, the devil,  
 And heaven and hell, yourselves, and those  
 On whom you vainly think t' impose.  
 Why then (quoth he) may hell surprise— 505  
 That trick (said she) will not pass twice:  
 I've learn'd how far I'm to believe  
 Your pinning oaths upon your sleeve.  
 But there's a better way of clearing  
 What you would prove than downright swear-  
 For if you have perform'd the feat, [ing  
 The blows are visible as yet,  
 Enough to serve for satisfaction  
 Of nicest scruples in the action:  
 And if you can produce those knobs, 515  
 Although they're but the witch's drubs,  
 I'll pass them all upon account,  
 As if your natural self had done 't;  
 Provided that they pass th' opinion  
 Of able juries of old women, 520  
 Who, us'd to judge all matter of facts  
 For bellies, may do so for backs.

Madam, (quoth he) your love's a million;  
 To do is less than to be willing,  
 As I am, were it in my power, 525  
 T' obey what you command, and more:  
 But for performing what you bid,  
 I thank you 's much as if I did.  
 You know I ought to have a care  
 To keep my wounds from taking air; 530

For wounds in those that are all heart,  
Are dangerous in any part.

I find (quoth she) my goods and chattels  
Are like to prove but mere drawn battels ;  
For still the longer we contend, 535  
We are but farther off the end.

But granting now we should agree,  
What is it you expect from me?  
Your plighted faith (quoth he) and word  
You past in heaven on record, 540  
Where all contracts, to have and t' hold,  
Are everlastingly enroll'd :  
And if 'tis counted treason here  
To raze records, 'tis much more there.

Quoth she, There are no bargains driv'n, 545  
Nor marriages clapp'd up in heav'n,  
And that's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no heav'n in marriages ;  
Two things that naturally press  
Too narrowly to be at ease. 550

Their bus'ness there is only love,  
Which marriage is not like t' improve  
Love, that's too generous to abide  
To be against its nature ty'd ;  
For where 'tis of itself inclin'd, 555  
It breaks loose when it is confin'd ;

And like the soul, its harbourer,  
Debarr'd the freedom of the air,  
Disdains against its will to stay,  
But struggles out, and flies away ; 560

And therefore never can comply  
T' endure the matrimonial tie,  
That binds the female and the male,  
Where th' one is but the other's bail ;  
Like Roman jailers, when they slept, 565  
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept ;  
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover  
Gives best security to suffer.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,  
That carries double in foul way ; 570  
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd  
It should so suddenly be tir'd ;

A bargain at a venture made,  
 Between two partners in a trade ;  
 (For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold, 573  
 But something past away, and sold?)  
 That, as it makes but one of two,  
 Reduces all things else as low,  
 And, at the best, is but a mart  
 Between the one and th' other part, 580  
 That on the marriage-day is paid,  
 Or hour of death, the bet is laid ;  
 And all the rest of better or worse,  
 Both are but losers out of purse ;  
 For when upon their ungot heirs 585  
 Th' entail themselves, and all that's theirs,  
 What blinder bargain e'er was driv'n,  
 Or wager laid at six and seven?  
 To pass themselves away, and turn  
 Their children's tenants ere they're born? 590  
 Beg one another idiot  
 To guardians, ere they are begot ;  
 Or ever shall, perhaps, by th' one  
 Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,  
 Though got b' implicit generation, 595  
 And gen'ral club of all the nation ;  
 For which she's fortify'd no less  
 Than all the island, with four seas ;  
 Exacts the tribute of her dower,  
 In ready insolence and power ; 600  
 And makes him pass away, to have  
 And hold, to her, himself, her slave,  
 More wretched than an ancient villain,  
 Condemn'd to drudgery and tilling ;  
 While all he does upon the by, 605  
 She is not bound to justify,  
 Nor at her proper cost and charge  
 Maintain the feats he does at large.  
 Such hideous sots were those obedient  
 Old vassals to their ladies regent, 610  
 To give the cheats the eldest hand  
 In foul play by the laws o' th' land ;

603. Villainage was an ancient tenure, by which the tenants were obliged to perform the most abject and slavish services for their lords.

For which so many a legal cuckold  
 Has been run-down in courts and truckled;  
 A law that most unjustly yokes 615  
 All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Noakes,  
 Without distinction of degree,  
 Condition, age, or quality;  
 Admits no power of revocation,  
 Nor valuable consideration, 620  
 Nor writ of error, nor reverse  
 Of judgment past, for better or worse:  
 Will not allow the privileges  
 That beggars challenge under hedges, [horses  
 Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead  
 Their spiritual judges of divorces; 626  
 While nothing else but Rem in Re  
 Can set the proudest wretches free;  
 A slavery beyond enduring,  
 But that 'tis of their own procuring. 630  
 As spiders never seek the fly,  
 But leave him, of himself, t' apply,  
 So men are by themselves employ'd,  
 To quit the freedom they enjoy'd,  
 And run their necks into a noose, 635  
 They'd break 'em after to break loose;  
 As some, whom death would not depart,  
 Have done the feat themselves by art;  
 Like Indian widows, gone to bed  
 In flaming curtains to the dead; 640  
 And men as often dangled for't,  
 And yet will never leave the sport.  
 Nor do the ladies want excuse  
 For all the stratagems they use  
 To gain th' advantage of the set, 645  
 And lurch the amorous rook and cheat:  
 For as the Pythagorean soul  
 Runs through all beasts, and fish, and fowl,

639. The Indian women, richly attired, are carried in a splendid and pompous machine to the funeral pile where the bodies of their deceased husbands are to be consumed, and their voluntarily throw themselves into it, and expire; and such as refuse their virtue is ever after suspected, and they live in the utmost contempt.

647. It was the opinion of Pythagoras and his follow

And has a smack of ev'ry one,  
 So love does, and has ever done ; 650  
 And therefore, though 'tis ne'er so fond,  
 Takes strangely to the vagabond.  
 'Tis but an ague that's reverst,  
 Whose hot fit takes the patient first,  
 That after burns with cold as much 655  
 As ir'n in Greenland does the touch ;  
 Melts in the furnace of desire  
 Like glass, that's but the ice of fire ;  
 And when his heat of fancy's over,  
 Becomes as hard and frail a lover : 660  
 For when he's with love-powder laden,  
 And prim'd and cock'd by Miss or Madam,  
 The smallest sparkle of an eye  
 Gives fire to his artillery,  
 And off the loud oaths go ; but, while 665  
 They're in the very act, recoil.  
 Hence 'tis so few dare take their chance  
 Without a sep'rate maintenance ;  
 And widows, who have try'd one lover,  
 Trust none again, 'till th' have made over ; 670  
 Or if they do, before they marry,  
 The foxes weigh the geese they carry ;  
 And ere they venture o'er a stream,  
 Know how to seize themselves and them ;  
 Whence wittiest ladies always choose 675  
 To undertake the heaviest goose :  
 For now the world is grown so wary,  
 That few of either sex dare marry,  
 But rather trust on tick t' amours,  
 The cross and pile for better or worse ; 680  
 A mode that is held honourable,  
 As well as French, and fashionable ;  
 For when it falls out for the best,  
 Where both are incommoded least,  
 In soul and body two unite, 685  
 To make up one hermaphrodite,

ers, that the soul transmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverse species of animals ; and so was differently disposed and affected, according to their different natures and constitutions.

Still amorous, and fond, and billing,  
 Like Philip and Mary on a shilling.  
 Th' have more punctilios and caprices  
 Between the petticoat and breeches, 690  
 More petulant extravagances,  
 Than poets make 'em in romances,  
 Though when their heroes 'spouse the dames,  
 We hear no more of charms and flames :  
 For then their late attracts decline, 695  
 And turn as eager as prick'd wine ;  
 And all their caterwauling tricks,  
 In earnest too as jealous piques :  
 Which th' ancients wisely signify'd  
 By th' yellow mantuas of the bride . 700  
 For jealousy is but a kind  
 Of clap and grincam of the mind,  
 The natural effects of love,  
 As other flames and aches do prove ;  
 But all the mischief is the doubt 705  
 On whose account they first broke out.  
 For though Chinesees go to bed,  
 And lie in, in their ladies' stead,  
 And, for the pains they took before,  
 Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more ; 710  
 Our green-men do it worse, when th' hap  
 To fall in labour of a clap :  
 Both lay the child to one another ;  
 But who's the father, who the mother,  
 'Tis hard to say in multitudes, 715  
 Or who imported the French goods.  
 But health and sickness b'ing all one,  
 Which both engag'd before to own,  
 And are not with their bodies bound  
 To worship only when they're sound, 720  
 Both give and take their equal shares  
 Of all they suffer by false wares ;  
 A fate no lover can divert  
 With all his caution, wit, and art ;

707. The Chinese men of quality, when their wives are brought to bed, are nursed and tended with as much care as women here, and are supplied with the best strengthening and nourishing diet, in order to qualify them for future services.

For 'tis in vain to think to guess 725  
 At women by appearances,  
 That paint and patch their imperfections  
 Of intellectual complexions,  
 And daub their tempers o'er with washes  
 As artificial as their faces ; 730  
 Wear under vizard-masks their talents,  
 And mother-wits before their gallants,  
 Until they're hamper'd in the noose,  
 Too fast to dream of breaking loose ;  
 When all the flaws they strove to hide 735  
 Are made unready with the bride,  
 That with her wedding-clothes undresses  
 Her complaisance and gentileesses ;  
 Tries all her arts to take upon her  
 The government from th' easy owner ; 740  
 Until the wretch is glad to waive  
 His lawful right, and turn her slave ;  
 Find all his having and his holding  
 Reduc'd t' eternal noise and scolding ;  
 The conjugal petard that tears 745  
 Down all portcullisses of ears,  
 And makes the volley of one tongue  
 For all their leathern shields too strong ;  
 When only arm'd with noise and nails,  
 The female silk-worms ride the males, 750  
 Transform 'em into rams and goats,  
 Like Sirens, with their charming notes ;  
 Sweet as a screech-owl's serenade,  
 Or those enchanting murmurs made  
 By th' husband mandrake and the wife, 755  
 Both bury'd (like themselves) alive.

Quoth he, These reasons are but strains  
 Of wanton, overheated brains,

751 The Sirens, according to the poets, were three sea-monsters, half women and half fish ; their names were Parthenope, Ligneæ, and Lencosia. Their usual residence was about the island of Sicily, where, by the charming melody of their voices, they used to detain those that heard them, and then transform them into some sort of brute animals.

755. Naturalists report, that if a male and female mandrake lie near each other, there will often be heard  
 . sort of murmuring noise.



Which ralliers, in their wit, or drink,  
Do rather wheedle with than think. 760  
Man was not man in paradise,  
Until he was created twice,  
And had his better half, his bride,  
Carv'd from the original, his side,  
T' amend his natural defects, 765  
And perfect his recruiting sex;  
Enlarge his breed at once, and lessen  
The pains and labour of increasing,  
By changing them for other cares,  
As by his dry'd up paps appears. 770  
His body, that stupendous frame,  
Of all the world the anagram,  
Is of two equal parts compact,  
In shape and symmetry exact,  
Of which the left and female side 775  
Is to the manly right a bride;  
Both join'd together with such art,  
That nothing else but death can part.  
Those heav'nly attracts of yours, your eyes,  
And face that all the world surprise, 780  
That dazzle all that look upon ye,  
And scorch all other ladies tawny;  
Those ravishing and charming graces  
Are all made up of two half faces,  
That in a mathematic line, 785  
Like those in other heavens, join,  
Of which if either grew alone,  
'T would fright as much to look upon:  
And so would that sweet bud your lip,  
Without the other's fellowship. 790  
Our noblest senses act by pairs;  
Two eyes to see; to hear, two ears;  
Th' intelligencers of the mind,  
To wait upon the soul design'd;  
But those that serve the body alone, 795  
Are single, and confin'd to one.  
The world is but two parts, that meet  
And close at th' equinoctial fit;

797. The equinoctial divides the globe into north and south.

And so are all the works of Nature,  
 Stamp'd with her signature on matter; 800  
 Which all her creatures, to a leaf,  
 Or smallest blade of grass, receive;  
 All which sufficiently declare  
 How entirely marriage is her care,—  
 The only method that she uses 805  
 In all the wonders she produces:  
 And those that take their rules from her  
 Can never be deceiv'd nor err.  
 For what secures the civil life,  
 But pawns of children, and a wife? 810  
 That lie like hostages at stake,  
 To pay for all men undertake;  
 To whom it is as necessary  
 As to be born and breathe, and marry;  
 So universal, all mankind 815  
 In nothing else is of one mind.  
 For in what stupid age, or nation,  
 Was marriage ever out of fashion?  
 Unless among the Amazons,  
 Or cloister'd friars, and vestal nuns; 820  
 Or Stoics, who, to bar the freaks  
 And loose excesses of the sex,  
 Prepost'rously would have all women  
 Turn'd up to all the world in common.  
 Though men would find such mortal feuds, 825  
 In sharing of their public goods,  
 'Twould put them to more charge of lives,  
 Than they're supply'd with now by wives;  
 Until they graze, and wear their clothes,  
 As beasts do, of their native growths: 830  
 For simple wearing of their horns  
 Will not suffice to serve their turns.  
 For what can we pretend to inherit,  
 Unless the marriage-deed will bear it?

819. The Amazons were women of Scythia, of heroic and great achievements. They suffered no men to live among them; but once every year used to have conversation with men of the neighbouring countries, by which if they had a male child, they presently either killed or crippled it; but if a female, they brought it up to the use of arms, and burnt off one breast, leaving the other to suckle girls.

Could claim no right to lands or rents, 835  
 But for our parents' settlements;  
 Had been but younger sons o' th' earth.  
 Debarr'd it all, but for our birth.  
 What honours, or estates of peers,  
 Could be preserv'd but by their heirs? 840  
 And what security maintains  
 Their right and title, but the bans?  
 What crowns could be hereditary,  
 If greatest monarchs did not marry,  
 And with their consorts consummate 845  
 Their weightiest interests of state?  
 For all the amours of princes are  
 But guarantees of peace or war.  
 Or what but marriage has a charm  
 The rage of empires to disarm, 850  
 Make blood and desolation cease,  
 And fire and sword unite in peace,  
 When all their fierce contests for forage  
 Conclude in articles of marriage?  
 Nor does the genial bed provide 855  
 Less for the int'rests of the bride;  
 Who else had not the least pretence  
 T' as much as due benevolence;  
 Could no more title take upon her  
 To virtue, quality, and honour, 860  
 Than ladies-errant unconfin'd,  
 And fene-coverts to all mankind.  
 All women would be of one piece,  
 The virtuous matron and the miss;  
 The nymphs of chaste Diana's train, 865  
 The same with those in Lewkner's Lane,  
 But for the difference marriage makes  
 'Twixt wives and ladies of the lakes;  
 Besides the joys of place and birth,  
 The sex's paradise on earth, 870  
 A privilege so sacred held,  
 That none will to their mothers yield;

865. Diana's nymphs, all of whom vowed perpetual virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact observation of their vow.

866. Lewkner's Lane some years ago swarmed with notoriously lascivious and profligate strumpets.

But rather than not go before,  
 Abandon heaven at the door.  
 And if th' indulgent law allows 875  
 A greater freedom to the spouse,  
 The reason is, because the wife  
 Runs greater hazards of her life ;  
 Is trusted with the form and matter  
 Of all mankind by careful Nature : 880  
 Where man brings nothing but the stuff  
 She frames the wondrous fabric of ;  
 Who therefore, in a strait, may freely  
 Demand the clergy of her belly,  
 And make it save her the same way 885  
 It seldom misses to betray ;  
 Unless both parties wisely enter  
 Into the liturgy indenture.  
 And though some fits of small contest  
 Sometimes fall out among the best, 890  
 That is no more than ev'ry lover  
 Does from his hackney-lady suffer :  
 That makes no breach of faith and love,  
 But rather (sometimes) serves t' improve.  
 For as, in running, ev'ry pace 895  
 Is but between two legs a race,  
 In which both do their uttermost  
 To get before, and win the post,  
 Yet when they're at their race's ends,  
 They're still as kind and constant friends, 900  
 And, to relieve their weariness,  
 By turns give one another ease ;  
 So all those false alarms of strife  
 Between the husband and the wife,  
 And little quarrels, often prove 905  
 To be but new recruits of love ;  
 When those wh' are always kind or coy,  
 In time must either tire or cloy.  
 Nor are their loudest clamours more  
 Than as they're relish'd sweet or sour ; 910  
 Like music, that proves bad or good,  
 According as 'tis understood.

877. Demanding the clergy of her belly, which, for the reason aforesaid is pleaded in excuse by those who take the liberty to oblige themselves and friends.

In all amours, a lover burns  
With frowns as well as smiles by turns ;  
And hearts have been as oft with sullen 915  
As charming looks surpris'd and stolen.  
Then why should more bewitching clamour  
Some lovers not as much enamour?  
For discords make the sweetest airs,  
And curses are a kind of prayers ; 920  
Too slight alloys for all those grand  
Felicities by marriage gain'd.  
For nothing else has pow'r to settle  
Th' interests of love perpetual ;  
An act and deed, that makes one heart 925  
Become another's counterpart,  
And passes fines on faith and love,  
Enroll'd and register'd above,  
To seal the slippery knots of vows,  
Which nothing else but death can loose. 930  
And what security's too strong,  
To guard the gentle heart from wrong,  
That to its friend is glad to pass  
Itself away, and all it has ;  
And, like an anchorite, gives over 935  
This world for th' heaven of a lover ?  
I grant (quoth she there are some few  
Who take that course, and find it true ;  
But millions whom the same doth sentence  
To heav'n b' another way—repentance. 940  
Love's arrows are but shot at rovers,  
Though all they hit they turn to lovers ;  
And all the weighty consequents  
Depend upon more blind events  
Than gamesters, when they play a set 945  
With greatest cunning at piquet,  
Put out with caution, but take in  
They know not what, unsight, unseen.  
For what do lovers, when they're fast  
In one another's arms embrac'd, 950  
But strive to plunder, and convey  
Each other, like a prize, away ?  
To change the property of selves,  
As sucking children are by elves ?

And if they use their persons so, 955  
What will they to their fortunes do?  
Their fortunes! the perpetual aims  
Of all their ecstasies and flames.  
For when the money's on the book,  
And, All my worldly goods—but spoke 960  
(The formal livery and seisin  
That puts the lover in possession,)  
To that alone the bridegroom's wedded;  
The bride a flam that's superseded:  
To that their faith is still made good, 965  
And all the oaths to us they vow'd:  
For when we once resign our pow'rs,  
W' have nothing left we can call ours:  
Our money's now become the Miss  
Of all your lives and services; 970  
And we, forsaken and postpon'd,  
But bawds to what before we own'd;  
Which, as it made y' at first gallant us,  
So now hires others to supplant us,  
Until 'tis all turn'd out of doors 975  
(As we had been) for new amours:  
For what did ever heiress yet  
By being born to lordships get?  
When the more lady sh' is of manors,  
She's but expos'd to more trepanners, 980  
Pays for their projects and designs,  
And for her own destruction fines;  
And does but tempt them with her riches,  
To use her as the dev'l does witches;  
Who takes it for a special grace 985  
To be their cully for a space,  
That when the time's expir'd, the drazels  
For ever may become his vassals:  
So she, bewitch'd by rooks and spirits,  
Betrays herself and all sh' inherits: 990  
Is bought and sold like stolen goods,  
By pimps, and match-makers, and bawds,  
Until they force her to convey,  
And steal the thief himself away.  
These are the everlasting fruits 995  
Of all your passionate love-suits,

Th' effects of all your amorous fancies  
To portions and inheritances ;  
Your love-sick rapture for fruition  
Of dowry, jointure, and tuition ; 1000  
To which you make address and courtship,  
And with your bodies strive to worship,  
That th' infants' fortunes may partake  
Of love too, for the mother's sake.  
For these you play at purposes, 1005  
And love your loves with A's and B's.  
For these at Beste and L'Ombre woo,  
And play for love and money too ;  
Strive who shall be the ablest man  
At right gallanting of a fan ; 1010  
And who the most genteelly bred  
At sucking of a vizard-bead ;  
How best t' accost us in all quarters,  
T' our question-and-command new Garters ;  
And solidly discourse upon 1015  
All sorts of dresses pro and con ;  
For there's no mystery nor trade,  
But in the art of love is made ;  
And when you have more debts to pay  
Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day, 1020  
And no way possible to do 't,  
But love and oaths, and restless suit,  
To us y' apply to pay the scores  
Of all your cully'd past amours ;  
Act o'er your flames and darts again, 1025  
And charge us with your wounds and pain ;  
Which others' influences long since  
Have charm'd your noses with, and shins ;  
For which the surgeon is unpaid,  
And like to be, without our aid. 1030  
Lord ! what an am'rous thing is want !  
How debts and mortgages enchant !  
What graces must that lady have  
That can from executions save !  
What charms that can reverse extent, 1035  
And null decree and exigent !  
What magical attracts and graces,  
That can redeem from scire facias !



From bonds and statutes can discharge,  
 And from contempts of court enlarge! 1040  
 These are the highest excellencies  
 Of all your true or false pretences;  
 And you would damn yourselves, and swear  
 As much t' an hostess dowager,  
 Grown fat and pursy by retail 1045  
 Of pots of beer and bottled ale,  
 And find her fitter for your turn,  
 For fat is wondrous apt to burn;  
 Who at your flames would soon take fire,  
 Relent, and melt to your desire, 1050  
 And, like a candle in the socket,  
 Dissolve her graces int' your pocket.  
 By this time 'twas grown dark and late,  
 When th' heard a knocking at the gate,  
 Laid on in haste, with such a powder, 1055  
 The blows grew louder still and louder;  
 Which Hudibras, as if th' had been,  
 Bestow'd as freely on his skin,  
 Expounding by his inward light,  
 Or rather more prophetic fright, 1060  
 To be the wizard, come to search,  
 And take him napping in the lurch,  
 Turn'd pale as ashes, or a clout,  
 But why or wherefore is a doubt;  
 For men will tremble, and turn paler, 1065  
 With too much or too little valour.  
 His heart laid on, as if it try'd  
 To force a passage through his side,  
 Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait 'em,  
 But in a fury to fly at 'em; 1070  
 And therefore beat, and laid about,  
 To find a cranny to creep out.  
 But she, who saw in what a taking  
 The Knight was by his furious quaking,  
 Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight! 1075  
 Know, I'm resolv'd to break no rite  
 Of hospitality t' a stranger;  
 But to secure you out of danger,  
 Will here myself stand sentinel,  
 To guard this pass 'gainst Sidrophel, 1080

Women, you know, do seldom fail  
To make the stoutest men turn tail :  
And bravely scorn to turn their backs  
Upon the desp'ratest attacks.  
At this the Knight grew resolute 1085  
As Ironside and Hardiknute :  
His fortitude began to rally,  
And out he cry'd aloud to sally,  
But she besought him to convey  
His courage rather out o' th' way, 1090  
And lodge in ambush on the floor,  
Or fortify'd behind a door ;  
That if the enemy should enter,  
He might relieve her in th' adventure.  
Meanwhile they knock'd against the door  
As fierce as at the gate before, 1096  
Which made the renegado Knight  
Relapse again t' his former fright.  
He thought it desperate to stay  
Till th' enemy had forc'd his way, 1100  
But rather post himself, to serve  
The lady, for a fresh reserve.  
His duty was not to dispute,  
But what sh' had order'd execute ;  
Which he resolv'd in haste t' obey, 1105  
And therefore stoutly march'd away ;  
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,  
Though in the dark, and all alone ;  
Till fear, that braver feats performs  
Than ever courage dar'd in arms, 1110  
Had drawn him up before a pass,  
To stand upon his guard and face ;  
This he courageously invaded,  
And having enter'd, barricado'd,  
Insconc'd himself as formidable 1115  
As could be underneath a table,  
Where he lay down in ambush close,  
T' expect th' arrival of his foes.  
Few minutes he had lain perdue,  
To guard his desp'rate avenue, 1120

1086. Two famous and valiant princes of this country ; the one a Saxon, the other a Dane

Before he heard a dreadful shout,  
 As loud as putting to the rout,  
 With which impatiently alarm'd,  
 He fancy'd th' enemy had storm'd,  
 And, after ent'ring, Sidrophel 1125  
 Was fall'n upon the guards pell-mell :  
 He therefore sent out all his senses,  
 To bring him in intelligences,  
 Which vulgars out of ignorance,  
 Mistake for falling in a trance ; 1130  
 But those who trade in 'geomancy,  
 Affirm to be the strength of fancy ;  
 In which the Lapland Magi deal,  
 And things incredible reveal.  
 Meanwhile the foe beat up his quarters, 1135  
 And storm'd the outworks of his fortress :  
 And as another of the same  
 Degree and party, in arms and fame,  
 That in the same cause had engag'd,  
 And war with equal conduct wag'd, 1140  
 By vent'ring only but to thrust  
 His head a span beyond his post,  
 B' a gen'ral of the cavaliers  
 Was dragg'd thro' a window by the ears ;  
 So he was serv'd in his redoubt, 1145  
 And by the other end pull'd out.

Soon as they had him at their mercy,  
 They put him to the cudgel fiercely,  
 As if they'd scorn to trade or barter,  
 By giving or by taking quarter : 1150  
 They stoutly on his quarters laid,  
 Until his scouts came in t' his aid ;  
 For when a man is past his sense,  
 There's no way to reduce him thence,  
 But twinging him by th' ears or nose, 1155  
 Or laying on of heavy blows

1131. The Lapland Magi. The Laplanders are an idolatrous people, far north ; and it is very credibly reported by authors and persons that have travelled in their country, that they do perform things incredible by what is vulgarly called magic.

And if that will not do the deed,  
 To burning with hot irons proceed.  
 No sooner was he come t' himself,  
 But on his neck a sturdy elf 1160  
 Clapp'd, in a trice, his cloven hoof,  
 And thus attack'd him with reproof:

Mortal, thou art betray'd to us  
 B' our friend, thy Evil Genius,  
 Who, for thy horrid perjuries, 1165  
 Thy breach of faith, and turning lies,  
 The brethren's privilege (against  
 The wicked) on themselves, the saints,  
 Has here thy wretched carcass sent  
 For just revenge and punishment; 1170  
 Which thou hast now no way to lessen,  
 But by an open free confession;  
 For if we catch thee failing once,  
 'Twill fall the heavier on thy bones.

What made thee venture to betray, 1175  
 And filch the lady's heart away?  
 To spirit her to matrimony?—  
 That which contracts all matches—money,  
 It was th' enchantment of her riches  
 That made m' apply t' your crony witches, 1180  
 That, in return, would pay th' expense,  
 The wear and tear of conscience;  
 Which I could have patch'd up, and turn'd,  
 For th' hundredth part of what I earn'd.

Didst thou not love her, then? Speak true.  
 No more (quoth he) than I love you.— 1186  
 How would'st th' have us'd her, and her money?  
 First turn'd her up to alimony,  
 And laid her dowry out in law,  
 To null her jointure with a flaw, 1190  
 Which I before-hand had agreed  
 T' have put, on purpose in the deed;  
 And bar her widow's making over  
 T' a friend in trust, or private lover.

What made thee pick and choose her out,  
 T' employ their sorceries about?— 1196  
 That which makes gamesters play with those  
 Who have least wit, and most to lose.

1158. An allusion to cauterizing in apoplexies, &c.

But didst thou scourge thy vessel thus,  
As thou hast damn'd thyself to us? 1200

I see you take me for an ass :  
'Tis true, I thought the trick would pass  
Upon a woman well enough,  
As 't has been often found by proof ;  
Whose humours are not to be won, 1205  
But when they are impos'd upon :  
For love approves of all they do  
That stand for candidates, and woo.

Why didst thou forge those shameful lies  
Of bears and witches in disguise? 1210

That is no more than authors give  
The rabble credit to believe ;  
A trick of following their leaders,  
To entertain their gentle readers :  
And we have now no other way 1215  
Of passing all we do or say ;  
Which, when 'tis natural and true,  
Will be believ'd b' a very few,  
Beside the danger of offence,  
The fatal enemy of sense. 1220

Why didst thou choose that cursed sin,  
Hypocrisy, to set up in ?

Because it is the thriving'st calling,  
The only saint'-bell that rings all in ;  
In which all churches are concern'd, 1225  
And is the easiest to be learn'd .

For no degrees, unless they employ 't,  
Can ever gain much, or enjoy 't :  
A gift that is not only able  
To domineer among the rabble, 1230

But by the laws impower'd to rout,  
And awe the greatest that stand out ;  
Which few hold forth against, for fear  
Their hands should slip, and come too near ;  
For no sin else among the saints 1235  
Is taught so tenderly against.

What made thee break thy plighted vows?—  
That which makes others break a house,  
And hang, and scorn ye all, before  
Endure the plague of being poor. 1240

Quoth he, I see you have more tricks  
 Than all our doating politics,  
 That are grown old, and out of fashion,  
 Compar'd with your New Reformation;  
 That we must come to school to you, 1245  
 To learn your more refin'd and new,

Quoth he, if you will give me leave  
 To tell you what I now perceive,  
 You'll find yourself an arrant chouse,  
 If y' were but at a meeting-house.— 1250

'Tis true, (quoth he) we ne'er come there,  
 Because wi' have let 'em out by th' year.

Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine  
 What wondrous things they will engage in:  
 That as your fellow-fiends in hell 1255  
 Were angels all before they fell,  
 So are you like to be agen,  
 Compar'd with th' angels of us men.

Quoth he, I am resolv'd to be  
 Thy scholar in this mystery; 1260  
 And therefore first desire to know  
 Some principles on which you go.

What makes a knave a child of God,  
 And one of us?—A livelihood.

What renders beating out of brains, 1265  
 And murder, godliness?—Great gains.

What's tender conscience?—'Tis a botch,  
 That will not bear the gentlest touch;  
 But breaking out, dispatches more  
 Than th' epidemical'st plague-sore. 1270

What makes y' encroach upon our trade,  
 And damn all others?—To be paid.

What's orthodox, and true believing  
 Against a conscience?—A good living. 1275

What makes rebelling against kings  
 A good old cause?—Administ'rings.

What makes old doctrines plain and clear?—  
 About two hundred pounds a year.

And that which was prov'd true before,  
 Prove false again?—Two hundred more. 1280

What makes the breaking of all oaths  
 A holy duty?—Food and clothes.

What laws and freedom, persecution?—  
 B'ing out of pow'r and contribution. 1281

What makes a church a den of thieves?  
 A dean and chapter, and white sleeves.

And what would serve if those were gone,  
 To make it orthodox?—Our own.

What makes morality a crime,  
 The most notorious of the time; 1290

Morality, which both the saints  
 And wicked too cry out against?—

'Cause grace and virtue are within  
 Prohibited degrees of kin; 1295

And therefore no true saint allows

'They shall be suffer'd to espouse:

For saints can need no conscience,

That with morality dispense;

As virtue 's impious, when 'tis rooted

In nature only, and not imputed: 1300

But why the wicked should do so,

We neither know, or care to do.

What's liberty of conscience,

Or th' natural and genuine sense?

'Tis to restore, with more security, 1305

Rebellion to its ancient purity;

And Christian liberty reduce

To th' elder practice of the Jews.

For a large conscience is all one,

And signifies the same with none. 1310

It is enough (quoth he) for once,

And has repriev'd thy forfeit bones:

Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick

(Though he gave his name to our Old Nick)

But was below the least of these, 1315

That pass i' th' world for holiness.

This said, the furies and the light

In th' instant vanish'd out of sight,

And left him in the dark alone,

With stinks of brimstone and his own. 1320

The Queen of Night, whose large command

Rules all the sea, and half the land,

1321. The moon influences the tides, and predominates over all humid bodies; and persons distempered in mind are called lunatics.



And over moist and crazy brains,  
 In high spring-tides, at midnight reigns,  
 Was now declining to the west, 1325  
 To go to bed, and take her rest ;  
 When Hudibras, whose stubborn blows  
 Deny'd his bones that soft repose,  
 Lay still, expecting worse and more,  
 Stretch'd out at length upon the floor : 1330  
 And though he shut his eyes as fast  
 As if he 'd been to sleep his last,  
 Saw all the shapes that fear or wizards  
 Do make the devil wear for vizards ;  
 And pricking up his ears, to heark 1335  
 If he could hear too in the dark,  
 Was first invaded with a groan,  
 And æfter, in a feeble tone,  
 These trembling words : Unhappy wretch !  
 What hast thou gotten by this fetch, 1340  
 Of all thy tricks, in this new trade,  
 Thy holy brotherhood o' th' blade ?  
 By saunt'ring still on some adventure,  
 And growing to thy horse a Centaur ?  
 To stuff thy skin with swelling knobs 1345  
 Of cruel and hard-wooded drubs ?  
 For still th' hast had the worst on't yet,  
 As well in conquest as defeat.  
 Night is the sabbath of mankind,  
 To rest the body and the mind, 1350  
 Which now thou art deny'd to keep,  
 And cure thy labour'd corpse with sleep.  
 The Knight, who heard the words, explain'd  
 As meant to him this reprimand,  
 Because the character did hit 1355  
 Point-blank upon his case so fit ;  
 Believ'd it was some drolling sprite,  
 That staid upon the guard that night,  
 And one of those h' had seen, and felt  
 The drubs he had so freely dealt ; 1360

134 The Centaurs were a people of Thessaly, and supposed to be the first managers of horses ; and the neighbouring inhabitants never having seen any such thing before, fabulously reported them monsters, half men and half horses.

When, after a short pause and groan,  
The doleful spirit thus went on :

This 'tis t' engage with dogs and bears  
Pell-mell together by the ears,  
And, after painful bangs and knocks, 1365  
To lie in limbo in the stocks,  
And from the pinnacle of glory  
Fall headlong into purgatory.  
(Thought he, this devil's full of malice,  
That on my late disasters rallies.) 1370  
Condemn'd to whipping, but declin'd it,  
By being more heroic minded ;  
And at a riding handled worse,  
With treats more slovenly and coarse :  
Engag'd with fiends in stubborn wars, 1375  
And hot disputes with conjurers ;  
And when th' hadst bravely won the day,  
Wast fain to steal thyself away.  
(I see, thought he, this shameless elf  
Would fain steal me too from myself, 1380  
That impudently dares to own  
What I have suffer'd for and done.)  
And now, but vent'ring to betray,  
Hast met with vengeance the same way.  
Thought he, how does the devil know 1385  
What 'twas that I design'd to do?  
His office of intelligence,  
His oracles, are ceas'd long since ;  
And he knows nothing of the saints,  
But what some treacherous spy acquaints. 1390  
That is some pettifogging fiend,  
Some under door-keeper's friend's friend,  
That undertakes to understand,  
And juggles at the second-hand ;  
And now would pass for Spirit Po, 1395  
And all men's dark concerns foreknow.  
I think I need not fear him for't ;  
These rallying devils do no hurt.  
With that he rous'd his drooping heart,  
And hastily cry'd out, What art? 1400  
A wretch (quoth he) whom want of grace  
Has brought to this unhappy place.

I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;  
 Thus far I'm sure th' art in the right;  
 And know what 'tis that troubles thee, 1405  
 Better than thou hast guess'd of me.

Thou art some paltry, blackguard sprite,  
 Condemn'd to drudg'ry in the night;  
 Thou hast no work to do in th' house,  
 Nor halfpenny to drop in shoes; 1410

Without the raising of which sum  
 You dare not be so troublesome  
 To pinch the slatterns black and blue,  
 For leaving you their work to do.

This is your bus'ness, good Pug-Robin, 1415  
 And your diversion dull dry-bobbing,  
 T' entice fanatics in the dirt,  
 And wash them clean in ditches for't;  
 Of which conceit you are so proud,  
 At ev'ry jest you laugh aloud, 1420  
 As now you would have done by me,  
 But that I barr'd your raillery.

Sir (quoth the voice,) y' are no such Sophi  
 As you would have the world judge of ye.  
 If you design to weigh our talents 1425  
 I' th' standard of your own false balance,  
 Or think it possible to know

Us ghosts as well as we do you;  
 We, who have been the everlasting  
 Companions of your drubs and basting, 1430  
 And never left you in contest,  
 With male or female, man or beast,  
 But prov'd as true t' ye, and entire,  
 In all adventures, as your Squire.

Quoth he, That may be said as true 1435  
 By th' idlest pug of all your crew:  
 For none could have betray'd us worse  
 Than those allies of ours and yours.  
 But I have sent him for a token  
 To your low-country Hogen-Mogen, 1440

1423. Sophi is at present the name of the kings of Persia, not superadded, as Pharaoh was to the kings of Egypt, but the name of the family itself, and religion of Hali, whose descendants by Fatima, Mahomet's daughter, took the name of Sophi.

To whose infernal shores I hope  
 He'll swing like skippers in a rope.  
 And if y' have been more just to me  
 (As I am apt to think) than he,  
 I am afraid it is as true, 1445

What th' ill-affected say of you :  
 Y' have spous'd the Covenant and Cause,  
 By holding up your cloven paws.

Sir, (quoth the voice,) 'tis true, I grant,  
 We made and took the Covenant ; 1450

But that no more concerns the Cause  
 Than other perj'ries do the laws,  
 Which, when they're prov'd in open court,  
 Wear wooden peccadillos for't :

And that's the reason Cov'nanters 1455  
 Hold up their hands, like rogues at bars.

I see, quoth Hudibras, from whence  
 These scandals of the saints commence,  
 That are but natural effects  
 Of Satan's malice, and his sects, 1460  
 Those spider-saints, that hang by threads,  
 Spun out o' th' entrails of their heads.

Sir, (quoth the voice) that may as true  
 And properly be said of you,  
 Whose talents may compare with either, 1465  
 Or both the other put together :

For all the Independents do  
 Is only what you forc'd 'em to ;  
 You, who are not content alone  
 With tricks to put the devil down, 1470

But must have armies rais'd to back  
 The gospel work you undertake ;  
 As if artillery, and edge-tools,  
 Were th' only engines to save souls :  
 While he, poor devil, has no pow'r 1475

By force to run down and devour ;  
 Has ne'er a Classis ; cannot sentence  
 To stools, or poundage of repentance ;  
 Is ty'd up only to design,  
 T' entice, and tempt, and undermine ; 1480

1454. Peccadillos were stiff pieces that went about the neck, and round about the shoulders, to pin the band, worn by persons nice 'n dressing ; but his wooden one is a pillory.

In which you all his arts outdo,  
And prove yourselves his betters too.  
Hence 'tis possessions do less evil  
Than mere temptations of the devil,  
Which all the horrid'st actions done 1485  
Are charg'd in courts of law upon  
Because, unless they help the elf,  
He can do little of himself;  
And therefore where he's best possess'd,  
Acts most against the interest; 1490  
Surprises none, but those wh' have priests  
To turn him out, and exorcists,  
Supply'd with spiritual provision,  
And magazines of ammunition;  
With crosses, relics, crucifixes, 1495  
Beads, pictures, rosaries, and pixes;  
The tools of working out salvation  
By mere mechanic operation;  
With holy water, like a sluice,  
To overflow all avenues: 1500  
But those wh' are utterly unarm'd  
T' oppose his entrance, if he storm'd,  
He never offers to surprise,  
Although his falsest enemies;  
But is content to be their drudge, 1505  
And on their errands glad to trudge:  
For where are all your forfeitures  
Intrusted in safe hands, but ours?  
Who are but jailers of the holes  
And dungeons where you clap up souls; 1510  
Like under-keepers, turn the keys,  
T' your mittimus anathemas;  
And never boggle to restore  
The members you deliver o'er  
Upon demand, with fairer justice 1515  
Than all your covenanting Trustees;  
Unless, to punish them the worse,  
You put them in the secular pow'rs,  
And pass their souls, as some demise  
The same estate in mortgage twice; 1520

1483 Criminals, in their indictments, are charged with not having the fear of God before their eyes, but being led by the instigation of the devil.

When to a legal Utlegation  
 You turn your excommunication,  
 And for a groat unpaid, that's due,  
 Distrain on soul and body too.

Thought he, 'tis no mean part of civil 1525  
 State prudence to cajole the devil;  
 And not to handle him too rough,  
 When h' has us in his cloven hoof.

'Tis true, quoth he, that intercourse  
 Has pass'd between your friends and ours, 1530  
 That as you trust us in our way,  
 To raise your members, and to lay,  
 We send you others of our own,  
 Denounc'd to hang themselves or drown,  
 Or, frightened with our oratory, 1535  
 To leap down headlong many a story;  
 Have us'd all means to propagate  
 Your mighty interests of state;  
 Laid out our spiritual gifts to further  
 Your great designs of rage and murther. 1540  
 For if the saints are nam'd from blood,  
 We only have made that title good;  
 And if it were but in our power,  
 We should not scruple to do more,  
 And not be half a soul behind 1545  
 Of all dissenters of mankind.

Right, quoth the voice, and as I scorn  
 To be ungrateful, in return  
 Of all those kind good offices,  
 I'll free you out of this distress, 1550  
 And set you down in safety, where  
 It is no time to tell you here.  
 The cock crows, and the morn grows on,  
 When 'tis decreed I must be gone;  
 And if I leave you here till day, 1555  
 You'll find it hard to get away.

With that the spirit grop'd about,  
 To find th' enchanted hero out,

1521. When they return the excommunication into the Chancery, there is issued out a writ against the person.

1524. Excommunication, which deprives men from being members of the visible church, and formally delivers them up to the devil.

And try'd with haste to lift him up ;  
But found his forlorn hope, his crup, 1560  
Unserviceable with kicks and blows,  
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted foes.  
He thought to drag him by the heels,  
Like Gresham carts, with legs for wheels ;  
But fear, that soonest cures those sores 1565  
In danger of relapse to worse,  
Came in t' assist him with its aid,  
And up his sinking vessel weigh'd.  
No sooner was he fit to trudge,  
But both made ready to dislodge ; 1570  
The spirit hors'd him like a sack  
Upon the vehicle his back ;  
And bore him headlong into th' hall,  
With some few rubs against the wall ;  
Where finding out the postern lock'd, 1575  
And th' avenues as strongly block'd,  
H' attack'd the window, storm'd the glass,  
And in a moment gain'd the pass ;  
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted soldier's  
Fore-quarters out by th' head and shoulders ;  
And cautiously began to scout, 1581  
To find their fellow-cattle out.  
Nor was it half a minute's quest,  
Ere he retriev'd the champion's beast,  
Ty'd to a pale, instead of rack, 1585  
But ne'er a saddle on his back,  
Nor pistols at the saddle-bow,  
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.  
He thought it was no time to stay,  
And let the night too steal away ; 1590  
But in a trice advanc'd the Knight  
Upon the bare ridge, bolt upright,  
And groping out for Ralpho's jade,  
He found the saddle too was stray'd,  
And in the place a lump of soap, 1595  
On which he speedily leap'd up ;  
And turning to the gate the rein,  
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain ;  
While Hudibras, with equal haste,  
On both sides laid about as fast, 1600



And spurr'd, as jockies use, to break,  
 Or padders to secure, a neck ;  
 Where let us leave 'em for a time,  
 And to their churches turn our rhyme ;  
 To hold forth their declining state, 1605  
 Which now come near an even rate.

## CANTO II.

The saints engage in fierce contests  
 About their carnal interests,  
 To share their sacrilegious preys,  
 According to their rates of Grace :  
 Their various frenzies to reform,  
 When Cromwell let them in a storm ;  
 Till in th' effige of Rumps, the rabble  
 Burn all their Grandees of the Cabal.

- THE learned write, an insect breeze  
 Is but a mongrel prince of bees,  
 That falls before a storm on cows,  
 And stings the founders of his house ;  
 From whose corrupted flesh that breed 5  
 Of vermin did at first proceed :  
 So, ere the storm of war broke out,  
 Religion spawn'd a various rout  
 Of petulant capricious sects,  
 The maggots of corrupted texts, 10  
 That first run all religion down,  
 And after ev'ry swarm its own :  
 For as the Persian Magi once  
 Upon their mothers got their sons,  
 That were incapable t' enjoy 15  
 That empire any other way,

1 An insect breeze. Breezes often bring along with them great quantities of insects, which some are of opinion are generated from viscons exhalations in the air ; but our author makes them proceed from a cow's dung, and afterwards become a plague to that whence it received its original.

13. The Magi were priests and philosophers among the Persians, intrusted with the government both civil and ecclesiastic, much addicted to the observation of the stars. Zoroaster is reported to be their first author. They had this custom among them, to preserve and continue their families by incestuous copulation with their own mothers. Some are of opinion that the three wise men that came out of the East to worship our Saviour were some of these.

So Presbyter begot the other  
 Upon the Good Old Cause, his mother,  
 Then bore them, like the devil's dam,  
 Whose son and husband are the same ; 20  
 And yet no nat'ral tie of blood,  
 Nor int'rest for the common good,  
 Could, when their profits interfer'd,  
 Get quarter for each other's beard :  
 For when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd, 25  
 But only by the ears engag'd ;  
 Like dogs that snarl about a bone,  
 And play together when they've none ;  
 As by their truest characters,  
 Their constant actions, plainly appears. 30  
 Rebellion now began, for lack  
 Of zeal and plunder, to grow slack ;  
 The Cause and Covenant to lessen,  
 And Providence to b' out of season :  
 For now there was no more to purchase 35  
 O' th' king's revenue and the churches,  
 But all divided, shar'd, and gone,  
 That us'd to urge the brethren on ;  
 Which forc'd the stubborn'st for the Cause,  
 To cross the cudgels to the laws, 40  
 That what by breaking them th' had gain'd,  
 By their support might be maintain'd ;  
 Like thieves, that in a hemp-plot lie,  
 Secur'd against the hue-and-cry ;  
 For Presbyter and Independent 45  
 Were now turn'd plaintiff and defendant ;  
 Laid out their apostolic functions  
 On carnal orders and injunctions ;  
 And all their precious gifts and graces  
 On outlawries and scire facias ; 50  
 At Michael's term had many a trial,  
 Worse than the dragon and St. Michael,  
 Where thousands fell, in shape of fees,  
 Into the bottomless abyss.  
 For when, like brethren, and like friends, 55  
 They came to share their dividends,

51. St. Michael, an archangel, mentioned in St. Jude's Epistle, verse 9.

And ev'ry partner to possess  
 His church and state joint-purchases,  
 In which the ablest saint, and best,  
 Was nam'd in trust by all the rest 60  
 To pay their money, and, instead  
 Of ev'ry brother, pass the deed,  
 He straight converted all his gifts  
 To pious frauds and holy shifts,  
 And settled all the other shares 65  
 Upon his outward man and 's heirs ;  
 Held all they claim'd as forfeit lands  
 Deliver'd up into his hands,  
 And pass'd upon his conscience  
 By pre-entail of Providence ; 70  
 Impeach'd the rest for reprobates,  
 That had no titles to estates,  
 But by their spiritual attainments  
 Degraded from the right of saints.  
 This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun 75  
 With law and conscience to fall on,  
 And laid about as hot and brain-sick  
 As th' utter barrister of Swanswick ;  
 Engag'd with money-bags as bold  
 As men with sand-bags did of old ; 80  
 That brought the lawyers in more fees  
 Than all unsanctify'd trustees ;  
 Till he who had no more to show  
 I' th' case receiv'd the overthrow ;  
 Or, both sides having had the worst, 85  
 They parted as they met at first.  
 Poor Presbyter was now reduc'd,  
 Secluded, and cashier'd, and chous'd !  
 Turn'd out, and excommunicate  
 From all affairs of church and state ; 90  
 Reform'd t' a reformado saint,  
 And glad to turn itinerant,  
 To stroll and teach from town to town,  
 And those he had taught up teach down,

77. William Prynne, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. born at Swanswick, who styled himself Utter Barrister, a very warm person, and voluminous writer ; and after the Restoration, keeper of the records in the Tower.

And make those uses serve agen 95  
 Against the new-enlighten'd men,  
 As fit as when at first they were  
 Reveal'd against the Cavalier;  
 Damn Anabaptist and fanatic,  
 As pat as popish and prelati; 100  
 And with as little variation,  
 To serve for any sect i' th' nation.

The Good Old Cause, which some believe  
 To be the devil that tempted Eve  
 With knowledge, and does still invite 105  
 The world to mischief with new Light,  
 Had store of money in her purse  
 When he took her for bett'r or worse;  
 But now was grown deform'd and poor,  
 And fit to be turn'd out of door. 110

The Independents (whose first station  
 Was in the rear of reformation,  
 A mongrel kind of church dragoons,  
 That serv'd for horse and foot at once,  
 And in the saddle of one steed 115  
 The Saracen and Christian rid,  
 Were free of ev'ry spiritual order,  
 To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder)  
 No sooner got the start to lurch  
 Both disciplines of war, and church, 120  
 And providence enough to run  
 The chief commanders of 'em down,  
 But carry'd on the war against  
 The common enemy o' th' saints,  
 And in a while prevail'd so far, 125  
 To win of them the game of war,  
 And be at liberty once more  
 T' attack themselves, as th' had before.

For now there was no foe in arms,  
 T' unite their factions with alarms, 130  
 But all reduc'd and overcome,  
 Except their worst, themselves at home,  
 Wh' had compass'd all they pray'd, and swore,  
 And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for;  
 Subdu'd the nation, church, and state, 135  
 And all things but their laws and hate.

But when they came to treat and transact,  
 And share the spoil of all th' had ransackt,  
 To botch up what th' had torn and rent,  
 Religion and the government, 140  
 They met no sooner, but prepar'd  
 To pull down all the war had spar'd;  
 Agreed in nothing but t' abolish,  
 Subvert, extirpate, and demolish:  
 For knaves and fools b'ing near of kin 145  
 As Dutch Boors are t' a Sooterkin,  
 Both parties join'd to do their best  
 To damn the public interest,  
 And herded only in consults,  
 To put by one another's bolts; 150  
 T' out cant the Babylonian labourers,  
 At all their dialects of jabberers,  
 And tug at both ends of the saw,  
 To tear down government and law.  
 For as two cheats that play one game, 155  
 Are both defeated of their aim,  
 So those who play a game of state,  
 And only cavil in debate,  
 Although there's nothing lost or won,  
 The public bus'ness is undone; 160  
 Which still the longer 'tis in doing,  
 Becomes the surer way to ruin.  
 This when the royalists perceiv'd  
 (Who to their faith as firmly cleav'd,  
 And own'd the right they had paid down 165  
 So dearly for, the church and crown,)  
 Th' united constanter. and sided  
 The more, the more their foes divided:  
 For though out-number'd, overthrown,  
 And by the fate of war run down, 170  
 Their duty never was defeated,  
 Nor from their oaths and faith retreated;

146. It is reported of the Dutch women, that making so great a use of stoves, and often putting them under their petticoats, they engender a kind of ugly monster, which is called a Sooterkin.

151. At the building of the Tower of Babel, when God made the confusion of languages.

For loyalty is still the same,  
Whether it win or lose the game ;  
True as the dial to the sun, 175  
Although it be not shin d upon.  
But when these brethren in evil,  
Their adversaries, and the devil,  
Began once more to shew them play,  
And hopes, at least, to have a day, 180  
They rally'd in parades of woods,  
And unfrequented solitudes ;  
Conven'd at midnight in outhouses,  
T' appoint new-rising rendezvouses,  
And, with a pertinacy unmatch'd, 185  
For new recruits of danger watch'd.  
No sooner was one blow diverted,  
But up another party started ;  
And, as if nature too, in haste  
To furnish out supplies as fast, 190  
Before her time, had turn'd destruction  
T' a new and numerous production,  
No sooner those were overcome,  
But up rose others in their room,  
That, like the Christian faith, increast 195  
The more, the more they were supprest :  
Whom neither chains nor transportation,  
Proscription, sale, or confiscation,  
Nor all the desperate events  
Of former try'd experiments, 200  
Nor wounds could terrify, nor mangling,  
To leave off loyalty and dangling ;  
Nor death (with all his bones) affright  
From vent'ring to maintain the right,  
From staking life and fortune down 205  
'Gainst all together, for the crown ;  
But kept the title of their cause  
From forfeiture, like claims in laws :  
And prov'd no prosp'rous usurpation  
Can ever settle in the nation ; 210  
Until, in spite of force and treason,  
They put their loyalty in possession ;  
And, by their constancy and faith,  
Destroy'd the mighty men of Gath.

Toss'd in a furious hurricane, 215  
 Did Oliver give up his reign;  
 And was believ'd, as well by saints  
 As mortal men and miscreants,  
 To founder in the Stygian ferry;  
 Until he was retriev'd by Sterry; 220  
 Who, in a false erroneous dream,  
 Mistook the New Jerusalem  
 Profanely for th' apocryphal  
 False Heaven at the end o' th' hall;  
 Whither it was decreed by fate 225  
 His precious reliques to translate.  
 So Romulus was seen before  
 B' as orthodox a senator,  
 From whose divine illumination  
 He stole the Pagan revelation. 230

Next him his son and heir apparent  
 Succeeded, though a lame vicegerent;  
 Who first laid by the Parliament.  
 The only crutch on which he leant;

215. At Oliver's death was a most furious tempest, such as had not been known in the memory of man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this nation.

This Sterry reported something ridiculously fabulous concerning Oliver, not unlike what Proculus did of Romulus.

224. After the Restoration, Oliver's body was dug up, and his head set at the farther end of Westminster-hall, near which place there is a house of entertainment, which is commonly known by the name of Heaven.

227. A Roman senator, whose name was Proculus, and much beloved by Romulus, made oath before the senate, that this prince appeared to him after his death, and predicted the future grandeur of that city, promising to be protector of it; and expressly charged him that he should be adored under the name of Quirinus; and he had his temple on Mount Quirinale.

231. Oliver's eldest son Richard was, by him before his death, declared his successor; and, by order of privy-council, proclaimed Lord Protector, and received the compliments of congratulation and condolence, at the same time, from the lord mayor and court of aldermen: and addresses were presented to him from all parts of the nation, promising to stand by him with their lives and fortunes. He summoned a parliament to meet at Westminster, which recognised him Lord Protector: yet, notwithstanding, Fleetwood, Desborough, and their partisans, managed affairs so, that he was obliged to resign.



And then sunk underneath the state, 235  
That rode him above horsemen's weight.

And now the saints began their reign,  
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,  
And felt such bowel-hankerings,  
To see an empire all of kings, 240

Deliver'd from the Egyptian awe  
Of justice, government, and law,  
And free t' erect what spiritual cantons  
Should be reveal'd, or gospel Hans-Towns,  
To edify upon the ruins 245

Of John of Leyden's old out-goings ;  
Who for a weather-cock hung up,  
Upon the mother church's top :  
Was made a type, by Providence,  
Of all their revelations since ; 250

And now fulfill'd by his successors,  
Who equally mistook their measures :  
For when they came to shape the model,  
Not one could fit another's noddle ;  
But found their light and gifts more wide 255  
From fadging than th' unsanctify'd ;

While ev'ry individual brother  
Strove hand to fist against another ;  
And still the maddest, and most crackt,  
Were found the busiest to transact : 260

For though most hands dispatch apace,  
And make light work (the proverb says,)  
Yet many diff'rent intellects  
Are found t' have contrary effects ;

245. John of Leyden, whose name was Buckhold, was a butcher of the same place, but a crafty, eloquent, and seditious fellow, and one of those called Anabaptists. He went and set up at Munster, where, with Knipperdolling, and others of the same faction, they spread their abominable errors, and ran about the streets in enthusiastical raptures, crying, ' Repent, and be baptized ; ' pronouncing dismal woes against all those that would not embrace their tenets. About the year 1533, they broke out into an open insurrection, and seized the palace and magazines, and grew so formidable, that it was very dangerous for those who were not of their persuasion to dwell in Munster ; but at length he and his associates being subdued and taken, he was executed at Munster, and had his flesh pulled off by two executioners, with red-hot pincers for the space of an hour, and then run through with a sword.

And many heads t' obstruct intrigues, 265  
 As slowest insects have most legs.  
 Some were for setting up a king;  
 But all the rest for no such thing,  
 Unless King Jesus. Others tamper'd  
 For Fleetwood, Desborough, and Lambert; 270  
 Some for the Rump, and some, more crafty,  
 For Agitators, and the safety;  
 Some for the gospel, and massacres  
 Of spiritual affidavit-makers,  
 That swore to any human regence 275  
 Oaths of supremacy and allegiance;  
 Yea, though the ablest swearing saint  
 That vouch'd the bulls o' the Covenant:  
 Others for pulling down th' high places  
 Of synods and provincial classes, 280  
 That us'd to make such hostile inroads  
 Upon the saints, like bloody Nimrods:  
 Some for fulfilling prophecies,  
 And th' extirpation of th' excise;  
 And some against th' Egyptian bondage 285  
 Of holy-days, and paying poundage:  
 Some for the cutting down of groves,  
 And rectifying bakers' loaves;  
 And some for finding out expedients  
 Against the slav'ry of obedience: 290  
 Some were for gospel ministers,  
 And some for red-coat seculars,  
 As men most fit t' hold forth the word,  
 And wield the one and th' other sword:  
 Some were for carrying on the work 295  
 Against the Pope, and some the Turk:  
 Some for engaging to suppress  
 The Camisado of surplices,  
 That gifts and dispensations hinder'd,  
 And turn'd to th' outward man the inward; 300  
 More proper for the cloudy night  
 Of popery than gospel light:  
 Others were for abolishing  
 That tool of matrimony, a ring,  
 With which th' unsanctify'd bridegroom 305  
 Is marry'd only to a thumb

(As wise as ringing of a pig,  
That us'd to break up ground, and dig ;)  
The bride to nothing but her will,  
That nulls the after-marriage still : 310  
Some were for th' utter extirpation  
Of linsey-woolsey in the nation ;  
And some against all idolizing  
The cross in shop-books, or baptizing ;  
Others to make all things recant 315  
The Christian or surname of saint,  
And force all churches, streets, and towns,  
The holy title to renounce :  
Some 'gainst a third estate of souls,  
And bringing down the price of coals : 320  
Some for abolishing black-pudding,  
And eating nothing with the blood in ;  
To abrogate them roots and branches ;  
While others were for eating haunches  
Of warriors, and, now and then, 325  
The flesh of kings and mighty men ;  
And some for breaking of their bones  
'With rods of ir'n, by secret ones ;  
For thrashing mountains, and with spells  
For hallowing carriers' packs and bells : 330  
Things that the legend never heard of,  
But made the wicked sore afraid of.  
The quacks of government (who sate  
At th' unregarded helm of state,  
And understood this wild confusion 335  
Of fatal madness and delusion,  
Must, sooner than a prodigy,  
Portend destruction to be nigh)  
Consider'd timely how t' withdraw,  
And save their wind-pipes from the law ; 340  
For one rencounter at the bar  
Was worse than all th' had 'scap'd in war ;  
And therefore met in consultation,  
To cant and quack upon the nation ;  
Not for the sickly patient's sake ; 345  
Nor what to give but what to take ;  
To feel the pulses of their fees,  
More wise than fumbling arteries ;

Prolong the snuff of life in pain,  
And from the grave recover—Gain. 350

'Mong these there was a politician  
With more heads than a beast in vision,  
And more intrigues in ev'ry one  
Than all the whores of Babylon;  
So politic, as if one eye 355

Upon the other were a spy,  
That, to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink;  
And in his dark pragmatic way,  
As busy as a child at play. 360

H' had seen three governments run down,  
And had a hand in ev'ry one;  
Was for 'em and against 'em all,  
But barb'rous when they came to fall:  
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin, 365

He made his int'rest with the new one;  
Play'd true and faithful, though against  
His conscience, and was still advanc'd:  
For by the witchcraft of rebellion  
Transform'd t' a feeble state-camelion, 370

By giving aim from side to side,  
He never fail'd to save his tide,  
But got the start of ev'ry state,  
And at a change ne'er came too late;  
Could turn his word, and oath, and faith, 375  
As many ways as in a lathe;

By turning, wriggle, like a screw,  
Int' highest trust, and out, for new:  
For when h' had happily incurr'd,  
Instead of hemp, to be preferr'd, 380

And pass'd upon a government,  
He play'd his trick, and out he went;  
But being out, and out of hopes  
To mount his ladder (more) of ropes,  
Would strive to raise himself upon 385

The public ruin, and his own;  
So little did he understand  
The desp'rate feats he took in hand,

351. This was the famous E. of S. who was endued  
with a particular faculty of undermining and subverting  
all sorts of government.

For when h' had got himself a name  
For fraud and tricks, he spoil'd his game ; 390  
Had forc'd his neck into a noose,  
To show his play at fast and loose ;  
And when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,  
For art and subtlety, his luck.  
So right his judgment was cut fit, 395  
And made a tally to his wit,  
And both together most profound  
At deeds of darkness under-ground ;  
As th' earth is easiest undermin'd  
By vermin impotent and blind. 400

By all these arts, and many more  
H' had practis'd long and much before,  
Our state artificer foresaw  
Which way the world began to draw :  
For as old sinners have all points 405  
O' th' compass in their bones and joints,  
Can by their pangs and aches find  
All turns and changes of the wind,  
And better than by Napier's bones  
Feel in their own the age of moons ; 410  
So guilty sinners in a state  
Can by their crimes prognosticate,  
And in their consciences feel pain  
Some days before a show'r of rain :  
He therefore wisely cast about, 415  
All ways he could, t' ensure his throat ;  
And hither came, t' observe and smoke  
What courses other riskers took ;  
And to the utmost do his best  
To save himself, and hang the rest. 420

To match this saint, there was another  
As busy and perverse a brother,  
A haberdasher of small wares  
In politics and state affairs :

409. The famous Lord Napier, of Scotland, the first inventor of logarithms, contrived also a set of square pieces, with numbers on them, made generally of ivory (which perform arithmetical and geometrical calculations,) and are commonly called Napier's bones.

421. The great Colonel John Liubourn, whose trial is so remarkable, and well known at this time.

More Jew than Rabbi Achitophel, 425  
And better gifted to rebel :  
For when h' had taught his tribe to 'spouse  
The Cause, aloft, upon one house,  
He scorn'd to set his own in order,  
But try'd another, and went farther ; 430  
So suddenly addicted still  
To 's only-principle, his will,  
That 'whatsoe'er it chanc'd to prove,  
Nor force of argument could move,  
Nor law, nor cavalcade of Ho'born, 435  
Could render half a grain less stubborn ;  
For he at any time would hang  
For th' opportunity t' harangue ;  
And rather on a gibbet dangle,  
Than miss his dear delight, to wrangle ; 440  
In which his parts were so accomplisht,  
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was nonplust ;  
But still his tongue ran on, the less  
Of weight it bore, with greater ease,  
And with its everlasting clack 445  
Set all men's ears upon the rack.  
No sooner could a hint appear,  
But up he started to picqueer,  
And made the stoutest yield to mercy,  
When he engaged in controversy : 450  
Not by the force of carnal reason,  
But indefatigable teasing ;  
With vollies of eternal babble,  
And clamour, more unanswerable :  
For though his topics frail and weak, 455  
Could ne'er amount above a freak,  
He still maintain'd 'em, like his faults,  
Against the desp'ratest assaults ;  
And back'd their feeble want of sense  
With greater heat and confidence ; 460  
As bones of Hectors, when they differ,  
The more they're cudgell'd, grow the stiffer.  
Yet when his profit moderated,  
The fury of his heat abated ;  
For nothing but his interest 465  
Could lay his devil of contest.

it was his choice, or chance, or curse,  
 T' espouse the cause for better or worse,  
 And with his worldly goods and wit,  
 And soul and body worshipp'd it : 470  
 But when he found the sullen trapes  
 Possess'd with the devil, worms, and claps,  
 The Trojan mare in foal, with Greeks,  
 Not half so full of jadish tricks,  
 Though squeamish in her outward woman, 475  
 As loose and rampant as Doll Common,  
 He still resolv'd to mend the matter,  
 T' adhere and cleave the obstinater ;  
 And still the skittisher and looser  
 Her freaks appear'd to sit the closer : 480  
 For fools are stubborn in their way,  
 As coins are harden'd by th' allay ;  
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff  
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.  
 These two, with others, being met, 485  
 And close in consultation set,  
 After a discontented pause,  
 And not without sufficient cause,  
 The orator we nam'd of late,  
 Less troubled with the pangs of state 490  
 Than with his own impatience,  
 To give himself first audience,  
 After he had a while look'd wise,  
 At last broke silence, and the ice.

Quoth he, There's nothing makes me doubt  
 Our last outgoings brought about, 496  
 More than to see the characters  
 Of real jealousies and fears  
 Not feign'd, as once, but sadly horrid,  
 Scor'd upon ev'ry member's forehead ; 500

473. After the Grecians had spent ten years in the siege of Troy, without the least prospect of success, they bethought of a stratagem, and made a wooden horse capable of containing a considerable number of armed men : this they filled with the choicest of their army, and then pretended to raise the siege ; upon which the credulous Trojans made a breach in the walls of the city to bring in this fatal plunder ; but when it was brought in, the inclosed heroes soon appeared, and surprising the city, the rest entered in at the breach.



Who, 'cause the clouds are drawn together,  
 And threaten sudden change of weather,  
 Feel pangs and aches of state-turns,  
 And revolutions in their corns;  
 And, since our workings-out are cross'd, 505  
 Throw up the cause before 'tis lost.  
 Was it to run away we meant,  
 When, taking of the Covenant,  
 The lamest cripples of the brothers  
 Took oaths to run before all others, 510  
 But in their own sense only swore  
 To strive to run away before;  
 And now would prove that words and oath  
 Engage us to renounce them both?  
 'Tis true, the cause is in the lurch, 515  
 Between a right and mongrel-church:  
 The Presbyter and Independent,  
 That stickle which shall make an end on't;  
 As 'twas made out to us the last  
 Expedient—(I mean Marg'ret's Fast,) 520  
 When Providence had been suborn'd  
 What answer was to be return'd:  
 Else why should tumults-fright us now,  
 We have so many times gone through,  
 And understand as well to tame, 525  
 As when they serve our turns t' inflame?  
 Have prov'd how inconsiderable  
 Are all engagements of the rabble,  
 Whose frenzies must be reconcil'd,  
 With drums and rattles, like a child; 530  
 But never prov'd so prosperous,  
 As when they were led on by us:  
 For all our scourging of religion  
 Began with tumult and sedition:  
 When hurricanes of fierce commotion 535  
 Became strong motives to devotion  
 As carnal seamen in a storm,  
 Turn pious converts, and reform;)   
 When rusty weapons, with chalk'd edges,  
 Maintain'd our feeble privileges; 540

\* 520. That parliament used to have public fasts kept  
 in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, as is done to  
 this present time.

And brown-bills levy'd in the city,  
Made bills to pass the grand committee;  
When zeal, with aged clubs and gleaves,  
Gave chase to rochets and white sleeves,  
And made the chuich, and state, and laws, 545  
Submit t' old iron and the cause.  
And as we thriv'd by tumults then,  
So might we better now agen,  
If we knew how, as then we did,  
To use them rightly in our need : 550  
Tumults, by which the mutinous  
Betray themselves instead of us.  
The hollow-hearted, disaffected,  
And close malignant, are detected,  
Who lay their lives and fortunes down 555  
For pledges to secure our own ;  
And freely sacrifice their ears  
T' appease our jealousies and fears :  
And yet for all these providences  
W' are offer'd, if we had our senses, 560  
We idly sit like stupid blockheads,  
Our hands committed to our pockets ;  
And nothing but our tongues at large,  
To get the wretches a discharge :  
Like men condemn'd to thunder-bolts, 565  
Who, ere the blow, become mere dolts ;  
Or fools besotted with their crimes,  
That know not how to shift betimes,  
And neither have the hearts to stay,  
Nor wit enough to run away ; 570  
Who, if we could resolve on either,  
Might stand or fall at least together ;  
No mean or trivial solaces  
To partners in extreme distress ;  
Who used to lessen their despairs, 575  
By parting them int' equal shares ;  
As if the more they were to bear,  
They felt the weight the easier ;  
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,  
The more he took his turn among. 580  
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,  
If we had courage left, or wit ;

Who, when our fate can be no worse,  
 Are fitted for the bravest course ;  
 Have time to rally, and prepare 585  
 Our last and best defence, despair :  
 Despair, by which the gallant'st feats  
 Have been achiev'd in greatest straits,  
 And horrid'st danger safely wav'd,  
 By being courageously outbrav'd ; 590  
 As wounds by wider wounds are heal'd,  
 And poisons by themselves expell'd ;  
 And so they might be now agen,  
 If we were, what we should be, men ;  
 And not so dully desperate, 595  
 To side against ourselves with fate ;  
 As criminals, condemn'd to suffer,  
 Are blinded first, and then turn'd over.  
 This comes of breaking covenants,  
 And setting up exaunts of saints, 600  
 That fine, like aldermen, for grace,  
 To be excus'd the efficacy :  
 For spiritual men are too transcendent,  
 That mount their banks for Independent,  
 To hang like Mahomet i' th' air, 605  
 Or St. Ignatius at his prayer,  
 By pure geometry, and hate  
 Dependence upon church or state ;  
 Disdain the pedantry o' th' letter ;  
 And since obedience is better 610  
 (The Scripture says) than sacrifice,  
 Presume the less on't will suffice ;  
 And scorn to have the moderat'st stints  
 Prescrib'd their peremptory hints,  
 Or any opinion, true or false, 615  
 Declar'd as such, in doctrinals ;

605. It is reported of Mahomet, the great impostor, that having built a mosque, the roof whereof was of loadstone, and ordering his corpse, when he was dead, to be put into an iron coffin, and brought into that place, the loadstone soon attracted it near the top, where it still hangs in the air.

No less fabulous is what the legends says of Ignatius Loyola, that his zeal and devotion transported him so, that at his prayers he has been seen to be raised from the ground for some considerable time together.

But left at large to make their best on,  
Without b'ing call'd t' account or question :  
Interpret all the spleen reveals,  
As Whittington explain'd the bells ; 620  
And bid themselves turn back agen  
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem ;  
But look so big and over-grown,  
They scorn their edifiers t' own,  
Who taught them all their sprinkling lessons,  
Their tones, and sanctified expressions ; 626  
Bestow'd their gifts upon a saint,  
Like charity on those that want ;  
And learn'd th' apocryphal bigots  
T' inspire themselves with short-hand notes ;  
For which they scorn and hate them worse  
Than dogs and cats do sow-gelders.  
For who first bred them up to pray,  
And teach the House of Commons' way ?  
Where had they all their gifted phrases, 635  
But from our Calamys and Cases ?  
Without whose sprinkling and sowing,  
Who e'er had heard of Nye or Owen ?  
Their dispensations had been stifled,  
But for our Adoniram Byfield ; 640  
And had they not begun the war,  
Th' had ne'er been sainted, as they are :  
For saints in peace degenerate,  
And dwindle down to reprobate ;  
Their zeal corrupts like standing water, 645  
In th' intervals of war and slaughter ;  
Abates the sharpness of its edge,  
Without the power of sacrilege.  
And though they've tricks to cast their sins  
As easy as serpents do their skins, 650  
That in a while grow out agen,  
In peace they turn mere carnal men,  
And, from the most refin'd of saints,  
As naturally grow miscreants,  
As barnacles turn Soland geese 655  
In th' Islands of the Orcades.

650. Naturalists report, that snakes, serpents, &c:  
cast their skins every year.

655. It is said that in the Islands of the Orcades, in

Their dispensation's but a ticket,  
 For their conforming to the wicked :  
 With whom the greatest difference  
 Lies more in words, and show, than sense. 660  
 For as the Pope, that keeps the gate  
 Of heaven, wears three crowns of state,  
 So he that keeps the gate of hell,  
 Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well :  
 And if the world has any troth, 665  
 Some have been canoniz'd in both.  
 But that which does them greatest harm,  
 Their spiritual gizzards are too warm,  
 Which puts the overheated sots  
 In fevers still, like other goats. 670  
 For though the whore bends hereticks  
 With flames of fire, like crooked sticks,  
 Our schismatics so vastly differ,  
 Th' hotter th' are, they grow the stiffer ;  
 Still setting off their spiritual goods 675  
 With fierce and pertinacious feuds.  
 For zeal's a dreadful termagant,  
 That teaches saints to tear and rant,  
 And Independents to profess  
 The doctrines of dependences ; 680  
 Turns meek, and secret, sneaking ones.  
 To raw-heads fierce and bloody bones :  
 And, not content with endless quarrels  
 Against the wicked and their morals,  
 The Gibellines, for want of Guelphs, 685  
 Divert their rage upon themselves.  
 For now the war is not between  
 The brethren and the men of sin,  
 But saint and saint, to spill the blood  
 Of one another's brotherhood : 690  
 Where neither side can lay pretence  
 To liberty of conscience,

Scotland, there are trees which bear these barnacles,  
 which dropping off into the water, receive life, and be-  
 come those birds called Soland geese.

663 The poets feign the dog Cerberus, that is the  
 porter of hell to have three heads.

685. Two great factions in Italy, distinguished by  
 those names, which miserably distracted and wasted it  
 about the year 1130.

Or zealous suff'ring for the cause,  
 To gain one groat's worth of applause ;  
 For though endur'd with resolution, 69  
 'Twill ne'er amount to persecution.  
 Shall precious saints and secret ones,  
 Break one another's outward bones,  
 And eat the flesh of brethren,  
 Instead of kings and mighty men ? 700  
 When fiends agree among themselves,  
 Shall they be found the greatest elves ?  
 When Bel's at union with the Dragon,  
 And Baal-Peor friends with Dagon ;  
 When savage bears agree with bears, 705  
 Shall secret ones lug saints by th' ears,  
 And not atone their fatal wrath,  
 When common danger threatens both ?  
 Shall mastiffs, by the collar pull'd,  
 Engag'd with bulls, let go their hold, 710  
 And saints, whose necks are pawn'd at stake,  
 No notice of the danger take ?  
 But though no pow'r of heav'n or hell  
 Can pacify fanatic zeal,  
 Who would not guess there might be hopes, 715  
 The fear of gallowses and ropes,  
 Before their eyes, might reconcile  
 Their animosities a while ;  
 At least until they 'd a clear stage,  
 And equal freedom to engage, 720  
 Without the danger of surprise  
 By both our common enemies ?  
 This none but we alone could doubt,  
 Who understand their working-out,  
 And know them, both in soul and conscience,  
 Giv'n up t' as reprobate a nonsense 726  
 As spiritual outlaws, whom the pow'r  
 Of miracle can ne'er restore :  
 We, whom at first they set up under,  
 In revelation only of plunder, 730  
 Who since have had so many trials  
 Of their encroaching self-denials,  
 That rook'd upon us with design  
 To out-reform, and undermine ;

Took all our interest and commands 735  
Perfidiously out of our hands ;  
Involv'd us in the guilt of blood  
Without the motive gain's allow'd,  
And made us serve as ministerial,  
Like younger sons of Father Belial ; 740  
And yet, for all th' inhuman wrong  
Th' had done us and the cause so long,  
We never fail'd to carry on  
The work still as we had begun ;  
But true and faithfully obey'd, 745  
And neither preach'd them hurt, nor pray'd ;  
Nor troubled them to crop our ears,  
Nor hang us, like the cavaliers ;  
Nor put them to the charge of gaols,  
To find us pill'ries and carts' tails, 750  
Or hangmen's wages, which the state  
Was forc'd (before them) to be at ;  
That cut, like tallies, to the stumps,  
Our ears for keeping true accompts,  
And burnt our vessels, like a new 755  
Seal'd peck, or bushel, for b'ing true ;  
But hand in hand, like faithful brothers,  
Held for the cause against all others,  
Disdaining equally to yield  
One syllable of what we held. 760  
And though we differ'd now and then  
'Bout outward things, and outward men,  
Our inward men and constant frame  
Of spirit, still were near the same ;  
And, till they first began to cant 765  
And sprinkle down the Covenant,  
We ne'er had call in any place,  
Nor dream'd of teaching down free grace,  
But join'd our gifts perpetually  
Against the common enemy, 770  
Although 'twas ours and their opinion,  
Each other's church was but a Rimmon ;  
And yet, for all this gospel-union,  
And outward show of church-communion,  
They'll ne'er admit us to our shares 775  
Of ruling church or state affairs .



Nor give us leave t' absolve, or sentence  
T' our own conditions of repentance ;  
But shar'd our dividend o' th' crown  
We had so painfully preach'd down ; 780  
And forc'd us, though against the grain,  
T' have calls to teach it up again :  
For 'twas but justice to restore  
The wrongs we had receiv'd before ;  
And when 'twas held forth in our way 785  
W' had been ungrateful not to pay ;  
Who, for the right w' have done nation,  
Have earn'd our temporal salvation ;  
And put our vessels in a way  
Once more to come again in play. 790  
For if the turning of us out  
Has brought this providence about,  
And that our only suffering  
Is able to bring in the king,  
What would our actions not have done, 795  
Had we been suffer'd to go on ?  
And therefore may pretend t' a share,  
At least, in carrying on th' affair.  
But whether that be so, or not,  
W' have done enough to have it thought ; 800  
And that's as good as if w' had done 't,  
And easier pass'd upon account :  
For if it be but half deny'd,  
'Tis half as good as justify'd.  
The world is nat'rally averse 805  
To all the truth it sees or hears ;  
But swallows nonsense, and a lie,  
With greediness and gluttony ;  
And though it have the pique, and long,  
'Tis still for something in the wrong ; 810  
As women long, when they're with child,  
For things extravagant and wild ;  
For meats ridiculous and fulsome,  
But seldom any thing that's wholesome ;  
And, like the world, men's jobbernoles 815  
Turn round upon their ears, the poles,  
And what they're confidently told,  
By no sense else can be controll'd.

And this, perhaps, may prove the means  
 Once more to hedge in Providence. 820  
 For as relapses make diseases  
 More desp'rate than their first accesses,  
 If we but get again in pow'r,  
 Our work is easier than before,  
 And we more ready and expert 825  
 I' th' mystery to do our part:  
 We, who did rather undertake  
 The first war to create than make,  
 And when of nothing 'twas begun,  
 Rais'd funds as strange to carry 't on; 830  
 Trepann'd the state, and fac'd it down  
 With plots and projects of our own;  
 And if we did such feats at first,  
 What can we now we're better vers'd?  
 Who have a freer latitude, 835  
 Than sinners give themselves, allow'd;  
 And therefore likeliest to bring in,  
 On fairest terms, our discipline;  
 To which it was reveal'd long since  
 We were ordain'd by Providence; 840  
 When three saints' ears our predecessors,  
 The cause's primitive confessors,  
 B'ing crucify'd, the nation stood  
 In just so many years of blood;  
 That, multiply'd by six, exprest 845  
 The perfect number of the beast,  
 And prov'd that we must be the men  
 To bring this work about agen;  
 And those who laid the first foundation,  
 Complete the thorough Reformation: 850  
 For who have gifts to carry on  
 So great a work, but we alone?  
 What churches have such able pastors,  
 And precious, powerful, preaching masters?  
 Possess'd with absolute dominions 855  
 O'er-brethren's purses and opinions?  
 And trusted with the double keys  
 Of heaven and their warehouses;

841. Burton, Prynne, and Bostwick, three notorious  
 ringleaders of the factions, just at the beginning of the  
 late horrid rebellion.

Who, when the cause is in distress,  
 Can furnish out what sums they please, 860  
 That brooding lie in bankers' hands,  
 To be dispos'd at their commands;  
 And daily increase and multiply,  
 With doctrine, use, and usury:  
 Can fetch in parties (as in war 865  
 All other heads of cattle are)  
 From th' enemy of all religions,  
 As well as high and low conditions,  
 And share them, from blue ribands, down  
 To all blue aprons in the town; 870  
 From ladies hurried in calleches,  
 With cor'nets at their footmen's breeches,  
 To bawds as fat as Mother Nab,  
 All guts and belly, like a crab.  
 Our party's great, and better ty'd 875  
 With oaths and trade than any side;  
 Has one considerable improvement,  
 To double fortify the Cov'nant;  
 I mean our Covenant to purchase  
 Delinquents' titles, and the churches: 880  
 That pass in sale, from hand to hand,  
 Among ourselves, for current land.  
 And rise or fall, like Indian actions,  
 According to the rate of factions;  
 Our best reserve for Reformation, 885  
 When new out-goings give occasion;  
 That keeps the loins of brethren girt  
 'The Covenant (their creed) t' assert;  
 And when th' have pack'd a Parliament,  
 Will once more try th' expedient: 890  
 Who can already muster friends,  
 To serve for members, to our ends,  
 That represent no part o' th' nation,  
 But Fisher's-Folly congregation;  
 Are only tools to our intrigues, 895  
 And sit like geese to hatch our eggs;  
 Who, by their precedents of wit,  
 T' out-fast, out-loiter, and out-sit,

894 Fisher's Folly was where Devonshire-Square now stands, and was a great place of consultation in those days.

Can order matters underhand,  
 To put all business to a stand ; 900  
 Lay public bills aside for private,  
 And make 'em one another drive out ;  
 Divert the great and necessary,  
 With trifles to contest and vary ;  
 And make the nation represent, 905  
 And serve for us in Parliament ;  
 Cut out more work than can be done  
 In Plato's year, but finish none,  
 Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,  
 That always pass'd for fundamental ; 910  
 Can set up grandee 'gainst grandee,  
 To squander time away, and bandy :  
 Make Lords and Commoners lay sieges  
 To one another's privileges,  
 And, rather than compound the quarrel, 915  
 Engage, to th' inevitable peril  
 Of both their ruins, th' only scope  
 And consolation of our hope ;  
 Who though we do not play the game,  
 Assist as much by giving aim ; 920  
 Can introduce our ancient arts,  
 For heads of factions t' act their parts ;  
 Know what a leading voice is worth,  
 A seconding, a third, or fourth ;  
 How much a casting voice comes to, 925  
 That turns up trump of ay, or no ;  
 And, by adjusting all at th' end,  
 Share ev'ry one his dividend :  
 An art that so much study cost,  
 And now 's in danger to be lost, 930  
 Unless our ancient virtuosos,  
 That found it out, get into th' Houses.  
 These are the courses that we took  
 To carry things by hook or crook ;  
 And practis'd down from forty-four, 935  
 Until they turn'd us out of door :  
 Besides the herds of Bontefeus  
 We set on work without the House,

907. Plato's year, or the grand revolution of the entire machine of the world, was accounted 4000 years.

When ev'ry knight and citizen  
Kept legislative journeymen, 940  
To bring them in intelligence  
From all points, of the rabble's sense,  
And fill the lobbies of both Houses  
With politic important buzzes ;  
Set up committees of cabals, 945  
To pack designs without the walls ;  
Examine, and draw up all news,  
And fit it to our present use :  
Agree upon the plot o' th' farce,  
And ev'ry one his part rehearse ; 950  
Make Q's of answers, to waylay  
What t' other party's like to say ;  
What repartees and smart reflections,  
Shall be return'd to all objections ;  
And who shall break the master-jest, 955  
And what, and how, upon the rest :  
Help pamphlets out, with safe editions,  
Of proper slanders and seditions,  
And treason for a token send,  
By letter to a country friend ; 960  
Disperse lampoons, the only wit  
That men, like burglary, commit ;  
Wit falser than a padder's face,  
That all its owner does betrays ;  
Who therefore dares not trust it when 965  
He's in his calling to be seen ;  
Disperse the dung on barren earth,  
To bring new weeds of discord forth ;  
Be sure to keep up congregations,  
In spite of laws and proclamations ; 970  
For charlatans can do no good  
'Til they 're mounted in a crowd ;  
And when they 're punish'd, all the hurt  
Is but to fare the better for 't ;  
As long as confessors are sure 975  
Of double pay for all th' endure,  
And what they earn in persecution,  
Are paid t' a groat in contribution ;  
Whence some tub-holders-forth have made  
In powd'ring-tubs their richest trade ; 980

And, while they kept their shops in prison,  
 Have found their prices strangely risen :  
 Disdain to own the least regret  
 For all the Christian blood w' have let ;  
 'Twill save our credit, and maintain 985  
 Our title to do so again ;  
 That needs not cost one dram of sense,  
 But pertinacious impudence.  
 Our constancy t' our principles,  
 In time will wear out all things else ; 990  
 Like marble statues rubb'd in pieces  
 With gallantry of pilgrims' kisses ;  
 While those who turn and wind their oaths  
 Have swell'd and sunk, like other froths ;  
 Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long 995  
 Before from world to world they swung,  
 As they had turn'd from side to side ;  
 And as the changlings liv'd, they dy'd.

This said, th' impatient states-monger  
 Could now contain himself no longer ; 1000  
 Who had not spar'd to shew his piques  
 Against th' haranguer's politics,  
 With smart remarks of leering faces,  
 And annotations of grimaces.  
 After h' had administer'd a dose 1005  
 Of snuff mundungus to his nose,  
 And powder'd th' inside of his skull,  
 Instead of th' outward jobbernal,  
 He shook it with a scornful look  
 On th' adversary, and thus he spoke : 1010  
 In dressing a calf's head, although  
 The tongue and brains together go,  
 Both keep so great a distance here,  
 'Tis strange if ever they come near ;  
 For who did ever play his gambols 1015  
 With such insufferable rambles,  
 To make the bringing in the king,  
 And keeping of him out, one thing ?  
 Which none could do but those that swore  
 T' as point-blank nonsense heretofore : 1020  
 That to defend was to invade ;  
 And to assassinate, to aid.

Unless, because you drove him out  
 (And that was never made a doubt,)  
 No pow'r is able to restore, 1025  
 And bring him in, but on your score :  
 A spiritual doctrine, that conduces  
 Most properly to all your uses.  
 'Tis true, a scorpion's oil is said  
 To cure the wounds the vermin made ; 1030  
 And weapons, drest with salves, restore  
 And heal the hurts they gave before ;  
 But whether Presbyterians have  
 So much good nature as the salve,  
 Or virtue in them as the vermin, 1035  
 Those who have try'd them can determine.  
 Indeed, 'tis pity you should miss  
 Th' arrears of all your services,  
 And for th' eternal obligation  
 Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful nation, 1040  
 Be us'd so unconscionably hard,  
 As not to find a just reward  
 For letting rapine loose, and murther,  
 To rage just so far, but no further ;  
 And setting all the land on fire, 1045  
 To burn 't to a scantling, but no higher :  
 For vent'ring to assassinate,  
 And cut the throats of church and state,  
 And not be allow'd the fittest men  
 To take the charge of both agen : 1050  
 Especially, that have the grace  
 Of self-denying, gifted face ;  
 Who, when your projects have miscarry'd,  
 Can lay them, with undaunted forehead,  
 On those who painfully trepann'd, 1055  
 And sprinkl'd in at second-hand ;  
 As we have been, to share the guilt  
 Of Christian blood, devoutly spilt ;  
 For so our ignorance was flamm'd  
 To damn ourselves t' avoid being damn'd ; 1060  
 Till finding your old foe, the hangman,  
 Was like to lurch you at back-gammon,  
 And win your necks upon the set,  
 As well as ours, who did but bet



(For he had drawn your ears before, 1065  
And nick'd them on the self-same score,)  
We threw the box and dice away,  
Before y' had lost us at foul play;  
And brought you down to rook, and lie,  
And fancy only, on the by; 1070  
Redeem'd your forfeit jobbernoles  
From perching upon lofty poles;  
And rescu'd all your outward traitors  
From hanging up like alligators;  
For which ingeniously y' have shew'd 1075  
Your Presbyterian gratitude;  
Would freely have paid us home in kind,  
And not have been one rope behind.  
Those were your motives to divide,  
And scruple on the other side; 1080  
To turn your zealous frauds, and force,  
To fits of conscience and remorse;  
To be convinc'd they were in vain,  
And face about for new again:  
For truth no more unveil'd your eyes, 1085  
Than maggots are convinc'd to flies;  
And therefore all your lights and calls  
Are but apocryphal and false,  
To charge us with the consequences  
Of all our native insolences, 1090  
That to your own imperious wills  
Laid law and gospel neck and heels;  
Corrupted the Old Testament,  
To serve the New for precedent;  
T' amend its errors, and defects, 1095  
With murder, and rebellion-texts;  
Of which there is not any one  
In all the book to sow upon:  
And therefore (from your tribe) the Jews  
Held Christian doctrine forth, and use; 1100  
As Mahomet (your chief) began  
To mix them in the Alcoran;  
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce devotion,  
And bended elbows on the cushion;  
Stole from the beggars all your tones, 1105  
And gifted mortifying groans:

Had lights where better eyes were blind,  
As pigs are said to see the wind;  
Fill'd Bedlam with predestination,  
And Knightsbridge with illumination; 1110  
Made children, with your tones to run for 't,  
As bad as Bloody-bones, or Lunsford;  
While women, great with child, miscarry'd,  
For being to malignants marry'd:  
Transform'd all wives to Dallilahs, 1115  
Whose husbands were not for the cause;  
And turn'd the men to ten-horn'd cattle,  
Because they came not out to battle;  
Made tailors' 'prentices turn heroes,  
For fear of being transform'd to Meroz; 1120  
And rather forfeit their indentures,  
Than not espouse the saints' adventures:  
Could transubstantiate, metamorphose,  
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;  
Enchant the king's and church's lands 1125  
T' obey and follow your commands;  
And settle on a new freehold,  
As Marcly-Hill had done of old;  
Could turn the Covenant, and translate  
The gospel into spoons and plate; 1130  
Expound upon all merchants' cashes,  
And open th' intricatest places?  
Could catechise a money-box,  
And prove all pouches orthodox;  
Until the cause became a Damon, 1135  
And Pythias the wicked Mammon:  
And yet, in spite of all your charms,  
To conjure legion up in arms,  
And raise more devils in the rout  
Than e'er y' were able to cast out, 1140  
Y' have been reduc'd, and by those fools  
Bred up (you say) in your own schools;  
Who, though but gifted at your feet,  
Have made it plain, they have more wit;  
By whom y' have been so oft trepann'd, 1145  
And held forth out of all command,  
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,  
And out-reveal'd at carryings-on;

Of all your dispensations worm'd;  
 Out-providenc'd, and out-reform'd. 1150  
 Ejected out of church and state,  
 And all things, but the people's hate  
 And spirited out of th' enjoyments  
 Of precious, edifying employments,  
 By those who lodg'd their gifts and graces, 1155  
 Like better bowlers, in your places:  
 All which you bore with resolution,  
 Charg'd on th' accompt of persecution;  
 And though most righteously opprest,  
 Against your wills, still acquiesc'd; 1160  
 And never humm'd and hah'd sedition,  
 Nor snuffled treason, nor misprision:  
 That is, because you never durst;  
 For had you preach'd and pray'd your worst,  
 Alas! you were no longer able 1165  
 To raise your posse of the rabble:  
 One single red-coat sentinel  
 Out-charm'd the magic of the spell;  
 And, with his squirt-fire, could disperse  
 Whole troops with chapter rais'd and verse.  
 We knew too well these tricks of yours, 1171  
 To leave it ever in your powers;  
 Or trust or safeties, or undoings,  
 To your disposing of out-goings;  
 Or to your ordering providence, 1175  
 One farthing's worth of consequence.  
 For had you pow'r to undernine,  
 Or wit to carry a design,  
 Or correspondence to trepan,  
 Inveigle, or betray one man, 1180  
 There's nothing else that intervenes,  
 And bars your zeal to use the means;  
 And therefore, wondrous like, no doubt,  
 To bring in kings, or keep them out:  
 Brave undertakers to restore, 1185  
 That could not keep yourselves in pow'r;  
 T' advance the int'rests of the crown,  
 That wanted wit to keep your own!  
 'Tis true, you have (for I'd be loth  
 To wrong ye) done your parts in both, 1190

To keep him out, and bring him in,  
 As grace is introduc'd by sin ;  
 For 'twas your zealous want of sense,  
 And sanctify'd impertinence,  
 Your carrying business in a huddle, 1195  
 That forc'd our rulers to new-model ;  
 Oblig'd the state to tack about,  
 And turn you, root and branch, all out :  
 To reformato, one and all,  
 T' your great croysado-general : 1200  
 Your greedy slav'ring to devour,  
 Before 'twas in your clutches, pow'r,  
 That sprung the game you were to set,  
 Before y' had time to draw the net ;  
 Your spite to see the church's lands 1205  
 Divided into other hands,  
 And all your sacrilegious ventures  
 Laid out in tickets and debentures ;  
 Your envy to be sprinkled down,  
 By under-churches in the town ; 1210  
 And no course us'd to stop their mouths,  
 Nor th' Independents' spreading growths .  
 All which consider'd, 'tis more true  
 None bring him in so much as you ;  
 Who have prevail'd beyond their plots, 1215  
 Their midnight juntos, and seal'd knots ;  
 That thrive more by your zealous piques,  
 Than all their own rash politics.  
 And you this way may claim a share  
 In carrying (as you brag) th' affair ; 1220  
 Else frogs and toads, that croak'd the Jews  
 From Pharaoh and his brick-kilns loose,  
 And flies and mange, that set them free  
 From task-masters and slavery,  
 Were likelier to do the feat, 1225  
 In any indiff'rent man's conceit :  
 For who e'er heard of restoration  
 Until your thorough reformation ?  
 That is, the king's and church's lands  
 Were sequester'd int' other hands : 1230

1200. General Fairfax, who was soon laid aside after he had done some of their drudgery for them.

For only then, and not before,  
 Your eyes were open'd to restore;  
 And when the work was carrying on,  
 Who cross'd it, but yourselves alone?  
 As by a world of hints appears, 1235  
 All plain and extant as your ears.

But first, o' th' first: The Isle of Wight  
 Will rise up, if you should deny 't;  
 Where Henderson, and th' other masses,  
 Were sent to cap texts, and put cases; 1240  
 To pass for deep and learned scholars,  
 Although but paltry Ob and Sollers:  
 As if th' unseasonable fools  
 Had been a coursing in the schools;  
 Until th' had prov'd the devil author 1245  
 O' th' Covenant, and the Cause his daughter.  
 For when they charg'd him with the guilt  
 Of all the blood that had been spilt,  
 They did not mean he wrought th' effusion,  
 In person, like Sir Pride, or Hughson, 1250  
 But only those who first begun  
 The quarrel were by him set on;  
 And who could those be but the saints,  
 Those reformation termagants?

But ere this pass'd, the wise debate 1255  
 Spent so much time, it grew too late;  
 For Oliver had gotten ground,  
 T' inclose him with his warriors round;  
 Had brought his Providence about,  
 And turn'd th' untimely sophists out. 1260

Nor had the Uxbridge bus'ness less  
 Of nonsense in 't, or sottishness,  
 When from a scoundrel holderforth,  
 The scum as well as son o' th' ea-~~th~~,  
 Your mighty senators took law 1265  
 At his command, were forc'd t' withdraw.  
 And sacrifice the peace o' th' nation  
 To doctrine, use, and application.

1241. Two ridiculous scribblers, that were often pestering the world with nonsense.

1250. The one a brewer, the other a shoemaker, and both colonels in the rebels' army.

So when the Scots, your constant cronies,  
Th' espousers of your cause and moneys, 1270  
Who had so often, in your aid,  
So many ways been soundly paid,  
Came in at last for better ends,  
To prove themselves your trusty friends,  
You basely left them, and the church 1275  
They train'd you up to, in the lurch,  
And suffer'd your own tribe of Christians  
To fall before, as true Philistines.  
This shews what utensils y' have been,  
To bring the king's concernments in ; 1280  
Which is so far from being true,  
That none but he can bring in you ;  
And if he take you into trust,  
Will find you most exactly just ;  
Such as will punctually repay 1285  
With double interest, and betray.

Not that I think those pantomimes,  
Who vary action with the times,  
Are less ingenious in their art,  
Than those who dully act one part ; 1290  
Or those who turn from side to side,  
More guilty than the wind and tide.  
All countries are a wise man's home,  
And so are governments to some,  
Who change them for the same intrigues 1295  
That statesmen use in breaking leagues :  
While others, in old faiths and troths,  
Look odd as out-of-fashion'd clothes ;  
And nastier in an old opinion,  
Than those who never shift their linen. 1300

For true and faithful's sure to lose,  
Which way soever the game goes ;  
And whether parties lose or win,  
Is always nick'd, or else hedg'd in :  
While pow'r usurp'd, like stol'n delight, 1305  
Is more bewitching than the right ;  
And when the times begin to alter,  
None rise so high as from the halter.

And so may we, if w' have but sense  
To use the necessary means ;

And not your usual stratagems  
On one another, lights and dreams :  
To stand on terms as positive,  
As if we did not take, but give :  
Set up the Covenant on crutches, 1315  
'Gainst those who have us in their clutches,  
And dream of pulling churches down,  
Before w' are sure to prop our own :  
Your constant method of proceeding,  
Without the carnal means of heeding ; 1320  
Who 'twixt your inward sense and outward,  
Are worse, than if y' had none, accoutred.  
I grant, all courses are in vain,  
Unless we can get in again ;  
The only way that's left us now ; 1325  
But all the difficulty's how.  
'Tis true, w' have money, th' only pow'r  
That all mankind falls down before ;  
Money, that, like the swords of kings,  
Is the last reason of all things ; 1330  
And therefore need not doubt our play  
Has all advantages that way ;  
As long as men have faith to sell,  
And meet with those that can pay well ;  
Whose half-starv'd pride, and avarice, 1335  
One church and state will not suffice  
T' expose to sale, beside the wages  
Of storing plagues to after-ages.  
Nor is our money less our own,  
Than 'twas before we laid it down, 1340  
For 'twill return, and turn t' account,  
If we are brought in play upon 't ;  
Or but, by casting knaves, get in,  
What pow'r can hinder us to win ?  
We know the arts we us'd before, 1345  
In peace and war, and something more ;  
And by th' unfortunate events,  
Can mend our next experiments :  
For when w' are taken into trust,  
How easy are the wisest choust, 1350  
Who see but th' outsides of our feats,  
And not their secret springs and weights ;



And while they're busy at their ease,  
Can carry what designs we please?  
How easy is 't to serve for agents, 1355  
To prosecute our old engagements?  
To keep the good old cause on foot,  
And present pow'r from taking root;  
Inflame them both with false alarms  
Of plots and parties taking arms; 1300  
To keep the nation's wounds too wide  
From healing up of side to side;  
Profess the passionat'st concerns  
For both their interests by turns;  
The only way to improve our own, 1365  
By dealing faithfully with none  
(As bowls run true, by being made  
On purpose false, and to be sway'd :)  
For if we should be true to either,  
'Twould turn us out of both together; 1370  
And therefore have no other means  
To stand upon our own defence,  
But keeping up our ancient party  
In vigour, confident and hearty;  
To reconcile our late dissenters, 1375  
Our brethren, though by other venters :  
Unite them and their different maggots,  
As long and short sticks are in fagots,  
And make them join again as close  
As when they first began t' espouse; 1380  
Erect them into separate  
New Jewish tribes, in church and state;  
To join in marriage and commerce,  
And only among themselves converse;  
And all that are not of their mind, 1385  
Make enemies to all mankind :  
Take all religions in, and stickle  
From conclave down to conventicle ;  
Agreeing still, or disagreeing,  
According to the light in being. 1396  
Sometimes for liberty of conscience,  
And spiritual mis-rule, in one sense ;  
But in another quite contrary,  
As dispensations chance to vary ;

And stand for, as the times will bear it, 1395  
 All contradictions of the spirit ;  
 Protect their emissaries empow'rd  
 To preach sedition and the word ;  
 And when they're hamper'd by the laws,  
 Release the lab'ers for the cause 1400  
 And turn the persecution back  
 On those that made the first attack ;  
 To keep them equally in awe,  
 From breaking or maintaining law ;  
 And when they have their fits too soon, 1405  
 Before the full-tides of the moon,  
 Put off their zeal t' a fitter season  
 For sowing faction in and treason :  
 And keep them hooded, and their churches,  
 Like hawks from baiting on their perches, 1410  
 That, when the blessed time shall come  
 Of quitting Babylon and Rome,  
 They may be ready to restore  
 Their own fifth monarchy once more.  
 Meanwhile be better arm'd to fence 1415  
 Against revolts of Providence,  
 By watching narrowly, and snapping  
 All blind sides of it, as they happen :  
 For if success should make us saints,  
 Our ruin turn'd us miscreants : 1420  
 A scandal that would fall too hard  
 Upon a few, and unprepar'd.  
 These are the courses we must run,  
 Spite of our hearts. or be undone ;  
 And not to stand on terms and freaks, 1425  
 Before we have secur'd our necks :  
 But do our work, as out of sight,  
 As stars by day, and suns by night ;  
 All license of the people own,  
 In opposition to the crown ; 1430  
 And for the crown as fiercely side,  
 The head and body to divide ;  
 The end of all we first design'd,  
 And all that yet remains behind :  
 Be sure to spare no public rapine, 1435  
 On all emergencies that happen ;

For 'tis as easy to supplant  
Authority as men in want ;  
As some of us, in trusts, have made  
The one hand with the other trade ; 1440  
Gain'd vastly by their joint endeavour,  
The right a thief, the left receiver ;  
And what the one, by tricks, forestall'd,  
The other, by as sly, retail'd.  
For gain has wonderful effects 1445  
T' improve the factory of sects ;  
The rule of faith in all professions,  
And great Diana of the Ephesians ;  
Whence turning of religion 's made  
The means to turn and wind a trade : 1450  
And though some change it for the worse  
They put themselves into a course ;  
And draw in store of customers,  
To thrive the better in commerce :  
For all religions flock together, 1455  
Like tame and wild fowl of a feather ;  
To nab the itches of their sects,  
As jades do one another's necks.  
Hence 'tis, hypocrisy as well  
Will serve t' improve a church as zeal : 1460  
As persecution or promotion  
Do equally advance devotion.  
Let business, like ill watches, go  
Sometimes too fast, sometimes too slow ;  
For things in order are put out 1465  
So easy, ease itself will do't ;  
But when the feat's design'd and meant,  
What miracle can bar th' event ?  
For 'tis more easy to betray, 1470  
Than ruin any other way.  
All possible occasions start  
The weightiest matters to divert ;  
Obstruct, perplex, distract, entangle,  
And lay perpetual trains to wrangle.  
But in affairs of less import, 1475  
That neither do us good nor hurt,  
And they receive as little by,  
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply ;

And seem as scrupulously just,  
 To bait our hooks for greater trust 1480  
 But still be careful to cry down  
 All public actions, though our own  
 The least miscarriage aggravate,  
 And charge it all upon the state :  
 Express the horrid'st detestation, 1485  
 And pity the distracted nation ;  
 Tell stories scandalous and false,  
 I' th' proper language of cabals,  
 Where all a subtle statesman says,  
 Is half in words, and half in face, 1490  
 (As Spaniards talk in dialogues  
 Of heads and shoulders, nods and shrugs :)  
 Intrust it under solemn vows  
 Of mum, and silence, and the rose,  
 To be retail'd again in whispers, 1495  
 For th' easy credulous to disperse.

Thus far the statesman—when a shout,  
 Heard at a distance, put him out ;  
 And straight another, all aghast,  
 Rush'd in with equal fear and haste : 1500  
 Who star'd about, as pale as death,  
 And, for a while, as out of breath ;  
 Till having gather'd up his wits,  
 He thus began his tale by fits.

That beastly rabble—that came down 1505  
 From all the garrets—in the town,  
 And stalls, and shop-boards—in vast swarms,  
 With new-chalk'd bills—and rusty arms,  
 To cry the cause—up, heretofore,  
 And bawl the bishops—out of door, 1510  
 Are now drawn up—in greater shoals,  
 To roast—and broil us on the coals,  
 And all the grandees—of our members  
 Are carbonading—on the embers ;  
 Knights, citizens, and burgesses— 1515  
 Held forth by rumps—of pigs and geese,  
 That serve for characters—and badges  
 To represent their personages :

1505. This is an accurate description of the mob's burning rumps upon the admission of the secluded members, in contempt of the Rump Parliament.

Each bonfire is a funeral pile,  
 In which they roast, and scorch, and broil,  
 And ev'ry representative 1521  
 Have vow'd to roast and broil alive,  
 And 'tis a miracle we are not  
 Already sacrific'd incarnate :  
 For while we wrangle here, and jar 1525  
 W' are grilly'd all at Temple-Bar :  
 Some on the sign-post of an ale-house,  
 Hang in effigie, on the gallows ;  
 Made up of rags, to personate  
 Respective officers of state ; 1530  
 That henceforth they may stand reputed,  
 Proscrib'd in law, and executed ;  
 And while the work is carrying on,  
 Be ready listed under Dun,  
 That worthy patriot, once the bellows, 1535  
 And tinder-box, of'all his fellows ;  
 The activ'st member of the five,  
 As well as the most primitive ;  
 Who, for his faithful service then,  
 Is chosen for a fifth agen 1540  
 (For since the state has made a quint  
 Of generals, he's listed in't.)  
 This worthy, as the world will say,  
 Is paid in specie, his own way ;  
 For, moulded to the life in clouts, 1545  
 Th' have pick'd from dunghills hereabouts,  
 He's mounted on a hazle bavin,  
 A cropp'd malignant baker gave 'em ;  
 And to the largest bonfire riding,  
 They've roasted Cook already and Pride in :  
 On whom, in equipage and state, 1551  
 His scarecrow fellow-members wait,  
 And march in order, two and two,  
 As at thanksgivings th' us'd to do ;  
 Each in a tatter'd talisman, 1555  
 Like vermin in effigie slain.

1534. The hangman's name at that time was Dun.

1550. Cook acted as solicitor-general against King Charles the First at his trial, and afterwards received his just reward for the same. Pride, a colonel in the Parliament's army

But (what's more dreadful than the rest)  
 Those rumps are but the tail o' th' beast,  
 Set up by Popish engineers,  
 As by the crackers plainly appears ; 1560  
 For none but Jesuits have a mission  
 To preach the faith with ammunition,  
 And propagate the church with powder :  
 Their founder was a blown-up soldier.  
 These spiritual pioneers o' th' whore's, 1565  
 That have the charge of all her stores,  
 Since first they fail'd in their designs,  
 To take in heaven by springing mines,  
 And with unanswerable barrels  
 Of gunpowder dispute their quarrels, 1570  
 Now take a course more practicable,  
 By laying trains to fire the rabble,  
 And blow us up in th' open streets,  
 Disguis'd in rumps, like Sambenites ;  
 More like to ruin, and confound, 1575  
 Than all the doctrines under ground.

Nor have they chosen rumps amiss  
 For symbols of state mysteries ;  
 Though some suppose 'twas but to shew  
 How much they scorn'd the saints, the few ;  
 Who, 'cause they're wasted to the stumps, 1581  
 Are represented best by rumps.  
 But Jesuits have deeper reaches  
 In all their politic far-fetches,  
 And from the Coptic priest, Kircherus, 1585  
 Found out this mystic way to jeer us.  
 For, as th' Egyptians us'd by bees  
 T' express their antique Ptolemies,

1564. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the society of the Jesuits, was a gentleman of Biscay, in Spain, and bred a soldier ; was at Pampelune when it was besieged by the French in the year 1521 ; and was so very lame in both feet, by the damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his bed.

1585 Athanasius Kircher, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the Egyptian mystical learning.

1587. The Egyptians represented their kings (many of whose names were Ptolemy) under the hieroglyphic of a bee, dispensing honey to the good and virtuous, and having a sting for the wicked and dissolute.

And by their stings, the swords they wore,  
Held forth authority and power; 1590  
Because these subtle animals  
Bear all their int'rests in their tails,  
And when they're once impair'd in that,  
Are banish'd their well-order'd state;  
They thought all governments were best 1595  
By hieroglyphic rumps exprest.

For, as in bodies natural,  
The rump's the fundament of all,  
So, in a commonwealth, or realm,  
The government is call'd the helm; 1600  
With which, like vessels under sail,  
They're turn'd and winded by the tail;  
The tail, which birds and fishes steer  
Their courses with through sea and air;  
To whom the rudder of the rump is 1605  
The same thing with the stern and compass.  
This shews how perfectly the rump  
And commonwealth in nature jump.  
For as a fly, that goes to bed,  
Rests with his tail above his head, 1610  
So in this mongrel state of ours,  
The rabble are the supreme powers;  
That hors'd us on their backs, to shew us  
A jadish trick at last, and throw us.

The learned rabbins of the Jews 1615  
Write there's a bone, which they call luez,  
I' th' rump of man, of such a virtue,  
No force in nature can do hurt to:  
And therefore at the last great day,  
All th' other members shall, they say, 1620  
Spring out of this, as from a seed  
All sorts of vegetals proceed;  
From whence the learned sons of art  
Os sacrum justly style that part:  
Then what can better represent 1625  
Than this rump bone, the Parliament,  
That, after several rude ejections,  
And as prodigious resurrections,  
With new reversions of nine lives,  
Starts up, and like a cat revives? 1630



But now, alas ! they're all expir'd  
 And th' House, as well as members, fir'd ;  
 Consum'd in kennels by the rout,  
 With which they other fires put out :  
 Condemn'd t' ungoverning distress, 1635  
 And paltry private wretchedness ;  
 Worse than the devil, to privation,  
 Beyond all hopes of restoration ;  
 And parted, like the body and soul,  
 From all dominion and control. 1640  
 We, who could lately with a look  
 Enact, establish, or revoke ;  
 Whose arbitrary nods gave law,  
 And frowns kept multitudes in awe ;  
 Before the bluster of whose huff, 1645  
 All hats, as in a storm, flew off ;  
 Ador'd and bow'd to by the great,  
 Down to the footman and valet ;  
 Had more bent knees than chapel-mats,  
 And prayers than the crowns of nats ; 1650  
 Shall now be scorn'd as wretchedly,  
 For ruin's just as low as high ;  
 Which might be suffer'd, were it all  
 The horror that attends our fall :  
 For some of us have scores more large 1655  
 Than heads and quarters can discharge ;  
 And others, who, by restless scraping,  
 With public frauds, and private rapine,  
 Have mighty heaps of wealth amass'd,  
 Would gladly lay down all at last ; 1660  
 And to be but undone, entail  
 Their vessels on perpetual jail ;  
 And bless the dev'l to let them farms  
 Of forfeit souls on no worse terms.  
 This said, a near and louder shout 1665  
 Put all th' assembly to the rout,  
 Who now began t' out-run their fear,  
 As horses do from whom they bear ;  
 But crowded on with so much haste,  
 Until th' had block'd the passage fast, 1670  
 And barricado'd it with haunches  
 Of outward meek, and bulks, and paunches,

That with their shoulders strove to squeeze,  
 And rather save a crippl'd piece  
 Of all their crush'd and broken members, 1675  
 Than have them grilled on the embers;  
 Still pressing on with heavy packs  
 Of one another on their backs,  
 The vanguard could no longer bear  
 The charges of the forlorn rear, 1680  
 But, borne down headlong by the rout,  
 Were trampled sorely under foot:  
 Yet nothing prov'd so formidable  
 As the horrid cookery of the rabble;  
 And fear, that keeps all feeling out, 1685  
 As lesser pains are by the gout,  
 Reliev'd 'em with a fresh supply  
 Of rallied force enough to fly,  
 And beat a Tuscan running horse,  
 Whose jockey-rider is all spurs. 1690

## CANTO III.

'The Knight and Squire's prodigious flight  
 'To quit th' enchanted bow'r by night.  
 He plods to turn his amorous suit  
 T' a plea in law, and prosecute:  
 Repairs to counsel, to advise  
 'Bout managing the enterprise;  
 But first resolves to try by letter,  
 And one more fair address, to get her.

Who would believe what strange bugbears  
 Mankind creates itself, of fears  
 That spring like fern, that insect weed,  
 Equivocally, without seed;  
 And have no possible foundation, 5  
 But merely in th' imagination;  
 And yet can do more dreadful feats  
 Than hags, with all their imps and teats;  
 Make more bewitch and haunt themselves  
 Than all their nurseries of elves? 10

8. Alluding to the vulgar opinion, that witches have their imps, or familiar spirits, that are employed in their d'abolical practices, and suck private teats they have about them

For fear does things so like a witch,  
 'Tis hard t'unriddle which is which.  
 Sets up communities of senses,  
 To chop and change intelligences;  
 As Rosicrucian virtuosos 15  
 Can see with ears, and hear with noses;  
 And when they neither see nor hear,  
 Have more than both supply'd by fear;  
 That makes 'em in the dark see visions,  
 And hag themselves with apparitions; 20  
 And when their eyes discover least,  
 Discern the subtlest objects best:  
 Do things not contrary, alone,  
 To th' course of nature, but its own;  
 The courage of the bravest daunt, 25  
 And turn poltroons as valiant,  
 For men as resolute appear  
 With too much as too little fear;  
 And when they're out of hopes of flying,  
 Will run away from death, by dying; 30  
 Or turn again to stand it out,  
 And those they fled, like lions, rout.

This Hudibras had prov'd too true,  
 Who, by the furies left perdue,  
 And haunted with detachments, sent 35  
 From Marshal Legion's regiment,  
 Was by a fiend, as counterfeit,  
 Reliev'd and rescued with a cheat;  
 When nothing but himself, and fear,  
 Was both the imp and conjurer; 40  
 As, by the rules o' th' virtuosos,  
 It follows in due form of poesie.

Disguis'd in all the masks of night,  
 We left our champion on his flight,  
 At blindman's buff, to grope his way, 45  
 In equal fear of night and day;

15. The Rosicrucians were a sect that appeared in Germany in the beginning of the 17th age. They are also called the enlightened, immortal, and invisible. They are a very enthusiastical sort of men, and hold many wild and extravagant opinions.

36. He used to preach, as if they might expect legions to drop down from heaven, for the propagation of the good old cause

Who took his dark and desp'rate course,  
He knew no better than his horse;  
And, by an unknown devil led  
(He knew as little whither) fled. 50  
He never was in greater need,  
Nor less capacity, of speed;  
Disabled, both in man and beast,  
To fly and run away his best;  
To keep the enemy, and fear, 55  
From equal falling on his rear.  
And though with kicks and bangs he ply'd  
The farther and the nearer side  
(As seamen ride with all their force,  
And tug as if they row'd the horse, 60  
And when the hackney sails most swift,  
Believe they lag, or run adrift,)  
So, though he postēd e'er so fast,  
His fear was greater than his haste:  
For fear, though fleeter than the wind, 65  
Believes 'tis always left behind.  
But when the morn began t' appear,  
And shift t' another scene his fear,  
He found his new officious shade,  
That came so timely to his aid, 70  
And forc'd him from the foe t' escape,  
Had turn'd itself to Ralpho's shape;  
So like in person, garb, and pitch,  
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.  
For Ralpho had no sooner told 75  
The Lady all he had t' unfold,  
But she convey'd him out of sight,  
To entertain th' approaching Knight;  
And, while he gave himself diversion,  
T' accommodate his beast and person, 80  
And put his beard into a posture  
At best advantage to accost her,  
She ordered the anti-masquerade  
(For his reception) aforesaid:  
But when the ceremony was done, 85  
The lights put out, and furies gone,  
And Hudibras, among the rest,  
Convey'd away, as Ralpho guess'd,

The wretched caitiff, all alone  
 (As he believ'd) began to moan, 90  
 And tell his story to himself,  
 The Knight mistook him for an elf;  
 And did so still, till he began  
 To scruple at Ralph's outward man;  
 And thought, because they oft agreed 95  
 T' appear in one another's stead,  
 And act the saint's and devil's part  
 With undistinguishable art,  
 They might have done so now, perhaps,  
 And put on one another's shapes : 100  
 And therefore, to resolve the doubt,  
 He star'd upon him, and cry'd out,  
 What art? My Squire, or that bold sprite  
 That took his place and shape to-night?  
 Some busy, independent pug, 105  
 Retainer to his synagogue?  
 Alas! quoth he, I'm none of those,  
 Your bosom friends, as you suppose;  
 But Ralph himself, your trusty Squire, 109  
 Wh' has dragg'd your Donship out o' th' mire,  
 And from the enchantments of a widow,  
 Wh' had turn'd you int' a beast, have freed you;  
 And, though a prisoner of war,  
 Have brought you safe where you now are;  
 Which you would gratefully repay 115  
 Your constant Presbyterian way.  
 That's stranger (quoth the Knight) and  
 Who gave thee notice of my danger? [stranger;  
 Quoth he, Th' infernal conjurer  
 Pursued and took me prisoner; 120  
 And knowing you were hereabout,  
 Brought me along to find you out;  
 Where I in hugger-mugger hid,  
 Have noted all they said or did:  
 And though they lay to him the pageant, 125  
 I did not see him, nor his agent;  
 Who play'd their sorc'ries out of sight;  
 T' avoid a fiercer second fight.  
 But didst thou see no devils then?  
 Not one (quoth he) but carnal men, 130

A little worse than fiends in hell,  
 And that she-devil Jezebel,  
 That laugh'd and tee-he'd with derision,  
 To see them take your deposition.

What then (quoth Hudibras) was he 135  
 That play'd the dev'l to examine me?

A rallying weaver in the town,  
 That did it in a parson's gown,  
 Whom all the parish take for gifted;  
 But, for my part, I ne'er believ'd it: 140

In which you told them all your feats,  
 Your conscientious frauds and cheats;  
 Deny'd your whipping, and confest  
 The naked truth of all the rest,

More plainly than the rev'rend writer, 145  
 That to our churches veil'd his mitre;  
 All which they took in black and white,  
 And cudgell'd me to under-write.

What made thee, when they all were gone,  
 And none but thou and I alone, 150  
 To act the devil, and forbear  
 To rid me of my hellish fear?

Quoth he, I knew your constant rate  
 And frame of sp'rit too obstinate  
 To be by me prevail'd upon 155  
 With any motives of my own;

And therefore strove to counterfeit  
 The dev'l awhile to nick your wit;  
 The dev'l, that is your constant crony,  
 That only can prevail upon ye; 160  
 Else we might still have been disputing,  
 And they with weighty drubs confuting.

The Knight, who now began to find  
 Th' had left the enemy behind,  
 And saw no farther harm remain, 165  
 But feeble weariness and pain,

Perceiv'd, by losing of their way,  
 Th' had gain'd th' advantage of the day;  
 And, by declining of the road,  
 They had, by chance, their rear made good; 170

145. A most reverend prelate, A. B. of Y. who sided  
 with the disaffected party

He ventur'd to dismiss his fear,  
 That parting's want to rent and tear,  
 And give the desperat'st attack  
 To danger still behind its back :  
 For having paus'd to recollect, 175  
 And on his past success reflect,  
 T' examine and consider why,  
 And whence, and how, they came to fly,  
 And when no devil had appear'd,  
 What else, it could be said, he fear'd ; 180  
 It put him in so fierce a rage,  
 He once resolv'd to re-engage ;  
 Toss'd like a foot-ball back again,  
 With shame and vengeance, and disdain.  
 Quoth he, It was thy cowardice 185  
 That made me from this leaguer rise :  
 And when I'd half reduc'd the place,  
 To quit it infamously base :  
 Was better cover'd by the new-  
 Arriv'd detachment than I knew ; 190  
 To slight my new acquests, and run  
 Victoriously from battles won ;  
 And reck'ning all I gain'd or lost,  
 To sell them cheaper than they cost ;  
 To make me put myself to flight, 195  
 And conqu'ring run away by night ;  
 To drag me out, which th' haughty foe  
 Durst never have presum'd to do ;  
 To mount me in the dark, by force,  
 Upon the bare ridge of my horse ; 200  
 Expos'd in querpo to their rage,  
 Without my arms and equipage ;  
 Lest, if they ventur'd to pursue,  
 I might th' unequal fight renew ;  
 And, to preserve thy outward man, 205  
 Assum'd my place, and led the van.  
 All this quoth Ralph, I did, 'tis true,  
 Not to preserve myself. but you ;  
 You, who were damn'd to baser drubs  
 Than wretches feel in powd'ring tubs ? 210  
 To mount two-wheel'd caroches, worse  
 Than managing a wooden horse ;



Dragg'd out through straiter holes by th' ears,  
Eras'd or coup'd for perjurers ;  
Who, though th' attempt had prov'd in vain,  
Had had no reason to complain : 216  
But since it prosper'd, 'tis unhandsome  
To blame the hand that paid your ransom,  
And rescu'd your obnoxious bones  
From unavoidable battoons. 220  
The enemy was reinforc'd,  
And we disabled, and unhors'd,  
Disarm'd, unqualify'd for fight,  
And no way left but hasty flight,  
Which, though as desp'rate in th' attempt, 225  
Has giv'n you freedom to condemn 't.  
But were our bones in fit condition  
To reinforce the expedition,  
'Tis now unseasonable, and vain,  
To think of falling on again. 230  
No martial project to surprise  
Can ever be attempted twice ;  
Nor can design serve afterwards,  
As gamesters tear their losing-cards.  
Beside our bangs of man and beast 235  
Are fit for nothing now but rest,  
And for a while will not be able  
To rally and prove serviceable ;  
And therefore I, with reason, chose  
This stratagem t' amuse our foes ; 240  
To make an honourable retreat,  
And wave a total sure defeat :  
For those that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that's slain.  
Hence timely running 's no mean part 245  
Of conduct in the martial art ;  
By which some glorious feats achieve,  
As citizens by breaking thrive ;  
And cannons conquer armies, while  
They seem to draw off and recoil ; 250  
Is held the gallant'st course, and bravest,  
To great exploits, as well as safest ;  
That spares th' expense of time and pains,  
And dangerous beating out of brains ;

And in the end prevails as certain 255  
 As those that never trust to fortune ;  
 But make their fear do execution  
 Beyond the stoutest resolution ;  
 As earthquakes kill without a blow,  
 And, only trembling, overthrow. 260  
 If th' ancients crown'd their bravest men,  
 That only sav'd a citizen,  
 What victory could e'er be won,  
 If ev'ry one would save but one ?  
 Or fight endanger'd to be lost, 265  
 Where all resolve to save the most ?  
 By this means when a battle's won,  
 The war's as far from being done ;  
 For those that save themselves, and fly,  
 Go halves, at least, i' th' victory ; 270  
 And sometimes, when the loss is small,  
 And danger great, they challenge all ;  
 Print new additions to their feats,  
 And emendations in Gazettes ;  
 And when, for furious haste to run, 275  
 They durst not stay to fire a gun,  
 Have done 't with bonfires, at home  
 Made squibs and crackers overcome ;  
 To set the rabble on a flame,  
 And keep their governors from blame ; 280  
 Disperse the news the pulpit tells,  
 Confirm'd with fire-works and with bells ;  
 And though reduc'd to that extreme,  
 They have been forc'd to sing Te Deum ;  
 Yet, wth religious blasphemy, 285  
 By flattering Heaven with a lie,  
 And for their beating giving thanks,  
 Th' have rais'd recruits, and fill'd their banks ;  
 For those who run from th' enemy,  
 Engage them equally to fly ; 290  
 And when the fight becomes a chase,  
 Those win the day that win the race ;  
 And that which would not pass in fights,  
 Has done the feat with easy flights ;

261. The Romans highly honoured, and nobly rewarded, those persons that were instrumental in the preservation of the lives of their citizens, either in battle or otherwise.

Recover'd many a desp'rate campaign 295  
 With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign :  
 Restor'd the fainting high and mighty  
 With Brandy-wine and aqua-vitæ ;  
 And made 'em stoutly overcome  
 With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum ; 300  
 Whom th' uncontroll'd decrees of fate  
 To victory necessitate ;  
 With which, although they run or burn,  
 They unavoidably return :  
 Or else their sultan populaces 305  
 Still strangle all their routed Bassas.  
 Quoth Hudibras, I understand  
 What fights thou mean'st at sea and land,  
 And who those were that run away,  
 And yet gave out th' had won the day ; 310  
 Although the rabble sous'd them for 't,  
 O'er head and ears, in mud and dirt.  
 'Tis true, our modern way of war  
 Is grown more politic by far,  
 But not so resolute and bold, 315  
 Nor ty'd to honour, as the old.  
 For now they laugh at giving battle,  
 Unless it be to herds of cattle ;  
 Or fighting convoys of provision,  
 The whole design o' th' expedition ; 320  
 And not with downright blows to rout  
 The enemy, but eat them out :  
 As fighting, in all beasts of prey,  
 And eating, are perform'd one way,  
 To give defiance to their teeth, 325  
 And fight their stubborn guts to death ;  
 And those achieve the high'st renown,  
 That bring the others stomachs down.  
 There's now no fear of wounds, nor maiming ;  
 All dangers are reduc'd to famine ; 330  
 And feats of arms, to plot, design,  
 Surprise, and stratagem, and mine ;

305 The author compares the arbitrary actings of the ungovernable mob to the Sultan or Grand Signior, who very seldom fails to sacrifice any of his chief commanders, called Bassas, if they prove unsuccessful in battle.

But have no need nor use of courage,  
Unless it be for glory or forage :  
For if they fight, 'tis but by chance, 335  
When one side vent'ring to advance,  
And come uncivilly too near,  
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' rear ;  
And forc'd, with terrible resistance ;  
To keep hereafter at a distance ; 340  
To pick out ground t' encamp upon,  
Where store of largest rivers run,  
That serve, instead of peaceful barriers,  
To part th' engagements of their warriors ;  
Were both from side to side may skip, 345  
And only encounter at bo-peep :  
For men are found the stouter-hearted,  
The certainer th' are to be parted,  
And therefore post themselves in bogs,  
As th' ancient mice attack'd the frogs, 350  
And made their mortal enemy,  
The water-rat, their strict ally.  
For 'tis not now, who's stout and bold,  
But who bears hunger best, and cold ;  
And he's approv'd the most deserving, 355  
Who longest can hold out at starving ;  
And he that routs most pigs and cows,  
The formidablest man of prowess.  
So th' emperor Caligula,  
That triumph'd o'er the British Sea, 360  
Took crabs and oysters prisoners,  
And lobsters, 'stead of cuirassiers ;  
Engag'd his legions in fierce bustles  
With periwinkles, prawns, and muscles ;  
And led his troops with furious gallops, 365  
To charge whole regiments of scallops ;  
Not like their ancient way of war,  
To wait on his triumphal car ;  
But, when he went to dine or sup,  
More bravely eat his captives up : 370  
And left all war, by his example,  
Reduc'd to vict'ling of a camp well.

250. Homer wrote a poem of the war between the mice and the frogs.

Quoth Ralph, By all that you have said,  
 And twice as much that I could add,  
 'Tis plain you cannot now do worse 375  
 Than take this out-of-fashion'd course,  
 To hope, by stratagem to woo her,  
 Or waging battle to subdue her :  
 Though some have done it in romances  
 And bang'd them into amorous fancies ; 380  
 As those who won the Amazons,  
 By wanton drubbing of their bones ;  
 And stout Rinaldo gain'd his bride,  
 By courting of her back and side.  
 But since those times and feats are over, 385  
 They are not for a modern lover,  
 When mistresses are too cross-grain'd  
 By such addresses to be gain'd ;  
 And if they were, would have it out  
 With many another kind of bout. 390  
 Therefore I hold no course s' infeasible,  
 As this of force, to win the Jezebel ;  
 To storm her heart, by th' antic charms  
 Of ladies errant, force of arms ;  
 But rather strive by law to win her, 395  
 And try the title you have in her.  
 Your case is clear ; you have her word,  
 And me to witness the accord ;  
 Besides two more of her retinue  
 To testify what pass'd between you ; 400  
 More probable, and like to hold,  
 Than hand, or seal, or breaking gold ;  
 For which so many that renounc'd  
 Their plighted contracts have been trounc'd ;  
 And bills upon record been found, 405  
 That forc'd the ladies to compound ;  
 And that, unless I miss the matter,  
 Is all the bus'ness you look after.  
 Besides, encounters at the bar  
 Are braver now than those in war, 410  
 In which the law does execution  
 With less disorder and confusion ;

383. A story in Tasso, an Italian poet, of a hero that gained his mistress by conquering her party.

Has more of honour in 't, some hold,  
Not like the new way, but the old,  
When those the pen had drawn together, 415  
Decided quarrels with a feather,  
And winged arrows kill'd as dead,  
And more than bullets now of lead.  
So all their combats now, as then,  
Are manag'd chiefly by the pen ; 420  
That does the feat with braver vigours,  
In words at length, as well as figures :  
Is judge of all the world performs  
In voluntary feats of arms ;  
And whatsoe'er 's achiev'd in fight, 425  
Determines which is wrong or right ;  
For whether you prevail, or lose,  
All must be try'd there in the close :  
And therefore 'tis not wise to shun  
What you must trust to ere y' have done. 430  
The law, that settles all you do,  
And marries where you did but woo ;  
That makes the most perfidious lover  
A lady, that's as false, recover ;  
And if it judge upon your side, 435  
Will soon extend her for your bride,  
And put her person, goods, or lands,  
Or which you like best, int' your hands.  
For law 's the wisdom of all ages,  
And manag'd by the ablest sages ; 440  
Who, though their bus'ness at the bar  
Be but a kind of civil war,  
In which th' engage with fiercer dudgeons  
Than e'er the Grecians did and Trojans,  
They never manage the contest 445  
T' impair their public interest,  
Or by their controversies lessen  
The dignity of their profession :  
Not like us brethren who divide  
Our commonwealth, the cause, and side ; 450  
And though w' are all as near of kindred  
As th' outward man is to the inward,  
We agree in nothing but to wrangle  
About the slightest fingle-fangle ;

While lawyers have more sober sense 455  
Than t' argue at their own expense,  
But make their best advantages  
Of others' quarrels, like the Swiss ;  
And out of foreign controversies,  
By aiding both sides fill their purses ; 460  
But have no int'rest in the cause  
For which th' engage, and wage the laws ;  
Nor farther prospect than their pay,  
Whether they lose or win the day :  
And though they abounded in all ages, 466  
With sundry learned clerks and sages,  
Though all their business be dispute,  
Which way they canvass ev'ry suit,  
Th' have no disputes about their art,  
Nor in polemics controvert ; 470  
While all professions else are found  
With nothing but disputes t' abound ;  
Divines of all sorts, and physicians,  
Philosophers, mathematicians,  
The Galenist and Paracelsian, 475  
Condemn the way each other deals in ;  
Anatomists dissect and mangle,  
To cut themselves out work to wrangle ;  
Astrologers dispute their dreams,  
That in their sleeps they talk of schemes ; 480  
And heralds stickle who got who,  
So many hundred years ago.

But lawyers are too wise a nation  
T' expose their trade to disputation,  
Or make the busy rabble judges 485  
Of all their secret piques and grudges ;  
In which whoever wins the day,  
The whole profession 's sure to pay.  
Beside, no mountebanks, nor cheats,  
Dare undertake to do their feats ; 490  
When in all other sciences  
They swarm, like insects, and increase.

For what bigot durst ever draw,  
By inward light, a deed in law ?  
Or could hold forth, by revelation, 495  
An answer to a declaration ?



For those that meddle with their tools  
 Will cut their fingers, if they 're fools :  
 And if you follow their advice,  
 In bills, and answers, and replies, 500  
 They 'll write a love-letter in chancery,  
 Shall bring her upon oath to answer ye,  
 And soon reduce her to b' your wife,  
 Or make her weary of her life.

The Knight, who us'd with tricks and shifts  
 To edify by Ralpho's gifts, 506  
 But in appearance cry'd him down,  
 To make them better seem his own  
 (All plagiaries' constant course  
 Of sinking, when they took a purse) 510  
 Resolv'd to follow his advice,  
 But kept it from him by disguise ;  
 And, after stubborn contradiction,  
 To counterfeit his own conviction,  
 And by transition fall upon 515  
 The resolution as his own.

Quoth he, This gambol thou advisest  
 Is of all others the unwisest ;  
 For if I think by law to gain her,  
 There 's nothing sillier or vainer. 520  
 'Tis but to hazard my pretence,  
 Where nothing 's certain but th' expense ;  
 To act against myself, and traverse  
 My suit and title to her favours ;  
 And if she should (which Heav'n forbid) 525  
 O'erthrow me, as the fiddler did,  
 What after-course have I to take,  
 'Gainst losing all I have at stake ?  
 He that with injury is griev'd,  
 And goes to law to be reliev'd, 530  
 Is sillier than a sottish chouse,  
 Who, when a thief has robb'd his house,  
 Applies himself to cunning men,  
 To help him to his goods agen ;  
 When all he can expect to gain 535  
 Is but to squander more in vain :  
 And yet I have no other way  
 But is as difficult to play ;

For to reduce her by main force  
 Is now in vain : by fair means, worse ; 540  
 But worst of all to give her over,  
 Till she 's as desp'rate to recover :  
 For bad games are thrown up too soon,  
 Until th' are never to be won.  
 But since I have no other course 545  
 But is as bad t' attempt, or worse,  
 He that complies against his will,  
 Is of his own opinion still ;  
 Which he may adhere to, yet disown,  
 For reasons to himself best known : 550  
 But 'tis not to b' avoided now,  
 For Sidrophel resolves to sue ;  
 Whom I must answer, or begin  
 Inevitably first with him ;  
 For I've receiv'd advertisement, 555  
 By times enough, of his intent ;  
 And knowing he that first complains  
 Th' advantage of the business gains ;  
 For courts of justice understand  
 The plaintiff to be eldest hand ; 560  
 Who what he pleases may aver,  
 The other nothing till he swear ;  
 Is freely admitted to all grace,  
 And lawful favour, by his place ;  
 And for his bringing custom in, 565  
 Has all advantages to win :  
 I, who resolve to oversee  
 No lucky opportunity,  
 Will go to counsel, to advise  
 Which way t' encounter, or surprise ; 570  
 And, after long consideration,  
 Have found out one to fit th' occasion,  
 Most apt for what I have to do,  
 As counsellor and justice too.  
 And truly so, no doubt, he was, 575  
 A lawyer fit for such a case.

An old dull sot, who told the clock  
 For many years at Bridewell-dock,

577 Prideaux, a justice of peace, a very pragmatical  
 busy person in those times, and a mercenary and cruel

At Westminster, and Hick's-Hall,  
 And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all ; 580  
 Where in all governments and times,  
 H' had been both friend and foe to crimes,  
 And us'd two equal ways of gaining,  
 By hind'ring justice, or maintaining ;  
 To many a whore gave privilege, 585  
 And whipp'd, for want of quarterage ;  
 Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,  
 For b'ing behind a fortnight's rent ;  
 And many a trusty pimp and crony  
 To Puddle-dock, for want of money ; 590  
 Engag'd the constable to seize  
 All those that would not break the peace,  
 Nor give him back his own foul words,  
 Though sometimes commoners or lords,  
 And kept 'em prisoners of course, 595  
 For being sober at ill hours ;  
 That in the morning he might free  
 Or bind 'em over for his fee :  
 Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,  
 For leave to practise in their ways ; 600  
 Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share  
 With th' headborough and scavenger ;  
 And made the dirt i' th' streets compound  
 For taking up the public ground ;  
 The kennel, and the king's highway, 605  
 For being unmolested, pay ;  
 Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,  
 And cage, to those that gave him most ;  
 Impos'd a tax on bakers' ears,  
 And for false weights on chandelers ; 610  
 Made victuallers and vintners fine  
 For arbitrary ale and wine ;  
 But was a kind and constant friend  
 To all that regularly offend ;  
 As residentiary bawds, 615  
 And brokers that receive stol'n goods ;

magistrate, infamous for the following methods of getting money among many others.

589. There was a jail for puny offenders.

599. He extorted money from those that kept shows,

That cheat in lawful mysteries,  
And pay church duties and his fees;  
But was implacable, and awkward,  
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd. 620

To this brave man the Knight repairs  
For counsel in his law-affairs;  
And found him mounted in his pew,  
With books and money plac'd for show,  
Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay, 625  
And for his false opinion pay:  
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,  
Put off his hat to put his case;  
Which he as proudly entertain'd  
As th' other courteously strain'd; 630  
And, to assure him 'twas not that  
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.

Quoth he, There is one Sidrophel,  
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.  
And now he brags t' have beaten me— 635  
Better and better still, quoth he.

And vows to stick me to a wall,  
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.  
'Tis true, the knave has taken 's oath  
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth. 640

When h' has confess'd he stole my cloak,  
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;  
Which was the cause that made me bang him,  
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.  
Now whether I should before-hand, 645  
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.

Or bring my action of conversion  
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson!  
Or if 'tis better to indite,  
And bring him to his trial?—Right. 650

Prevent what he designs to do,  
And swear for th' state against him?—True.  
Or whether he that is defendant  
In this case has the better end on 't;

Who, putting in a new cross-bill, 655  
May traverse th' action?—Better still.  
Then there's a lady too—Aye, marry.  
That's easily prov'd accessory;

A widow, who, by solemn vows  
 Contracted to me, for my spouse, 660  
 Combin'd with him to break her word,  
 And has abetted all—Good Lord !  
 Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel  
 To tamper with the dev'l of hell ;  
 Who put m' into a horrid fear, 665  
 Fear of my life—Make that appear.  
 Made an assault with fiends and men  
 Upon my body—Good agen.  
 And kept me in a deadly fright,  
 And false imprisonment, all night. 670  
 Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,  
 And stole my saddle—Worse and worse,  
 And made me mount upon the bare ridge,  
 T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.  
 Sir, quoth the lawyer, not to flatter ye, 675  
 You have as good and fair a battery  
 As heart can wish, and need not shame  
 The proudest man alive to claim :  
 For if th' have us'd you as you say,  
 Marry, quoth I, God give you joy. 680  
 I would it were my case, I'd give  
 More than I'll say, or you 'll believe.  
 I would so trounce her, and her purse,  
 I'd make her kneel for better or worse ;  
 For matrimony and hanging here 685  
 Both go by destiny so clear,  
 That you as sure may pick and choose,  
 As Cross, I win ; and Pile, you lose ;  
 And, if I durst, I would advance  
 As much in ready maintenance, 690  
 As upon any case I 've known ;  
 But we that practice dare not own :  
 The law severely contrabands  
 Our taking bus'ness off men's hands ;  
 'Tis common barratry, that bears 695  
 Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,  
 And crops them till there is not leather  
 To stick a pin in left of either ;  
 For which some do the summer-sault,  
 And o'er the bar, like tumblers vault . 700

But you may swear, at any rate,  
 Things not in nature, for the state;  
 For in all courts of justice here,  
 A witness is not said to swear,  
 But make oath; that is, in plain terms, 705  
 To forge whatever he affirms.

I thank you, (quoth the Knight) for that,  
 Because 'tis to my purpose pat—  
 For Justice, though she 's painted blind,  
 Is to the weaker side inclin'd, 710  
 Like Charity; else right and wrong  
 Could never hold it out so long,  
 And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight  
 Convey men's interest and right  
 From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's, 715  
 As easily as Hocus Pocus;  
 Play fast and loose; make men obnoxious,  
 And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.  
 Then whether you would take her life,  
 Or but recover her for your wife, 720  
 Or be content with what she has,  
 And let all other matters pass,  
 The bus'ness to the law 's alone,  
 The proof is all it looks upon;  
 And you can want no witnesses 725  
 To swear to any thing you please,  
 That hardly get their mere expenses  
 By th' labour of their consciences;  
 Or letting out to hire their ears  
 To affidavit customers, 730  
 At inconsiderable values,  
 To serve for jury-men or tallies,  
 Although retain'd in th' hardest matters  
 Of trustees and administrators.

For that, quoth he, let me alone; 735  
 W' have store of such, and all our own;  
 Bred up and tutor'd by our teachers,  
 The ablest of conscience-stretchers.

That's well, quoth he; but I should guess,  
 By weighing all advantages, 740

715. John a Nokes, and John a Stiles, are two fictitious names made use of in stating cases of law only.

Your surest way is first to pitch  
 On Bongey for a water-witch ;  
 And when y' have hang'd the conjurer,  
 Y' have time enough to deal with her.  
 In th' int'rim, spare for no trepans 745  
 To draw her neck into the bans ;  
 Ply her with love-letters and billets,  
 And bait 'em well, for quirks and quilllets,  
 With trains t' inveigle and surprise  
 Her heedless answers and replies : 750  
 And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,  
 They'll serve for other by-designs :  
 And make an artist understand  
 To copy out her seal, or hand ;  
 Or find void places in the paper 755  
 To steal in something to entrap her ;  
 Till, with her worldly goods and body,  
 Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye :  
 Retain all sorts of witnesses,  
 That ply i' th' Temple under trees ; 760  
 Or walk the round, with knights o' th' posts,  
 About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts ;  
 Or wait for customers between  
 The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn ;  
 Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail, 765  
 And affidavit men, ne'er fail  
 T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,  
 According to their ears and clothes,  
 Their only necessary tools,  
 Besides the Gospel and their souls : 770  
 And when y' are furnish'd with all purveys  
 I shall be ready at your service.

I would not give, quoth Hudibras,  
 A straw to understand a case,

742. Bongey was a Franciscan, and lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, a doctor of divinity in Oxford, and a particular acquaintance of Friar Bacon's. In that ignorant age, every thing that seemed extraordinary was reputed magic ; and so both Bacon and Bongey went under the imputation of studying the black art. Bongey also, publishing a treatise of Natural Magic, confirmed some well meaning credulous people in this opinion ; but it was altogether groundless ; for Bongey was chosen provincial of his order, being a person of most excellent parts and piety.



Without the admirable skill 775  
 To wind and manage it at will ;  
 To veer, and tack, and steer a cause  
 Against the weather-gage of laws  
 And ring the changes upon cases  
 As plain as noses upon faces, 780  
 As you have well instructed me  
 For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.  
 I long to practise your advice,  
 And try the subtle artifice ;  
 To bait a letter as you bid ; 785  
 As not long after thus he did :  
 For having pump'd up all his wit,  
 And humm'd upon it, thus he writ :—

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AN HISTORICAL EPISTLE OF  
 HUDIBRAS TO HIS LADY.

I who was once as great as Cæsar,  
 Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar ;  
 And from as fam'd a conqueror  
 As ever took degree in war,  
 Or did his exercise in battle, 5  
 By you turn'd out to grass with cattle :  
 For since I am deny'd access  
 To all my earthly happiness,  
 Am fall'n from the paradise  
 Of your good graces, and fair eyes ; 10  
 Lost to the world and you, I'm sent  
 To everlasting banishment,  
 Where all the hopes I had t' have won  
 Your heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.  
 Yet if you were not so severe 15  
 To pass your doom before you hear,  
 You'd find, upon my just defence,  
 How much y' have wrong'd my innocence.  
 That once I made a vow to you,  
 Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true : 20

But not because it is unpaid,  
'Tis violated, though delay'd ;  
Or, if it were, it is no fault,  
So heinous as you 'd have it thought ;  
To undergo the loss of ears, 25  
Like vulgar hackney perjurers :  
For there 's a difference in the case,  
Between the noble and the base ;  
Who always are observ'd t' have done 't  
Upon as different an account ; 30  
The one for great and weighty cause,  
To salve in honour ugly flaws ;  
For none are like to do it sooner  
Than those who are nicest of their honour .  
The other for base gain and pay, 35  
Forswear and perjure by the day ;  
And make th' exposing and retailing  
Their souls and consciences a calling.

It is no scandal, nor aspersion,  
Upon a great and noble person, 40  
To say he nat'rally abhorr'd  
Th' old-fashion'd trick to keep his word ;  
Though 'tis perfidiousness and shame  
In meaner men to do the same :  
For to be able to forget, 45  
Is found more useful to the great,  
Than gout, or deafness, or bad eyes,  
To make 'em pass for wondrous wise.  
But though the law on perjurers  
Inflicts the forfeiture of ears, 50  
It is not just that does exempt  
The guilty, and punish th' innocent ;  
To make the ears repair the wrong  
Committed by th' ungovern'd tongue ;  
And when one member is forsworn, 55  
Another to be cropt or torn.  
And if you should, as you design,  
By course of law recover mine,  
You 're like, if you consider right,  
To gain but little honour by 't. 60  
For he that for his lady's sake  
Lays down his life or limbs at stake,

Does not so much deserve her favour,  
As he that pawns his soul to have her  
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done, 65  
Although you now disdain to own;  
But sentence what you rather ought  
T' esteem good service than a fault.  
Besides, oaths are not bound to bear  
That literal sense the words infer, 70  
But, by the practice of the age,  
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;  
And, where the sense by custom's checkt,  
Are found void, and of none effect.  
For no man takes or keeps a vow 75  
But just as he sees others do;  
Nor are th' oblig'd to be so brittle,  
As not to yield and bow a little:  
For as best-temper'd blades are found,  
Before they break, to bend quite round, 80  
So truest oaths are still most tough,  
And though they bow, are breaking proof.  
Then wherefore should they not b' allow'd  
In love a greater latitude?  
For as the law of arms approves 85  
All ways to conquest, so should love's;  
And not be ty'd to true or false,  
But make that justest that prevails:  
For how can that which is above  
All empire, high and mighty love, 90  
Submit its great prerogative  
To any other power alive?  
Shall love, that to no crown gives place,  
Become the subject of a case?  
The fundamental law of nature, 95  
Be over-rul'd by those made after?  
Commit the censure of its cause  
To any but its own great laws;  
Love, that's the world's preservative,  
That keeps all souls of things alive; 100  
Controls the mighty pow'r of fate,  
And gives mankind a longer date;  
The life of nature, that restores  
As fast as time and death devours;

To whose free gift the world does owe, 105  
 Not only earth, but heaven too ;  
 For love 's the only trade that 's driven,  
 The interest of state in heav'n,  
 Which nothing but the soul of man  
 Is capable to entertain. 110  
 For what can earth produce, but love,  
 To represent the joys above?  
 Or who but lovers can converse,  
 Like angels, by the eye-discourse?  
 Address and compliment by vision ; 115  
 Make love and court by intuition?  
 And burn in amorous flames as fierce  
 As those celestial ministers?  
 Then how can any thing offend,  
 In order to so great an end? 120  
 Or heav'n itself a sin resent,  
 That for its own supply was meant?  
 That merits, in a kind mistake,  
 A pardon for the offence's sake?  
 Or if it did not, but the cause 125  
 Were left to th' injury of laws,  
 What tyranny can disapprove  
 There should be equity in love?  
 For laws that are inanimate,  
 And feel no sense of love or hate, 130  
 That have no passion of their own,  
 Nor pity to be wrought upon,  
 Are only proper to inflict  
 Revenge on criminals as strict:  
 But to have power to forgive, 135  
 Is empire and prerogative ;  
 And 'tis in crowns a nobler gem  
 To grant a pardon than condemn.  
 Then since so few do what they ought,  
 'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant fau't: 140

113. Metaphysicians are of opinion, that angels and souls departed, being divested of all gross matter, understand each other's sentiments by intuition, and consequently maintain a sort of conversation without the organs of speech.

121. In regard children are capable of being inhabitants of heaven, therefore it should not resent it as a crime to supply store of inhabitants for it.

For why should he who made address,  
 All humble ways, without success,  
 And met with nothing, in return,  
 But insolence, affronts, and scorn,  
 Not strive by wit to countermine, 145  
 And bravely carry his design?  
 He who was us'd so unlike a soldier,  
 Blown up with philtres of love-powder;  
 And after letting blood, and purging,  
 Condemn'd to voluntary scourging; 150  
 Alarm'd with many a horrid fright,  
 And claw'd with goblins in the night;  
 Insulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,  
 With rude invasion of his beard;  
 And when your sex was foully scandall'd, 155  
 As foully by the rabble handled;  
 Attack'd by despicable foes,  
 And drubb'd with mean and vulgar blows;  
 And, after all, to be debarr'd  
 So much as standing on his guard; 160  
 When horses, being spur'd and prick'd,  
 Have leave to kick for being kick'd?  
 Or why should you, whose mother-wits  
 Are furnish'd with all perquisites,  
 That with your breeding-teeth begin, 165  
 And nursing babies, that lie in,  
 B' allow'd to put all tricks upon  
 Our cully sex, and we use none?  
 We, who have nothing but frail vows  
 Against your stratagems t' oppose; 170  
 Or oaths more feeble than your own,  
 By which we are no less put down?  
 You wound, like Parthians, while you fly,  
 And kill with a retreating eye;  
 Retire the more, the more we press, 175  
 To draw us into ambushes.  
 As pirates all false colours wear  
 T' intrap th' unwary mariner,

173. Parthians are the inhabitants of a province in Persia: they are excellent horsemen, and very exquisite at their bows; and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more on their retreat than they did in the engagement.

So women, to surprise us, spread  
 The borrow'd flags of white and red ; 180  
 Display 'em thicker on their cheeks  
 Than their old grandmothers, the Picts ;  
 And raise more devils with their looks,  
 Than conjurer's less subtle books ;  
 Lay trains of amorous intrigues, 185  
 In tow'rs, and curls, and periwigs,  
 With greater art and cunning rear'd,  
 Than Philip Nye's thanksgiving beard,  
 Prepost'rously t' entice and gain  
 Those to adore 'em they disdain ; 190  
 And only draw 'em in to clog  
 With idle names a catalogue.

A lover is, the more he 's brave,  
 T' his mistress but the more a slave,  
 And whatsoever she commands, 195  
 Becomes a favour from her hands ;  
 Which he 's oblig'd t' obey, and must,  
 Whether it be unjust or just.  
 Then when he is compell'd by her  
 T' adventures he would else forbear, 200  
 Who with his honour can withstand,  
 Since force is greater than command ?  
 And when necessity 's obey'd,  
 Nothing can be unjust or bad :  
 And therefore when the mighty pow'rs 205  
 Of love, our great ally and yours,  
 Join'd forces not to be withstood  
 By frail enamour'd flesh and blood,  
 All I have done, unjust or ill,  
 Was in obedience to your will ; 210  
 And all the blame that can be due,  
 Falls to your cruelty, and you.  
 Nor are those scandals I confest,  
 Against my will and interest,  
 More than is daily done of course 215  
 By all men, when they're under force :  
 Whence some, upon the rack, confess  
 What th' hangman and their prompters please

188. One of the assembly of divines, very remarkable for the singularity of his beard.

But are no sooner out of pain,  
Than they deny it all again. 220

But when the devil turns confessor,  
Truth is a crime he takes no pleasure  
To hear, or pardon, like the founder  
Of liars, whom they all claim under ;  
And therefore when I told him none, 225  
I think it was the wiser done.

Nor am I without precedent,  
The first that on th' adventure went :  
All mankind ever did of course,  
And daily does the same, or worse. 230

For what romance can shew a lover,  
That had a lady to recover,  
And did not steer a nearer course,  
To fall aboard in his amours ?  
And what at first was held a crime, 235  
Has turn'd to honourable in time.

To what a height did infant Rome,  
By ravishing of women, come !  
What men upon their spouses seiz'd,  
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd, 240

They ne'er forswore themselves, nor ly'd,  
Nor, in the mind they were in, dy'd ;  
Nor took the pains t' address and sue,  
Nor play'd the masquerade to woo :  
Disdain'd to stay for friends' consents, 245  
Nor juggled about settlements ;

Did need no licence, nor no priest,  
Nor friends, nor kindred, to assist ;  
Nor lawyers, to join land and money  
In th' holy state of matrimony, 250  
Before they settled hands and hearts,  
Till alimony or death them parts :

237 When Romulus had built Rome, he made it an asylum, or place of refuge, for all malefactors, and others obnoxious to the laws, to retire to, by which means it soon came to be very populous ; but when he began to consider, that, without propagation, it would soon be destitute of inhabitants, he invented several fine shows, and invited the young Sabine women, then neighbours to them ; and when they had them secure, they ravished them ; from whence proceeded so numerous an offspring.

252. Alimony is an allowance that the law gives the woman for her separate maintenance upon living from



Nor would endure to stay until  
 Th' had got the very bride's good will ;  
 But took a wise and shorter course 255  
 To win the ladies, downright force ;  
 And justly made 'em pris'ners then,  
 As they have, often since, us men,  
 With acting plays, and dancing jigs,  
 The luckiest of all love's intrigues ; 260  
 And when they had them at their pleasure,  
 Then talk'd of love and flames at leisure ;  
 For after matrimony's over,  
 He that holds out but half a lover,  
 Deserves for ev'ry minute more 265  
 Than half a year of love before ;  
 For which the dames, in contemplation  
 Of that best way of application,  
 Prov'd nobler wives than e'er were known  
 By suit or treaty to be won ; 270  
 And such as all posterity  
 Could never equal, nor come nigh.

For women first were made for men,  
 Not men for them.—It follows, then,  
 That men have right to ev'ry one, 275  
 And they no freedom of their own :  
 And therefore men have pow'r to choose,  
 But they no charter to refuse.  
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course  
 Soe'er we take to your amours, 280  
 Though by the indirectest way,  
 'Tis no injustice, nor foul play ;  
 And that you ought to take that course,  
 As we take you, for better or worse ;  
 And gratefully submit to those 285  
 Who you, before another, chose.  
 For why should ev'ry savage beast  
 Exceed his great lord's interest ?  
 Have freer pow'r than he in grace,  
 And nature, o'er the creature has ? 290  
 Because the laws he since has made  
 Have cut off all the pow'r he had ;

her husband. That and death are reckoned the only  
 separations in a married state.

Retrench'd the absolute dominion  
That nature gave him over women ;  
When all his pow'r will not extend 295  
One law of nature to suspend ;  
And but to offer to repeal  
The smallest clause, is to rebel.  
This, if men rightly understood  
Their privilege, they would make good ; 300  
And not, like sots, permit their wives  
T' encroach on their prerogatives ;  
For which sin they deserve to be  
Kept as they are, in slavery :  
And this some precious gifted teachers, 305  
Unrev'rently reputed leachers,  
And disobey'd in making love,  
Have vow'd to all the world to prove,  
And make ye suffer, as you ought,  
For that uncharitable fau't. 310  
But I forget myself, and rove  
Beyond th' instructions of my love.  
Forgive me (Fair) and only blame  
Th' extravagancy of my flame,  
Since 'tis too much at once to shew 315  
Excess of love and temper too.  
All I have said that 's bad and true,  
Was never meant to aim at you,  
Who have so sov'reign a control  
O'er that poor slave of yours, my soul, 320  
That, rather than to forfeit you,  
Has ventur'd loss of heaven too ;  
Both with an equal pow'r possest,  
To render all that serve you blest ;  
But none like him, who's destin'd either 325  
To have or lose you both together ;  
And if you 'll but this fault release  
(For so it must be, since you please)  
I 'll pay down all that vow, and more,  
Which you commanded, and I swore, 330  
And expiate upon my skin  
Th' arrears in full of all my sin :  
For 'tis but just that I should pay  
Th' accruing penance for delay ;

Which shall be done, until it move 335  
Your equal pity and your love.

The Knight perusing this Epistle,  
Believ'd h' had brought her to his whistle,  
And read it like a jocund lover,  
With great applause, t' himself, twice over ; 340  
Subscrib'd his name, but at a fit  
And humble distance, to his wit ;  
And dated it with wondrous art,  
Giv'n from the bottom of his heart ;  
Then seal'd it with his coat of love, 345  
A smoking fagot—and above,  
Upon a scroll—I burn, and weep ;  
And near it—For her Ladyship,  
Of all her sex most excellent,  
These to her gentle hands present : 350  
Then gave it to his faithful Squire,  
With lessons how t' observe and eye her.

She first consider'd which was better,  
To send it back, or burn the letter :  
But guessing that it might import, 355  
Though nothing else, at least her sport,  
She open'd it, and read it out,  
With many a smile and leering flout ;  
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,  
And thus perform'd what she design'd. 360

## THE LADY'S ANSWER

TO

## THE KNIGHT.

THAT you 're a beast, and turn'd to grass,  
Is no strange news, nor ever was,  
At least to me, who once, you know,  
Did from the pound replevin you,  
When both your sword and spurs were won 5  
In combat by an Amazon :

That sword, that did (like Fate) determine  
Th' inevitable death of vermin,  
And never dealt its furious blows,  
But cut the throats of pigs and cows, 10  
By Trulla was, in single fight,  
Disarm'd and wrested from its Knight ;  
Your heels degraded of your spurs,  
And in the stocks close prisoners ;  
Where still they'd lain, in base restraint, 15  
If I, in pity of your complaint,  
Had not, on honourable conditions,  
Releas'd 'em from the worst of prisons ;  
And what return that favour met  
You cannot (though you would) forget ; 20  
When, being free, you strove t' evade  
The oaths you had in prison made ;  
Forsook yourself, and first deny'd it,  
But after own'd and justify'd it ;  
And when y' had falsely broke one vow, 25  
Absolv'd yourself by breaking two :  
For while you sneakingly submit,  
And beg for pardon at our feet,  
Discourag'd by your guilty fears,  
To hope for quarter for your ears, 30  
And doubting 'twas in vain to sue,  
You claim us boldly as your due ;  
Declare that treachery and force,  
To deal with us, is th' only course ;  
We have no title nor pretence 35  
To body, soul, or conscience ;  
But ought to fall to that man's share  
That claims us for his proper ware.  
These are the motives which, t' induce  
Or fright us into love, you use ; 40  
A pretty new way of gallanting,  
Between soliciting and ranting ;  
Like sturdy beggars, that entreat  
For charity at once, and threat !  
But since you undertake to prove 45  
Your own propriety in love,  
As if we were but lawful prize  
In war between two enemies,

Or forfeitures, which ev'ry lover,  
That would but sue for, might recover, 50  
It is not hard to understand  
The myst'ry of this bold demand,  
That cannot at our persons aim,  
But something capable of claim.

'Tis not those paltry counterfeit 55  
French stones, which in our eyes you set,  
But our right diamonds, that inspire  
And set your am'rous hearts on fire :  
Nor can those false St. Martin's beads,  
Which on our lips you lay for reds, 60  
And make us wear, like Indian dames,  
Add fuel to your scorching flames,  
But those true rubies of the rock,  
Which in our cabinets we lock.

'Tis not those orient pearls, our teeth, 65  
That you are so transported with ;  
But those we wear about our necks,  
Produce those amorous effects.

Nor is 't those threads of gold, our hair,  
The periwigs you make us wear ; 70

But those bright guineas in our chests,  
That light the wild-fire in your breasts.

These love-tricks I 've been vers'd in so,  
That all their sly intrigues I know,  
And can unriddle, by their tones, 75

Their mystic cabals and jargons ;  
Can tell what passions, by their sounds,  
Pine for the beauties of my grounds ;

What raptures fond and amorous  
O' th' charms and graces of my house ; 80

What ecstasy and scorching flame  
Burns for my money in my name ;

What from th' unnatural desire  
To beasts and cattle takes its fire ;  
What tender sigh, and trickling tear, 85

Longs for a thousand pounds a year ;  
And languishing transports are fond  
Of statute, mortgage, bill, and bond.

These are th' attracts which most men fall  
Enamour'd, at first sight, withal ; 90

To these th' address with serenades,  
 And court with balls and masquerades;  
 And yet, for all the yearning pain  
 Y' have suffer'd for their loves in vain,  
 I fear they 'll prove so nice and coy 95  
 To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy,  
 That all your oaths and labour lost,  
 They'll ne'er turn ladies of the post.  
 This is not meant to disapprove  
 Your judgment in your choice of love; 100  
 Which is so wise the greatest part  
 Of mankind study 't as an art;  
 For love should, like a deodand,  
 Still fall to th' owner of the land;  
 And where there 's substance for its ground, 105  
 Cannot but be more firm and sound  
 Than that which has the slightest basis  
 Of airy virtue, wit, and graces;  
 Which is of such thin subtlety,  
 It steels and creeps in at the eye, 110  
 And, as it can't endure to stay,  
 Steals out again as nice a way.

But love, that its extraction owns  
 From solid gold and precious stones,  
 Must, like its shining parents, prove 115  
 As solid, and as glorious love.  
 Hence 'tis you have no way t' express  
 Our charms and graces but by these:  
 For what are lips, and eyes, and teeth,  
 Which beauty invades and conquers with, 120  
 But rubies, pearls, and diamonds,  
 With which a philter love commands?

This is the way all parents prove,  
 In managing their children's love,  
 That force 'em t' intermarry and wed, 125  
 As if th' were burying of the dead;  
 Cast earth to earth, as in the grave,  
 To join in wedlock all they have,  
 And, when the settlement 's in force,  
 Take all the rest for better or worse: 130  
 For money has a power above  
 The stars and fate to manage love,

Whose arrows, learned poets hold,  
 That never miss, are tipp'd with gold.  
 And though some say the parents' claims 135  
 To make love in their children's names,  
 Who many times at once provide  
 The nurse, the husband, and the bride,  
 Feel darts and charms, attracts and flames,  
 And woo and contract in their names, 140  
 And, as they christen, use to marry 'em,  
 And, like their gossips, answer for 'em;  
 Is not to give in matrimony,  
 But sell and prostitute for money;  
 'Tis better than their own betrothing, 145  
 Who often do 't for worse than nothing;  
 And when th' are at their own dispose,  
 With greater disadvantage choose.  
 All this is right; but for the course  
 You take to do 't, by fraud or force, 150  
 'Tis so ridiculous, as soon  
 As told, 'tis never to be done,  
 No more than setters can betray,  
 That tell what tricks they are to play:  
 Marriage, at best, is but a vow, 155  
 Which all men either break or bow:  
 Then what will those forbear to do,  
 Who perjure when they do but woo?  
 Such as before-hand swear and lie,  
 For earnest to their treachery, 160  
 And, rather than a crime confess,  
 With greater strive to make it less?  
 Like thieves, who, after sentence past,  
 Maintain their innocence to the last;  
 And when their crimes were made appear 165  
 As plain as witnesses can swear,  
 Yet, when the wretches come to die,  
 Will take upon their death a lie.

133. The poets feign Cupid to have two sorts of arrows; the one tipped with gold and the other with lead. The golden always inspire and inflame love in the persons he wounds with them; but, on the contrary, the leaden create the utmost aversion and hatred. With the first of these he shot Apollo, and with the other Daphne, according to Ovid.



Nor are the virtues you confess'd  
T' your ghostly father, as you guess'd, 170  
So slight as to be justify'd  
By being as shamefully deny'd;  
As if you thought your word would pass  
Point-blank, on both sides of a case;  
Or credit were not to be lost 175  
B' a brave Knight-Errant of the Post,  
That eats perfidiously his word,  
And swears his ears through a two-inch board;  
Can own the same thing, and disown,  
And perjure booty, pro and con; 180  
Can make the Gospel serve his turn,  
And help him out, to be forsworn;  
When 'tis laid hands upon, and kist,  
To be betray'd and sold, like Christ.  
These are the virtues in whose name 185  
A right to all the world you claim,  
And boldly challenge a dominion,  
In grace and nature, o'er all women;  
Of whom no less will satisfy  
Than all the sex your tyranny. 190  
Although you 'll find it a hard province,  
With all your crafty frauds and covins,  
To govern such a num'rous crew,  
Who, one by one, now govern you;  
For if you all were Solomons, 195  
And wise and great as he was once,  
You 'll find they 're able to subdue  
(As they did him) and baffle you.  
And if you are impos'd upon,  
'Tis by your own temptation done, 200  
That with your ignorance invite,  
And teach us how to use the slight;  
For when we find y' are still more taken  
With false attracts of our own making,  
Swear that 's a rose, and that a stone, 205  
Like sots, to us that laid it on,  
And what we did but slightly prime,  
Most ignorantly daub in rhyme,  
You force us, in our own defences,  
To copy beams and influences; 210

To lay perfections on the graces,  
And draw attracts upon our faces,  
And, in compliance to your wit,  
Your own false jewels counterfeit :  
For by the practice of those arts 215  
We gain a greater share of hearts ;  
And those deserve in reason most,  
That greatest pains and study cost :  
For great perfections are, like heaven,  
Too rich a present to be given. 220  
Nor are these master-strokes of beauty  
To be perform'd without hard duty,  
Which, when they 're nobly done and well,  
The simple natural excel.  
How fair and sweet the planted rose 225  
Beyond the wild in hedges grows !  
For without art the noblest seeds  
Of flow'rs degen'rate into weeds.  
How dull and rugged, ere 'tis ground  
And polish'd looks a diamond ! 230  
Though Paradise were e'er so fair,  
It was not kept so without care.  
The whole world, without art and dress,  
Would be but one great wilderness ;  
And mankind but a savage herd, 235  
For all that nature has conferr'd :  
This does but rough-hew, and design ;  
Leaves art to polish and refine.  
Though women first were made for men,  
Yet men were made for them agen ; 240  
For when (outwitted by his wife)  
Man first turn'd tenant but for life,  
If women had not interven'd,  
How soon had mankind had an end !  
And that it is in being yet, 245  
To us alone you are in debt.  
And where 's your liberty of choice,  
And our unnatural no voice ?  
Since all the privilege you boast,  
And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost, 250  
Is now our right ; to whose creation  
You owe your happy restoration ;

And if we had not weighty cause  
 To not appear, in making laws,  
 We could, in spite of all your tricks, 255  
 And shallow, formal politics,  
 Force you our managements t' obey,  
 As we to yours (in show) give way.  
 Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive  
 T' advance your high prerogative, 260  
 You basely, after all your braves,  
 Submit, and own yourselves our slaves;  
 And 'cause we do not make it known,  
 Nor publicly our int'rest own,  
 Like sots, suppose we have no shares 265  
 In ord'ring you and your affairs,  
 When all your empire and command  
 You have from us at second hand;  
 As if a pilot, that appears  
 To sit still only while he steers, 270  
 And does not make a noise and stir,  
 Like ev'ry common mariner,  
 Knew nothing of the card, nor star,  
 And did not guide the man-of-war;  
 Nor we, because we don't appear 275  
 In councils, do not govern there;  
 While, like the mighty Prester John,  
 Whose person none dares look upon,  
 But is preserv'd in close disguise,  
 From being made cheap to vulgar eyes, 280  
 W' enjoy as large a pow'r unseen,  
 To govern him, as he does men;  
 And in the right of our Pope Joan,  
 Make emp'rors at our feet fall down:  
 Or Joan de Pucel's braver name, 285  
 Our right to arms and conduct claim;

377. Prester John, an absolute prince, emperor of Abyssinia or Ethiopia. One of them is reported to have had seventy kings for his vassals, and so superb and arrogant, that none durst look upon him without his permission.

285 Joan of Arc, called also the Pucelle, or Maid of Orleans. She was born at the town of Damremi, on the Meuse, daughter of James de Arc, and Isabella Romee; and was bred up a shepherdess in the country. At the age of eighteen or twenty she pretended to an express commission from God to go to the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English, and defended by John Compte de

Who, though a spinster, yet was able  
To serve France for a Grand Constable.

We make and execute all laws,  
Can judge the judges and the cause ; 290  
Prescribe all rules of right and wrong  
To th' long robe, and the longer tongue,  
'Gainst which the world has no defence,  
But our more pow'rful eloquence.  
We manage things of greatest weight 295  
In all the world's affairs of state ;  
Are ministers of war and peace,  
That sway all nations how we please.  
We rule all churches and their flocks,  
Heretical and orthodox ; 300  
And are the heavenly vehicles  
O' th' spirits in all conventicles.  
By us is all commerce and trade  
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd ;  
For nothing can go off so well, 305  
Nor bears that price, as what we sell.  
We rule in ev'ry public meeting,  
And make men do what we judge fitting ;  
Are magistrates in all great towns,  
Where men do nothing but wear gowns. 310  
We make the man-of-war strike sail,  
And to our braver conduct veil,  
And, when h' has chas'd his enemies,  
Submit to us upon his knees.

Dennis, and almost reduced to the last extremity. She went to the coronation of Charles the Seventh, when he was almost ruined. She knew that prince in the midst of his nobles, though meanly habited. The doctors of divinity and members of parliament openly declared that there was something supernatural in her conduct. She sent for a sword, which lay in the tomb of a knight, which was behind the great altar of the church of St. Katharine de Forbois, upon the blade of which the cross and flower-de-luces were engraven, which put the king in a very great surprise, in regard none besides himself knew of it. Upon this he sent her with the command of some troops, with which she relieved Orleans, and drove the English from it. defeated Talbot at the battle of Pattai, and recovered Champagne. At last she was unfortunately taken prisoner in a sally at Champagne in 1430, and tried for a witch or sorceress, condemned, and burnt in Rouen market-place in May, 1430.

Is there an officer of state 315

Untimely rais'd, or magistrate,  
That 's haughty and imperious?

He 's but a journeyman to us,  
That, as he gives us cause to do 't,  
Can keep him in, or turn him out. 320

We are your guardians, that increase  
Or waste your fortunes how we please;  
And as you humour us can deal  
In all your matters, ill or well.

'Tis we that can dispose, alone, 325  
Whether your heirs shall be your own,

To whose integrity you must,  
In spite of all your caution, trust;  
And, 'less you fly beyond the seas,  
Can fit you with what heirs we please; 330

And force you t' own 'em, though begotten  
By French valets, or Irish footmen.

Nor can the rigoroursest course  
Prevail, unless to make us worse;  
Who still, the harsher we are us'd, 335

Are farther off from b'ing reduc'd,

And scorn t' abate, for any ills,  
The least punctilios of our wills.

Force does but whet our wits t' apply  
Arts, born with us for remedy; 340

Which all your politics, as yet,  
Have ne'er been able to defeat;

For when y' have try'd all sorts of ways,  
What fools d' we make of you in plays!

While all the favours we afford, 345

Are but to girt you with the sword,

To fight our battles in our steads,  
And have your brains beat out o' your heads;

Encounter, in despite of nature,  
And fight at once with fire and water, 350

With pirates, rocks, and storms, and seas,

Our pride and vanity t' appease;

Kill one another, and cut throats,

For our good graces, and best thoughts;  
To do your exercise for honour, 355

And have your brains beat out the sooner;

Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon  
 Things that are never to be known;  
 And still appear the more industrious,  
 The more your projects are prepost'rous; 360  
 To square the circle of the arts,  
 And run stark mad to shew your parts;  
 Expound the oracle of laws,  
 And turn them which way we see cause;  
 Be our solicitors and agents, 365  
 And stand for us in all engagements.

And these are all the mighty pow'rs  
 You vainly boast to cry down ours,  
 And what in real value's wanting,  
 Supply with vapouring and ranting; 370  
 Because yourselves are terrify'd,  
 And stoop to one another's pride,  
 Believe we have as little wit  
 To be out-hector'd, and submit:  
 By your example, lose that right 375  
 In treaties which we gain'd in fight;  
 And, terrify'd into an awe,  
 Pass on ourselves a Salique law;  
 Or, as some nations use, give place,  
 And truckle to your mighty race; 380  
 Let men usurp th' unjust dominion,  
 As if they were the better women.

378. The Salique law is a law in France, whereby it is enacted that no female shall inherit that crown.

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